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TROUT-FISHING IN THE RANGELEY LAKES.



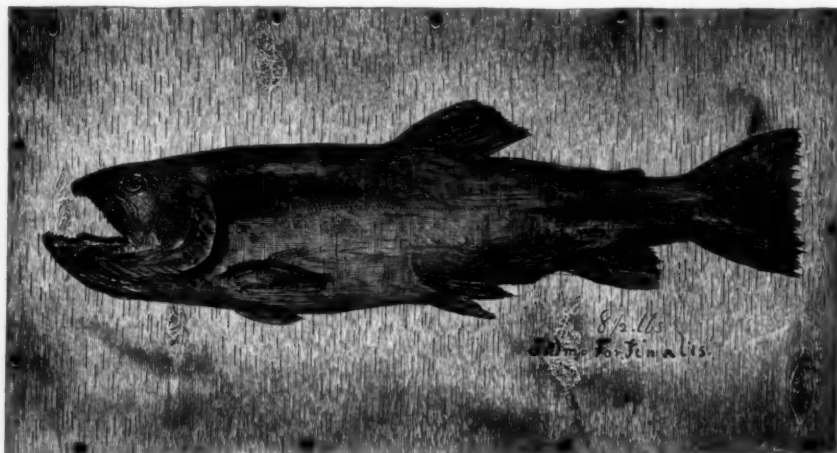
TELLING FISH STORIES.

THERE can be no better text for a paper upon the big trout of the Rangeley Lakes than the representation of one drawn upon birch bark, an accurate engraving of which is given on the next page. The fish here reproduced, be it understood, is a genuine specimen of the speckled brook trout, or, to put it scientifically, of the *Salmo fontinalis*, and weighed *eight and a half pounds* when taken from the water by its captor, R. G. Allerton, of New York City. It had all the recognized peculiarities of brook trout,—the square tail, small head, mouth black inside (instead of white, as is the case with lake trout), and finally the bright vermilion spots which distinguish

brook trout from all other species. This particular fish was captured June 5, 1869, in Lake Mooselucmaguntic. It was taken on a trolling line after a contest lasting forty-nine minutes. When landed it was entirely uninjured, and several days after when killed it was laid upon a piece of birch bark, and its outline traced, and then filled in by an amateur artist. The engraving has been made from this original drawing, which is reduced nearly five-sixths,—or, in other words, the figure here given is a little over one-sixth life size. In length this trout measured 25 inches, and at the thickest part its girth was 17 inches. There is nothing like accuracy in a “fish story,” and as this

trout is by no means the largest which has been captured in the Rangeley Lakes, and is one of thousands of this species ranging from half a pound to ten pounds which have been taken in these waters, it only remains to add that the legend this drawing bears—*hic jacet*—refers entirely to the fish whose obituary is here written, and not at all to the statements about his fellow-denizens of the Rangeley Lakes, some in-

Thoreau, to be sure, described it in a general way years ago, and so did Theodore Winthrop, but their accounts made it appear like a *terra incognita*, full of difficulties when it was once reached. Now, however, the railroad excursion fiend has fixed his fangs upon the district. Excursion tickets from Boston to the Rangeley lakes and return by various routes are sold by the different railroads; photographers have



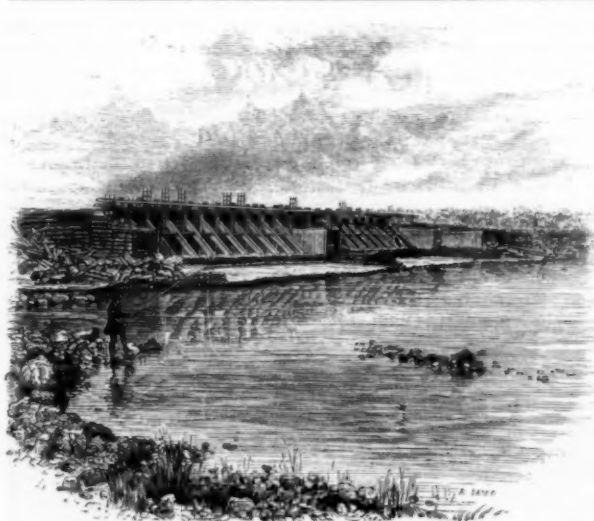
HIC JACET.

formation about which it is the purpose of this paper to present.

Mooselucmaguntic, Molechunkemunk, Welokenebacook, Cupsuptuc, and Rangeley, are the names carried by the individual members of a group of lakes which are yet destined to be as familiar in the literature of the American sportsman as the salmon rivers of Canada or the trout streams of the Adirondacks. These lakes lie in the western part of Maine, near the New Hampshire boundary line. The White Mountains are some thirty miles distant, a little to the west of south, and Moosehead Lake is about sixty or seventy miles to the north-east. It may be absolute incredulity as to the fish stories which are told of these lakes,—it is hard for one who has not seen a speckled trout weighing ten, eight, or even six pounds, to have faith in the existence of a fish of this size and species,—or it may be despair of defining his destination when the sportsman reads the unpronounceable names which these lakes bear; but whatever the cause, the number of visitors to this region has thus far been comparatively small.

been through the Lakes taking views of the various camps and of picturesque localities in general; at least one guide-book has been issued, and since the last barrier to the exclusiveness of the district has thus been broken down, there can be no breach of trust in giving to the readers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY an accurate account of one of the most picturesque and attractive regions east of the Rocky Mountains.

Maine is so profusely dotted over with lakes as to suggest the thought that the State has not yet been well drained or that a slight tilting of the continent might depress the general level of this region so as to submerge it in the Atlantic. But the fact is that the lakes which have just been named are between fourteen and fifteen hundred feet above the sea-level, and are embosomed in mountains, some of which reach a height of two, three, and even four thousand feet. Approaching from the south-east by way of Farmington and Phillips (see map, page 436), you first strike Rangeley Lake at its extreme eastern end, and here the entire group is generally spoken of as the Range-



UPPER DAM. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY C. A. J. FARRAR, BOSTON.)

ley Lakes. Coming from the other direction, by way of Andover, Welokenebacook is first reached, and in this region one hears the group spoken of as the Richardson Lakes, although this name is properly applicable only to Welokenebacook and Molechunkemunk. But the tourist and the fisherman will appreciate the advantage of explicit directions regarding the precise routes which it is desirable to follow in reaching the Lakes.

Portland is the point where one must decide whether he shall approach the Lakes from their southern or from their north-eastern extremity. If he wishes to go by way of Umbagog, he must take the Grand Trunk Railroad to Bethel. Taking supper at the Bethel House, the traveler goes to Upton by stage the same evening, accomplishing the distance—26 miles—by eleven o'clock. The next morning the little steamer "Diamond" will take you through Lake Umbagog to the "Inlet," a distance of twelve miles. Leaving the "Diamond" at this point, a row-boat conveys you to the "Rapids," a mile and a half further. Here is a "carry" of four and a half miles, over which the luggage is hauled by a team, while the fisherman foots it, and you are at the Middle Camp Dam, which is about the middle of the western shore of Welokenebacook, whence access is easy to Molechunkemunk and Mooselucmaguntic.

Or a shorter, and in other respects a preferable route, is to stop at Bryant's Pond,

whence stages run three times a week—Monday, Wednesday and Friday—to Andover, eighteen miles distant. There at the Greig House you will find in "Charley" Cushman a "guide, philosopher and friend," who will not only give all necessary information as to the accommodations for fishermen upon the lower lakes, but in an emergency, as I can bear most cheerful witness, will see you safely to your destination, and make it certain that you are well provided for. To reach the "Arm" a twelve-mile ride on a buckboard over a difficult road must be undergone, and thence by a small steamer

the Middle or Upper Dam may be reached. Communication by either of these routes, however, is not so regular, sure or easy as by way of Farmington and Phillips, and as this is the direct route to the camp of the Oquossoc Angling Association, which is by far the best

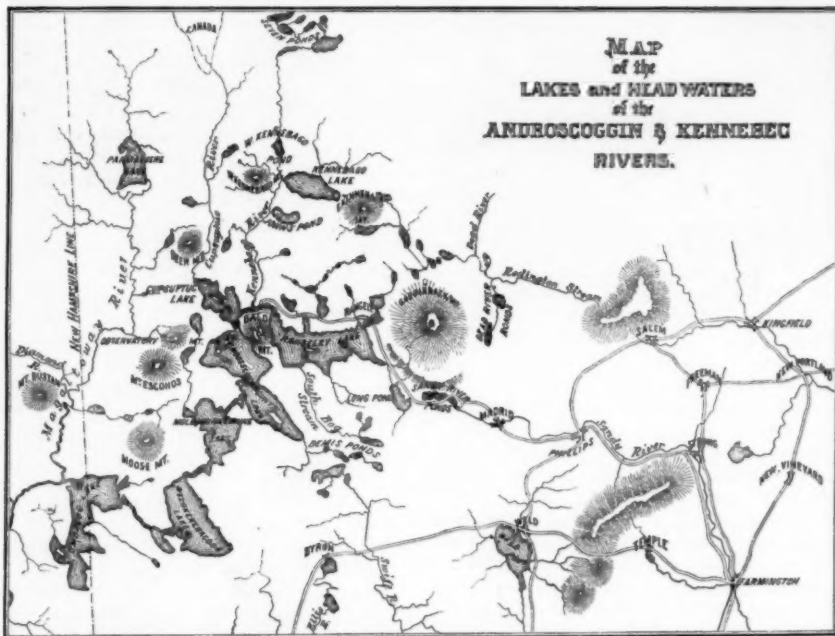


"GLAD TO SEE YOU, UNCLE JOHN!"

managed organization of its kind in this region, the tourist or sportsman will generally give it the preference. Leaving Portland a

little after one o'clock, you arrive at Farmington about six. There "Uncle John" Pickens takes charge of all your "traps," and stows them with conscientious care in the boot of his capacious Concord coach. A supper at the Forest House fortifies you for an eighteen-mile ride to Phillips, and this is materially shortened by Uncle John's famous "bear story" and other characteristic narratives. Stopping overnight at the Barden House, or at the Elmwood House, kept by Mr. Prescott, you take an early start the next morning, and after a stage ride of twenty miles reach Kimball's

singularly commonplace and civilized, but formerly it was quite as well off as its neighbors. Originally it was known as Oquossoc Lake, but about fifty years ago a wealthy English squire, Rangeley by name, having wearied of the civilized tameness of his Virginia estate, decided to settle in this northern wilderness. He cleared a broad tract at the outlet of Rangeley Lake, built a dam across the stream, erected extensive saw and grist mills, and expended large sums of money in other improvements. His supplies of all kinds were transported from Phillips or Farmington, a distance of thirty



Hotel, at the head of Rangeley Lake, by noon. Taking dinner here, and after it the "Molly-chunk-e-munk," one of the little steamers which have recently invaded the sanctity of these lakes, you are in an hour and a half landed at the foot of Rangeley. Here there has just been erected a hotel known as the Mountain View House, which is open to all comers, and near it is the private camp of Theodore L. Page,—Lake Point Cottage.

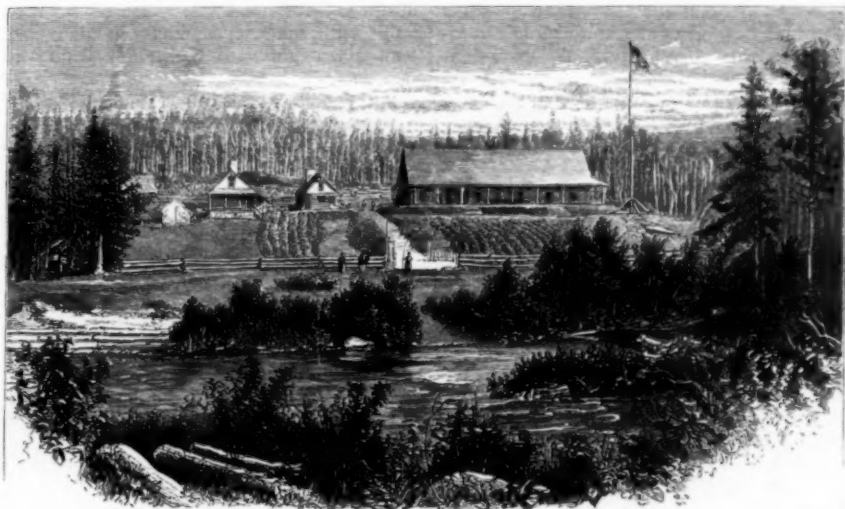
In comparison with the unpronounceable Indian names which the contiguous lakes bear, that of Rangeley appears

to fifty miles, and he was compelled to haul his lumber a hundred miles to find a market. For twenty years Squire Rangeley lived here, pushing his business enterprises with great energy and more or less success, and enjoying the field sports, of which he was passionately fond. Moose, caribou, deer, bears and wolves were his constant neighbors; ducks, geese, partridge and smaller game were so abundant that shooting them could hardly be called sport; and brook trout weighing six, seven, eight or nine pounds could be taken by the score from the stream which ran past his front door

When Squire Rangeley, for reasons which tradition does not record, gave up the enterprise which he had pushed for a time with so much energy, his mills and buildings were all abandoned, and the clearings which he had made were rapidly seeded down by

tries" there is little that is noteworthy about the town, and the sportsman misses nothing which he has cause to regret in the fact that his route does not take him to the "city."

Until two years ago the trip through Rangeley Lake to its outlet was made either



CAMP KENNEBAGO. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY C. A. J. FARRAR, BOSTON.)

the hand of nature; pines, spruces, juniper and fir springing up everywhere in place of the ancient monarchs of the primeval forest which he had cleared away at the cost of so much labor. Ten years ago, the frame and roof of the massive old mill were still standing, but in 1866 these were pulled down and the solid pine timbers of the structure were incorporated in the new dam which was then built for the purpose of floating logs through the outlet in the early spring. Of the old homestead, which occupied a commanding site on a beautiful knoll, only the decayed foundation timbers remain. Enough of the "Potash" building still stands to give a passable shelter to the benighted angler. With these exceptions, Squire Rangeley's "improvements" have all disappeared. The township which he once owned, however, still bears his name. Nearly all of the lake lies within its limits. The town of Rangeley—or the "city," as the natives call it—is half a mile back from the extreme eastern end of the lake. Most of the male inhabitants of the village devote themselves to "guiding" throughout the entire fishing season, and spruce gum in its native state is one of its chief exports. Apart from these "indus-

tries" there is little that is noteworthy about the town, and the sportsman misses nothing which he has cause to regret in the fact that his route does not take him to the "city." Until two years ago the trip through Rangeley Lake to its outlet was made either in Captain Crosby's sail-boat or in row-boats. Rangeley Lake, by the way, is 1,511 feet above tide water. Its breadth is three miles and its length nine miles, and few more picturesque scenes can be imagined than a fleet of six or seven of these row-boats, each with a small United States flag floating from its bow, rapidly moving down the lake, carrying one or two sportsmen on the way to the head-quarters of the famous Oquossoc Angling Association.

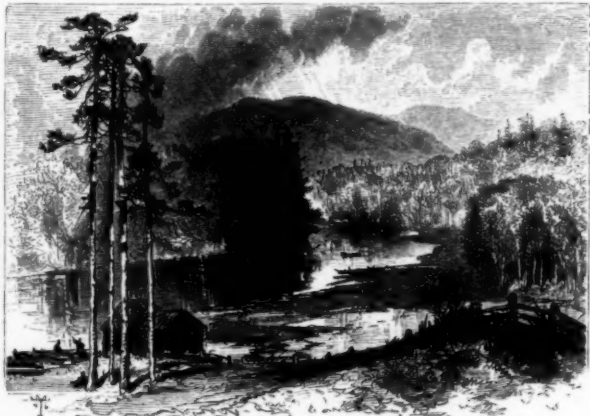
Leaving the steamer "Molly-chunk-e-munk,"—the name of which has thus gallantly been metamorphosed and Anglicized from the Indian appellation of Lake Mole-chunk-e-munk,—members of the angling association named or visitors to their camp cross a two-mile carry from the foot of Rangeley Lake to the junction of Kennebago Stream with Rangeley Stream, where is Camp Kennebago. A wagon takes the baggage, while the sportsmen themselves walk across through an excellent wood road, which, however, is marshy enough in spots to make very careful stepping or very thick boots indispensable. Indian Rock—a locality famous even in the aboriginal annals of Maine, as its name indicates—is on the left bank of the stream, directly facing Camp

Kennebago. Tradition relates that this spot was a favorite haunt of the Indian long before the white man ventured so far into the forest, and that as late as 1855 they made visits here from Canada each season.

The lakes of the Rangeley group are so located with respect to one another that it is extremely difficult for the visitor to get a clear idea of their relative positions. Nothing does this so effectively as an ascent of Bald Mountain, which is one of the most prominent objects in this whole landscape, since it rises seventeen hundred feet above the level of the lake. The ascent may be made with comparative ease by any one at all accustomed to mountain climbing, and there are several paths to the summit. Bald Mountain is in reality a peninsula. Its base is washed by Rangeley Lake, Rangeley Stream, Cupsuptuc Lake and Mooselucmaguntic. A narrow strip of land on the south connects it with the main-land. Once on the summit, looking eastward, you see the Rangeley, its graceful form deeply outlined, and every indentation plainly marked. Old Saddleback, rock-ribbed and bare, and rising four thousand feet, faces you. Still further east are the twin Bigelows, Mount Abraham, and the East and West Kennebago Mountains. That thread of silver in the immediate foreground is the wide and rapid Rangeley outlet, which falls twenty-five feet in the two miles intervening between the point where it leaves the lake and its junction with the calmer and deeper waters of the Kennebago. At this point can be clearly distinguished the grounds and buildings of Camp Kennebago, with the stars and stripes waving from the tall flag-staff. Something more than words is necessary to do full justice to the exquisitely varied panorama of lake and mountain, the beauty of which could be hardly more than indicated by the catalogue of names necessary to identify them. Few finer views can be found in the English lakes, among the Trossachs, or even in Switzerland, than this from the summit of Bald Mountain.

Before describing Camp Kennebago in

detail, it may be as well to give in brief a sketch of the history of the Oquossoc Angling Association, of which organization this camp is the head-quarters. So long as thirty years ago, a sportsman now and then worked his way through the wilderness to these lakes, but it is only within the last fifteen years that the Rangeley, Kennebago and Cupsuptuc Lakes, with the upper end of Mooselucmaguntic, have become at all well



MEETING OF THE WATERS—JUNCTION OF RANGELEY AND KENNEBAGO.

known to anglers. The Richardson Lakes—Welokenebacook and Molechunkemunk, with Umbagog, forming the lower lakes in the great chain whence the Androscoggin River derives its mighty power—have for the last thirty or forty years been frequented by a score or more of Boston and New York gentlemen. These sportsmen were invariably found at "Rich's" "Middle Dam," Mosquito Brook, or the "Upper Dam." Hundreds of spotted beauties, weighing from two to eight pounds, were captured by these anglers year after year, but they wisely kept their own counsel, and if an item occasionally found its way into the New York or Boston papers chronicling the arrival of a six or eight pound speckled trout, those who claimed to be best informed dismissed the paragraph with a sneer at the ignorance of editors who did not know the difference between brook trout and "lakers." In 1860, Henry O. Stanley, of Dixfield, now one of the efficient commissioners of fisheries for the State of Maine, organized an expedition to penetrate to the lakes from the upper end. Twenty years before, Mr. Stanley's father had made the survey of much of the lake country, and discovering the extraor-

dinary size of the trout, had frequently repeated his visits. The son now and then accompanied his father on these trips, and



GEORGE SHEPARD PAGE, PRESIDENT OF THE QUOSSOC ANGLING ASSOCIATION.

with such a preceptor in the gentle art, and with such opportunities for its practice, it is not strange that Mr. Stanley should have achieved the distinction of being the champion fly-fisher of the world. His record of brook trout weighing from three to nine and a half pounds, all taken with the fly, reaches many hundred. The party which Mr. Stanley headed on the occasion alluded to made its way to the lake, *via* Dixfield, Carthage, Weld, Phillips, and Madrid, striking first the upper end of Rangeley. One of its members, Mr. George Shepard Page, of New York City, was so delighted with his experience upon this trip that in 1863 he made a second journey by the same route. He returned from this trip, bringing with him eight brook trout weighing respectively 8¾, 8¼, 7¼, 6½, 6, 5½, 5, 5—total, 51¾ lbs., or an average of nearly 6½ lbs. each. William Cullen Bryant, Henry J. Raymond and George Wilkes were presented with the three largest, and made acknowledgments duly in the "Evening Post," the "New York Times," and the "Spirit of the Times." Then there broke out an excitement among anglers altogether without precedent. Scores of letters were sent to the papers which had presumed to call these brook trout,—some of them interrogative, others denunciatory, others theoretical, and others flatly contradictory. The Adirondacks had never yielded a brook trout which weighed more than 5 lbs., and that, there-

fore, must be the standard of brook trout the world over. But Mr. Page had foreseen the violent scepticism which was sure to manifest itself, and had sent a seven-pounder to Professor Agassiz, who speedily replied that these monster trout were genuine specimens of the speckled or brook trout family, and that they were only found in large numbers in the lakes and streams at the head waters of the Androscoggin River, in North-western Maine. In 1864, several New York gentlemen visited Rangeley, among the number Messrs. Lewis B. Reed, R. G. Allerton, and L. T. Lazell. Upon their return, they fully corroborated the report made by Mr. Page the year previous, and brought back with them several trout which weighed from three to eight pounds. In 1867, Mr. Page again visited Rangeley in company with Mr. Stanley, and ten days' fishing by these two gentlemen and Mr. Fields, of Gorham, N. H., showed these extraordinary results:

No. of Trout.	Weight of each in lbs.	Total weight. lbs.
3	2	6
1	2¼	2¼
3	2½	7½
2	2¾	5½
5	3	15
5	3¼	16¼
3	3½	10½
2	3¾	7½
1	4	4
2	4½	9
1	4¾	4¾
3	5	15
1	5¼	5¼
1	5½	5½
2	5¾	11½
5	6	30
2	6¼	12½
1	6½	6½
1	7	7
3	7¼	21¾
3	7½	22½
2	7¾	15½
2	8	16
1	8¼	8¼
1	8½	8½
1	8¾	8¾
1	9½	9½
1	10	10
59		293

Average nearly 5 lbs.

In 1868, the number of anglers visiting the lakes had so rapidly increased that it was decided to organize an association for the purpose of leasing ground, erecting buildings, and purchasing boats. Messrs. Bowles, of Springfield, Mass., Lazell and Reed, of Brooklyn, N. Y., George Shepard Page and R. G. Allerton, of this city, Hon. W. P. Frye, of Lewiston, Me., W. S. Badger, of Augusta,

Me., and T. L. Page, of New Orleans, who were all in adjacent camps at the outlet of Rangeley Lake, formally organized the Oquossoc Angling Association by the election of Mr. G. S. Page as president and Mr. L. B. Reed, secretary. In the year following (1869), the association purchased the buildings, improvements and boats belonging to

May 25 to October 1, when the law prohibits the capture of trout save for scientific purposes by written permission of the fish commissioner. During the first month and the last three weeks of the fishing season, guests are only admitted upon the invitation of members, since the camp accommodations are then likely to be overtaxed, but be-



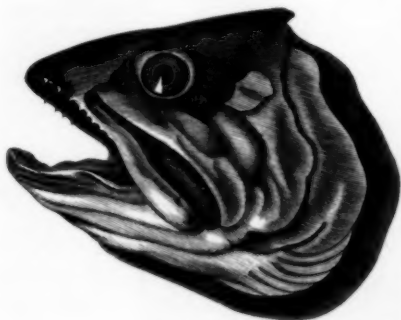
INTERIOR OF CAMP KENNEBAGO—THE BIG FIRE-PLACE.

C. T. Richardson (now superintendent of the association) at the junction of the Rangeley and Kennebago, and immediately began the erection of Camp Kennebago. Meantime the membership rapidly increased, and in 1870 the association was formally incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine. The membership of the association is limited to seventy-five. There are now, however, a few vacancies. Shares are \$200 each, and the capital stock is \$10,700, which is invested in camp buildings, furniture, boats, etc., etc. The annual dues are \$25. Camp charges are \$2 per day for board, \$1 for board of guide, and 50 cents per day for use of boats. The best guides receive \$2 per day, making the total cost per day while in camp \$5.50, unless two persons choose to fish from the same boat, when, of course, the expense of guide, board for guide and hire of boat may be shared. The fishing season extends from about

tween June 20 and September 10 the camp is open to all visitors upon the same terms as to members. Ladies and children are also admitted between the dates named. A roomy building with separate apartments is specially reserved for them, and as two or three female servants are constantly employed in the camp, they are sure to be quite as comfortable as in ordinary country hotels.

Without drawing any invidious comparisons, it may be stated in general, that there are few organizations of the kind in the country the *morale* of which has been so carefully guarded as has that of the Oquossoc Angling Association. The present board of trustees consists of George Shepard Page (president), J. W. Kimball, of Bath, Maine (vice-president), L. B. Reed, New York (secretary), J. A. Williamson, Jersey City (treasurer), L. T. Lazell, Brooklyn, Dr. F. N. Otis, New York, Hon. W. P. Frye, Lewiston,

Maine, and A. P. Whitehead, Newark, N. J. The names of these gentlemen are an emphatic guarantee of the prudence with



HIS HEAD.

which the affairs of the association are managed, and also of the fact that everything looking toward the dissipation which is likely to exist in camps where sportsmen congregate is rigidly prohibited. It would be difficult, and indeed impossible, to name a similar locality where the guides are so steady and so thoroughly respectable. Perhaps the Maine Liquor Law has had something to do with this result, for most of the guides have at one time or another acted as river-drivers; and it is not so very many years ago that in the lumbering-camps and on the "drive" a common proportion of supplies was a "barrel of rum to a barrel of beans." The Maine Liquor Law has certainly put an end to this *régime*, and with it have disappeared to a very great extent the drunkenness, profanity, and kindred vices which at one time degraded the brave men who season after season risked their lives by exposing themselves to the dangers of river-driving.

There are some peculiar features in the arrangement of the camp buildings which will be of interest to those who are not familiar with such institutions. The main camp is a substantial board structure 100 feet long by 30 feet wide. At its extreme westerly end is a well-equipped kitchen, and adjoining it is a dining-room. Then comes the main apartment, which is occupied as a sleeping and sitting room. This room takes the full width of the main building (30 feet), is about 60 feet in length, and from the floor to the gable is 30 feet in the clear, giving it a most spacious appearance and securing thorough ventilation. There are no partitions in this apartment, but twenty-five or thirty beds are

ranged along its sides, and at its extreme easterly end is a large open fire-place, around which the weary anglers gather after their day's sport, and entertain each other with the rehearsal of their experiences and exploits. As one huge log after another blazes up,—for the nights are seldom so warm that a fire is oppressive,—story after story passes around. It rarely happens that some one of the circle has not captured a six or eight pound trout during the day, and the one who has been so fortunate is of course the hero of the hour. With what kind of fly the fish was captured, how long it took to land him, the narrow escape which the lucky angler had from losing his prize just as the guide was netting him, are points which must be rehearsed over and over again. Could one-tenth of the fish stories which have thus been rehearsed around this famous old fire-place in Camp Kennebago be put on record, they would make a book which would throw far into the shade any volume of piscatorial experience that has ever yet seen the light. Before eleven o'clock the weary anglers are all in their beds, and the camp sinks into a silence which is undisturbed save by some obstreperous snorer, at least until daylight the next morning, when some fisherman who has had poor luck the previous day starts out with a desperate determination to retrieve his fortunes by testing the virtue of early fishing.

A tour around the upper end of Lake



ALLERTON LODGE.

Mooselucmaguntic discovers a number of snugly constructed buildings, some owned by private parties and others by members of the Angling Association, who spend several weeks consecutively at the lake during the fishing season. Prominent among the latter are those of Hon. W. P. Frye at the Narrows, and that of R. G. Allerton at Bugle Cove, just at the foot of Bald Mountain. Allerton Lodge is a thoroughly built house, fully equipped with all the comforts of civilization. It is located upon a rocky bluff twenty feet or more above the level of the lake, and commands a magnificent view. Since Bugle Cove is one of the best fishing-grounds on the lake, its proprietor, who is one of the most enthusiastic and persevering of anglers, never fails to make up such a score during his visits in June as to excite the emulation of all other visitors during the rest of the season. Exactly what Mr. Allerton has accomplished during his eight successive annual visits to the lakes is summarized in the following table:

RECORD OF BROOK TROUT CAUGHT BY R. G. ALLERTON IN RANGELEY LAKES, MAINE, FROM 1869 TO 1876—SPRING SEASON.

1869..	247	Trout, weighing	234 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.
1870..	124	"	172 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
1871..	218	"	135 "
1872..	130	"	285 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
1873..	149	"	205 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
1874..	175	"	231 "
1875..	157	"	177 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
1876..	136	"	182 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
Total..	1,336	"	1,623 $\frac{3}{4}$ "

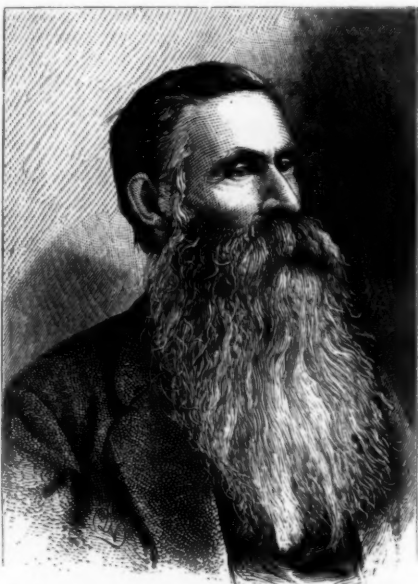
Averaging about 1 lb. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each.

WEIGHTS AND NUMBERS OF ABOVE OF TWO POUNDS AND UPWARD.

38 Trout of 2 lbs. ea.	3 Trout of 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. ea.
14 " 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	4 " 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
33 " 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	1 " 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
14 " 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	13 " 6 "
29 " 3 "	9 " 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
1 " 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	2 " 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
17 " 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	7 " 7 "
4 " 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	1 " 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
15 " 4 "	1 " 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
1 " 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	4 " 8 "
14 " 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	2 " 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
13 " 5 "	

Making 240 trout, weighing 891 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.; averaging about 3 lbs. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each.

But it need not be imagined that it is only the practiced anglers who are successful in the Rangeley Lakes. There is in Camp Kennebago a record-book in which each visitor is expected to set down his score when he finishes his stay. This exhibits some catches nearly as remarkable as



C. T. RICHARDSON, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE QUOSSOC ANGLING ASSOCIATION.

that which has been set down above. In 1869, eleven members of the association in six days' fishing, besides a large number of smaller fish, captured 30 trout weighing as follows: three of 4 lbs. each; one 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.; two, 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. each; three 5 lbs. each; one 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.; four 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. each; two 6 lbs. each; two 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. each; two 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. each; two 7 lbs. each; one 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.; one 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; three 8 lbs. each; one 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; one 9 lbs.;—total, 181 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., averaging over 6 lbs. each. Then the ladies find the locality a wonderful one for great "catches"—of trout. Mrs. Theodore Page has taken several weighing between 6 and 9 lbs. each, and even the young folks are fortunate. Masters Harry and Allie Page, aged respectively 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ years, it appears from this record, during one visit caught 57 trout weighing 37 lbs. Ten averaged 1 lb. each, and one weighed 2 lbs. Lest these large catches should provoke remonstrance against such wholesale slaughter of this beautiful fish, it should be stated that it is the almost invariable rule to return to the water all uninjured trout weighing less than half a pound. Those hooked so deeply that they cannot live are kept for consumption at the camp. The larger fish as soon as caught are deposited in the car which each boat always has with it. Upon the return to camp at night, the living trout

are carefully transferred to a larger car,—which in this case is the name given to an ordinary dry-goods box with slats on the bottom and sides, admitting the free passage through of water,—and at the end of his stay each angler, if he desires to take a box of trout home with him, selects the largest and releases all the others, which speedily find their way to the deep waters of the lake again. Thus the actual destruction of fish is by no means so extensive as it would at first appear that it might be.

In general, the early spring fishing and the late fall fishing are decidedly the best and most enjoyable. The pestiferous black flies do not appear until June 10, but their attentions can be warded off by a liberal application to all exposed parts of the neck, face and hands of a mixture of tar and sweet oil in equal parts. Oil of pennyroyal in sufficient quantity to make its odor plainly perceptible is thought by many to render this preparation more effective. By September, with exemplary regularity, the black flies disappear, and with them goes the only hindrance to complete enjoyment of out-door life.

As regards methods of fishing, it need only be said that the high-toned angler will not tempt his intended victim with anything but a fly at any season. The best fly-fishing is to be had in the streams in the spring and in the lake in the fall. Those who go to the lakes in the spring and early summer determined to catch the biggest fish at all hazards must seek them with live minnows for bait, still-fishing, or by trolling in deep water. In either case, the law rules out all gang hooks. The "single baited hook" only is permitted, and any one infringing upon this wise restriction exposes himself to severe penalties. A larger hook, with a heavier leader than is used in ordinary brook trout fishing, is called for in these waters; but upon such points and with reference to the varieties of flies which are most available, advice may be had at any of the fishing-tackle stores. In general, however, give preference in making your selection to the

more subdued colors, and do not permit yourself to be stocked up with an immense variety. Five or six kinds well selected will be more than enough to give the fish ample range for choice.



AN EXPERIMENT IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

As I have already stated, these big trout are caught either in the lake or in the streams which feed it, according to the season; and each kind of fishing has its peculiar incidents and surprises. Both Kennebago and Rangeley streams are too deep and swift to be waded in the orthodox style, although at certain seasons they are so shallow in places as to make their navigation even by boats of the lightest draft an undertaking of no little difficulty. Rangeley Stream, between the famous dam at the outlet of Rangeley Lake and Indian Rock, a distance of perhaps a mile and a half, abounds in pools which the big trout love to frequent. These particular waters have been so steadily and thoroughly fished, that the association, with a degree of self-sacrifice which speaks well for the true sportsman-like spirit in its members, lately secured the passage of a law by the Maine Legislature prohibiting any fishing there for a term of five years. When that time has elapsed, it will be worth a trip to Maine to cast a fly under "the dam" or in the "eddy." It is not unusual for the more enterprising fishermen to work their way up Kennebago Stream four, five, or even six miles. This trip involves hard labor by the guide in poling or in pulling the boat over the frequent shallows, and great caution is necessary to guard against such a mishap as the pencil of that enthusiastic and thoroughly

scientific sportsman, Dr. F. N. Otis, has reproduced, where an unexpected push by the guide's pole or the sudden striking of the



"THERE GOES MY ROD!"

boat's bow upon the pebbly bottom sends the surprised fisherman, heels over head, into the bottom of his boat, while his leader and flies are sure to become securely hooked in the loftiest overhanging branch within reach. Still, the discomforts of these excursions up the Kennebago or Cupsuptuc streams are sure to be rewarded with some rare sport.

Nor is the fishing in the open lake without its occasional surprises. I very well remember an incident which happened upon the occasion of my first visit to Camp Kennebago, when I was a tyro in trout-fishing, and had not been fully initiated in the use of the fly. My boat was at anchor some distance below "Stony Batter," and with humiliation I confess that I was angling with a minnow. For a half hour or more there had been no sign of a trout in my vicinity, and I had carelessly laid my pole across the boat, with the butt under the thwart. Suddenly there was a "strike." Before I could seize my pole, the trout had carried the line directly under the boat with such a rush as to snap the rod,—which I ought to say, in justice to the professional makers, was a cheap store rod,—into two or three pieces. The trout escaped, as he deserved to do, and for once I could not help confessing myself outgeneraled. This mishap, of course, put an end to my fishing for the day; but fortunately it occurred quite late in the afternoon, and thus left me at leisure to enjoy a scene which was in itself singularly beautiful, and which was an appropriate setting for a striking incident. As the sun was sinking behind the hills, close under which

we were fishing, it threw their long shadows far out on the lake, while the waters on the eastern shore were still bright with the golden light of the gentle June evening. In the distance we descried three specks upon the water, which gradually grew in size as they steadily approached us, until we made out three batteaux laden with the "river-drivers," who were returning from their perilous and tedious journey down the Androscoggin with the great log-rafts,—the results of the previous winter's lumbering. The first sound which disturbed the Sabbath-like stillness of the lake, as the

batteaux came nearer, was the steady thump, thump, thump of the sweeps in the rowlocks. Then we heard the sound of voices, but at first too indistinctly to determine whether it was the echo of boisterous talk, or some river-driver's song, with which the oarsmen were keeping time. But soon the sounds, as they became linked together, grew into that grand old tune "Coronation," and the words:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

came to us over the peaceful waters, sung with all the strength, steadiness, and fervor which might be expected in a congregation of religious worshipers. Nothing could have been in more perfect harmony with the scene, and yet nothing could have been a greater surprise than to hear this tune, and the words with which it is so inseparably connected coming with such zest from the throats of men who have gained an undeserved reputation for roughness, not to say profanity, of speech.

During the extremely warm weather, the trout naturally run deep in the lake, since there only can they find the cold water in which they thrive; but even then the streams afford good sport; so that the angler cannot spend a week at the lake during the fishing season without certainty of getting better sport, and more of it, than can be found in any other resort in the country. Another fact that adds greatly to the pleasure of fishing in the Rangeley Lakes is, that with the exception of the landlocked salmon lately introduced, they contain no other fish besides the trout and the smaller

fish upon which he feeds. Of the latter, there are three varieties,—the chub, the sucker, and the minnow or "red-fin," as they are locally termed. All these exist in countless numbers in the streams and at the outlets of these streams into the lake. There is still a fourth variety called by the natives the "blue-back" trout, the *Salmo Oquassa* (so named because it is peculiar to these waters), which is also generally supposed to furnish food to the monarchs of the lake. These are never seen before October 10, when they appear in the Rangeley Stream and in three or four other localities for the purpose of spawning. Then they come in an immense army, actually filling the streams here and there with a dense struggling mass, which the natives capture by the bushel and by the barrel in nets, buckets, and

observations, made under the auspices of some of the practical pisciculturists belonging to the association, have developed results full of interest and of much practical value. For instance, in reply to queries as to the probable age of the mammoth trout found in the Rangeley Lakes, Professor Agassiz emphatically declared that "no man living knew whether these six and eight pounders were ten or two hundred years old." To get some light upon this question, Mr. Page conceived an ingenious device, which he at once proceeded to put in execution. Platinum wire was obtained, cut into one and a half inch lengths, flattened at one end, and various numbers were stamped on the surface from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4, also the numbers 70, 71, 72, to denote the year. As trout were captured they were weighed, one of these tags



CATCHING A FIVE-FOUNDER IN THE LAKE. (FROM A SKETCH BY DR. F. N. OTIS.)

pails; even scooping them out by hand and throwing them on the bank. They are salted down and preserved in the same way as mackerel are cured. These blue-back trout have never been found more than nine inches in length, nor less than six inches. In flavor they are quite as rich and delicate when cooked as the brook trout. After spawning, they return to the lake just as suddenly as they appeared; and notwithstanding the numbers in which they are captured during their brief stay in the stream, they do not diminish in multitude year after year. It is inferred that their regular haunts must be in the deepest waters of the lake, since their capture by the enticements and appliances which prove irresistible to the speckled trout, is almost unknown.

Numerous experiments and continued

was passed through the skin just under the adipose fin and securely twisted, and then the fish was liberated. In the course of the two or three years named a large number of these trout were thus labeled. Of course, the chances that any of them would be caught seemed infinitesimally small, yet in 1873 one of them reported. In June of that year, Mr. Thomas Moran, the artist, captured a fine, vigorous trout weighing $2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. Upon taking him from the landing net the platinum tag flashed in the sunlight. Upon examination, the mark, " $\frac{1}{2}$ —71," was discovered, thus establishing the curious fact that this particular fish had gained $1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. in two years.

The entire influence of the association has uniformly been thrown in favor of a rigorous enactment of the laws protecting

the trout in the spawning season and regulating the mode of capture. More than this, it has taken the most active measures in the direction of increasing the supply of fish in the waters to which it has access. Land-locked salmon have been introduced (this is one of the very few species which co-exist with the trout), and a large number of the young of the sea salmon (*Salmo salar*) have also been put into the lakes. Last season, several land-locked salmon two years of age, and weighing half a pound, were captured. This year those of this same growth will probably have reached a pound, and in the course of two or three years these fish, which some anglers regard as even more "gamey" than the trout, must become very abundant.

Some of the earliest and most successful



"STONY BATTER."

efforts in trout culture are connected with the annals of Rangeley. In October, 1867, Mr. Page transported two live trout—one a male weighing ten pounds, the other a female weighing eight and a half—from Rangeley to his home in Stanley, N. J., a distance of nearly five hundred miles. An oblong box of forty gallons' capacity, lined with sponge which was covered with muslin, and having an air pump attached so as to make constant renewal of the air easy, had been carefully prepared. This box was carried from the head of Rangeley on a spring wagon to Farmington, a distance of thirty-five miles, and thence by railroad to its destination in New Jersey. Three days were occupied in the journey, but by unremitting care night and day the magnificent fish, both alive, were deposited in the pond at Stanley. Unfortunately, the weather was unusually warm for the season of the year. The temperature of the pond could not be

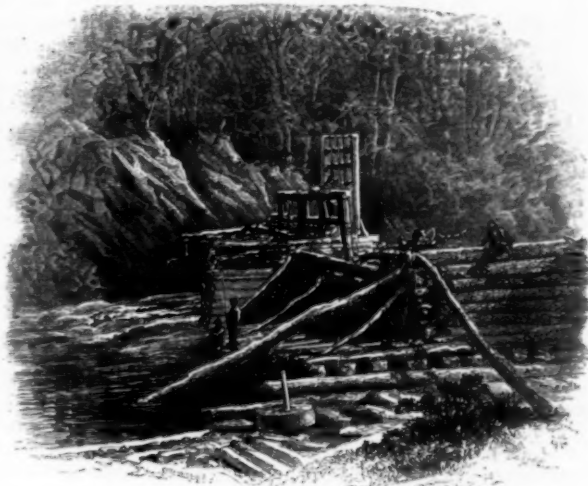
reduced below 65°, and the larger of the two trout lived only eight hours. The female survived six days longer. Thus the attempt to propagate Rangeley trout in New Jersey by natural means failed. The larger of these trout was unfortunately not weighed when first captured, but when dead balanced the steelyards at precisely ten pounds. It is a well-known fact that all fish lose in weight after capture, and Professor Spencer F. Baird and Professor Agassiz both gave it as their opinion that when taken this trout weighed at least eleven and a half pounds. He measured 30 inches in length and 18 inches in circumference. His tail spread 8 inches and his jaws 6½ inches. He was mounted by one of the most skillful taxidermists in the country, Mr. Dickinson, of Chatham, N. J., and has since occupied a prominent place in the private office of Mr. Page at 10 Warren street, New York. This is admitted to be the largest authenticated brook trout on record since the time of Izaak Walton, and as such it well deserved the place of honor which was assigned it in the department of Fish and Fisheries in the Centennial Exhibition.

About this time (1867), Mr. Seth Green's attempts to propagate trout artificially had begun to attract attention, and anticipating the possibility of failure in transporting the live trout so great a distance, Mr. Page, to make assurance doubly sure, had secured 30,000 trout eggs which had been impregnated by the milt of the male in the method now so well understood. These had been carefully packed between layers of moss, and immediately upon their arrival at Stanley were deposited in the hatching-houses. After the usual interval of six weeks, Mr. Page had the gratification of seeing the newly hatched trout. In due time they were fed, and when they had attained a suitable size were liberated to stock the stream below the hatching-houses. Thus we have the history of one of the earliest and perhaps the first attempt in this country to take eggs from wild fish, transport them 500 miles, and successfully hatch them.

The determination of the members of the Oquossoc Angling Association fully to maintain the superiority of their fishing-grounds is conclusively manifested by the arrangements for artificial propagation which were made on Bema Stream, at the extreme south-eastern extremity of Lake Mooselucmaguntic, under the direction of Messrs. Page and L. L. Crounse. Nearly three years ago, these gentlemen leased the beautiful

spot where this stream empties into the lake, and here they erected a series of private camps spacious enough for themselves and their families, including a large cooking and dining camp. The next step taken by Messrs. Page and Crounse was to secure the privilege of controlling the waters of the adjoining township for the propagation of trout. Three miles up Bema Stream, at the foot of a bold mountain, there bursts out from a rocky bed a series of remarkable springs, which in the spring and fall furnish much of the water that flows down the rapid stream to the lake. The water of these springs rarely falls below 45°, or rises above 49°, and is therefore peculiarly adapted to the propagation of trout. The smaller trout from the lake, weighing two pounds and under, make these springs and the stream in the vicinity their spawning-grounds, and in the month of October they crowd the waters in great numbers. Mr. Stanley, while securing fish for spawn, has actually dipped up as many as six trout of an average weight of a pound each at one scoop of his dip-net. As is their habit, the males always come up in advance and clear off the beds, and in a few days the female follows. So strong is the instinct which leads them to the spawning-beds, that the trout, like the salmon, will force themselves over shallows in the stream where there is not depth enough to permit them to swim. Just at the spawning-beds, and over the little branch which carries the water of the springs to the main stream, the gentlemen above named erected a hatching-house. In return for this privilege, they agreed to place in the waters each season from 50,000 to 100,000 young fry, recompensing themselves for their trouble, if they could, by taking out spawn for use in other waters. In the seasons of 1873 and 1874, they were able to deposit in the streams more than the maximum of spawn agreed on. In 1875 and 1876, Mr. Stanley's duties as fish commissioner prevented his giving this matter the necessary attention; but the young fry were so successfully hatched the first two seasons, that a sudden increase

of small trout has been noted in the stream itself, and as far up as the Bema Ponds, four miles above the hatching-houses. Some of the spawn were successfully transferred to other waters,—the eggs had to be car-

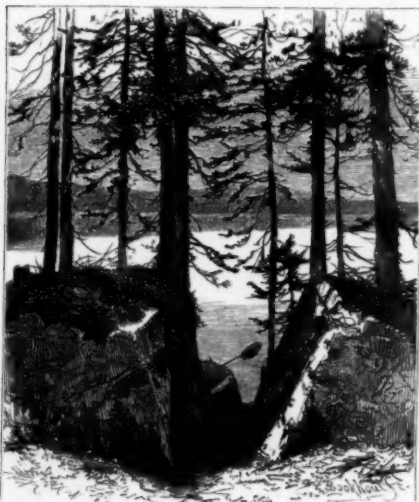


THE DAM ON RANGELEY STREAM.

ried out in December, on the backs of men, nine miles through the woods,—and Mr. B. B. Porter, the pisciculturist of Crystal Springs, New Jersey, can now show Rangeley trout double the size of any other variety of trout of the same age.

The method of capturing trout for their spawn was either to dip them up near the springs with an ordinary net, as they came up to deposit the spawn, or to take large trout in the lake chiefly with the fly in advance of their ripening, and to "car" them until they were stripped, when they were restored to the lake. At one time in the fall of 1874, Messrs. Stanley and Hayford, who were in charge of the operation, had in a large car at the mouth of Bema Stream over two hundred of these famous trout weighing from one pound to six pounds each,—a sight which could not be paralleled in any other waters in the world.

The camps at Bema look out over the broad expanse of the bay which opens toward the north-west and are very prettily situated. The very remoteness of the camp secures its freedom from the visits of miscellaneous tourists, while the beauty of its location and the excellent fishing to be found in its immediate neighborhood



"CLEFT ROCK" AT BEMA.

amply justify the wisdom shown in its selection by the gentlemen who control it. They and their immediate friends here enjoy a coveted seclusion and keep clear of intruders by a lease of three miles of the shore which covers the entire southern end of Bema Bay. Its position, however, exposes the bay in its front to the north-west gales which prevail to a greater or less extent through the whole season. Those who are accustomed to wait for the traditional "fly breeze," will receive with incredulity the statement that the largest trout have been taken in these waters when a north-west gale was driving the spray from the white-capped waves, and when the persevering angler found a seat in the bottom of his boat the most comfortable position from which to cast his fly, if, indeed, the fly can be said to be "cast" when the wind carries the line so straight from the rod that it is difficult to keep the fly on the surface of the water. Yet the keen-eyed trout, at this very time, rushes the most unwarily upon his imaginary prey. A sudden splash from which the spray flies in the face of the wind betrays the presence of one of

these mammoth trout. If he misses the fly, a second cast almost invariably provokes the fated fish to a more eager rush. Rising through the topmost curl of the wave, his side, brilliant in purple and gold, gleams in the sunlight for an instant. But this time he is fast, and there is a thud as if a locomotive, under full headway, had been hooked. With a mad rush, he strikes for the depths of the lake, but the light rod yields like a thing of life. Whether the trout weigh one pound or eight, the lance-wood or split bamboo is faithful to the trust placed in it. With a pertinacity almost human it clings to the frantic fish, steadily drawing him to the surface until after a contest which may have lasted only ten minutes, or which may have been prolonged through two hours, the landing-net of the skillful guide deposits him in the boat.

Apart from the risk of losing your trout because of the difficulty of landing him while the boat is tossing on the waves, this fishing in rough water has its perils, which add to its excitement if they do not increase its pleasures. One bracing September morning I was industriously casting my fly from my boat, which was anchored three or four hundred yards from the sand-spit at the mouth of Bema Stream. The "Spirit of Mooselucmaguntic" (an effigy which the ingenuity of some of the campers had constructed from the gnarled roots which the waves had cast up on the beach

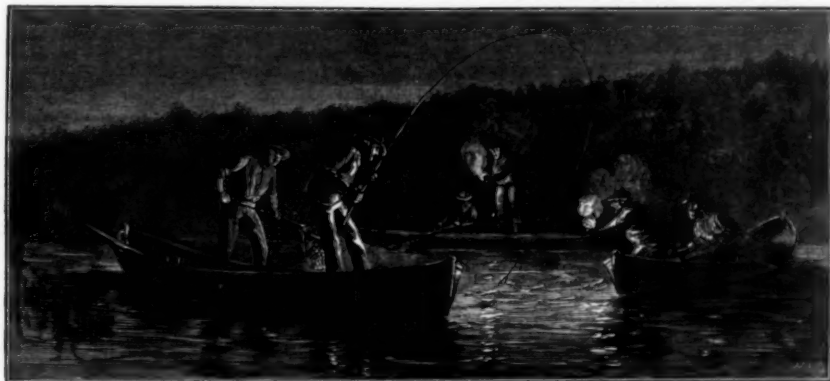


A WATERSCAPE.

and worn into incredibly fantastic shapes) looked upon the scene with a grin which foreboded some dire disaster. My guide, in despair at the determination which persisted in casting a fly in such a gale, was fishing from the bow of the boat with a drop line. A sudden exclamation from him,

a start and a sharp twitch, indicated that he had hooked a large fish. I turned to see him pull a beautiful three-pounder over the thwart, which he had depressed to the level of the water to save the trouble of using the landing-net. But our triumph was of

either of us to cut it and let the boat drift ashore. Fortunately, however, another boat happened just at this crisis to be starting out upon the lake. By his vigorous yells my guide attracted the attention of those in the other boat, and in a few moments it



"MATCHING" A SEVEN-POUND TROUT.

short duration. No sooner had the victim been deposited in the boat than we both, in an instant, found ourselves pitched out of it and struggling in the water of the lake. Unnoticed by either of us in the excitement of the moment, our boat had swung around into the trough of the sea, and a huge wave had dashed in, completely filling it and tipping it so nearly over that as the water came in we went out. Confident in my own swimming powers, I called to my guide, as soon as I came to the surface and grasped hold of the boat, that I could take care of myself, and not to be alarmed on my account. But a desperate series of floundering on his part indicated to me what I had never before suspected, that, notwithstanding the fact that he had been a guide upon these waters for thirty years, *he could not swim a stroke*. His frantic efforts to insure his own safety quickly tipped the boat bottom-side up, and again sent us both under. When I came to the surface he was seated astride of the bow in comparative safety while the second submersion had so water-logged my heavy winter clothing that I found it impossible to do more than hang on to whatever part of the slippery bottom of the boat I could best clutch. Then it began to look as if our strait was desperate. The anchor-rope held our boat with the same firmness upon which we had before congratulated ourselves, and I fear that it would never have occurred to

was alongside. My guide easily stepped from his place of refuge into the rescuing boat, nearly upsetting that in his precipitancy, and then it came to my relief. But I could neither lift myself over its side nor could those who were in it pull me in without imminent risk of capsizing. There was no other way but to tow me ashore ingloriously. As soon as my feet struck bottom, I waded to the beach, and then for the first

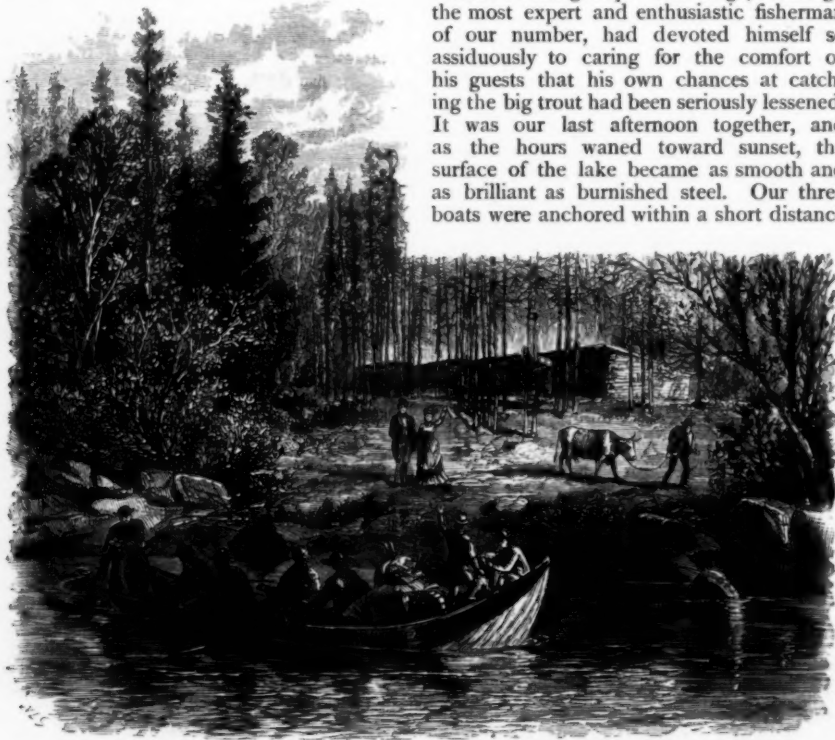


THE SPIRIT OF MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC.

time realized how completely my strength was exhausted, and for how short a time, in all probability, I could have sustained myself in the perilous position from which I had so happily escaped. A blazing camp-fire and a dry suit of clothes quickly restored my equanimity, which was, however, completely destroyed again by the reflection, which in an instant burst upon me, that my three rods, including a new split bamboo, together with a carefully prepared box of fishing tackle, which contained my fly-books, were at the bottom of the lake and in water at least twelve feet deep. At first it seemed as if my sport for that trip at least had been completely and disastrously terminated. One of our guides, who was an expert swimmer, comforted me by the assurance that he could easily recover the more important articles by diving for them, and for a time it appeared as if this would be the only chance until it occurred to us that one of the most enterprising and ingenious of our party had a day or two before constructed

a square box with a pane of glass in the end, with which, after the manner of the sponge and pearl divers, he had been studying the bottom of the lake to discover, if possible, the localities which the trout were the most likely to frequent. Taking this out with us the next day, we found that the contrivance worked to a charm. Thrusting below the ripple the end of the box which contained the glass and excluding the light as far as possible from the other end, every object on the bottom of the lake, at a depth of even fifteen or twenty feet, could be clearly discerned. A little patient labor with this and a large landing-net with a handle of sufficient length was finally rewarded with the recovery of every article of any value. The fly-books, however, were both destroyed and part of their contents were seriously damaged; still these were trifling offsets to my own fortunate escape and that of my guide.

An incident in strong contrast with this unfortunate beginning terminated this same eventful fishing trip. Mr. Page, although the most expert and enthusiastic fisherman of our number, had devoted himself so assiduously to caring for the comfort of his guests that his own chances at catching the big trout had been seriously lessened. It was our last afternoon together, and as the hours waned toward sunset, the surface of the lake became as smooth and as brilliant as burnished steel. Our three boats were anchored within a short distance

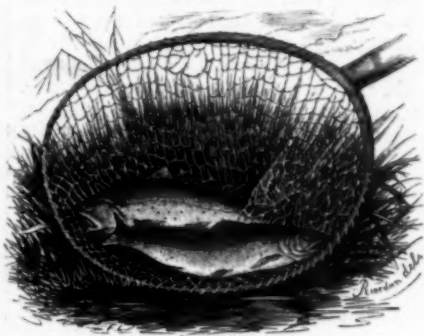


BREAKING CAMP.

of each other, and we were condoling with our friend upon his lack of luck, when suddenly a few rods away there was a quick swirl and splash which told of the presence of a big fish. "That's my trout!" exclaimed Mr. Page, as he ordered his guide to haul anchor and scull him quietly over the spot where the fish had appeared. Two or three casts of the fly, and in an instant, with a ferocious rush, the trout had hooked himself so firmly that his final capture became only a question of time,—but of what a time! After two or three desperate struggles, during which he was met at every turn with the skill of a practiced fisherman, he settled sulkily at the bottom of the lake. Meanwhile a gentle east wind had sprung up with the setting sun, and Mr. Page's boat began to drift with it gently to the westward. Fifteen minutes, half an hour, three-quarters of an hour passed, and from our anchorage we could see that the trout showed no signs of yielding,—nor did Mr. Page. As it gradually grew too dark to "cast" with satisfaction, my companion in the other boat and myself decided to haul up anchor and "go to see the fun," which, at our distance from the scene of conflict, seemed to be growing decidedly monotonous. By this time Mr. Page had drifted fully half a mile to the westward, and not once had the trout given any sign of yielding. When we came up with Mr. Page it was quite dark, and the contest, which did not seem so very unequal after all,—for it was yet doubtful which would get the best of it,—had stretched out to a full hour and a quarter. Then at last the trout showed signs of exhaustion, and, yielding to the inevitable pressure of the elastic rod, was once brought near the surface, but not close enough to net. Settling again to the bottom, he had apparently made up his mind to stay there; but the gentle, steady persuasion of the faithful seven-ounce Murphy split bamboo fly rod again proved too much for him, and straining his tackle to the utmost, Mr. Page brought his victim gradually toward the surface. The three boats had now come so close together that the fish was shut in on all sides. But it had become so dark that it was difficult to discern objects with any distinctness, and to shed all the light we could upon the puzzling problem which was at last approaching solution, we got together all the matches we had with us, and made in each boat a miniature bonfire. Soon a commotion upon the surface of the water showed that the

critical moment had arrived. There, with his back fin as erect as ever, was a magnificent trout, which was soon in the landing-net, and in a moment after in the boat, after precisely an hour and a half of as steady and persistent a fight as a fish ever made for life. But his capture was a full reward for all the time and trouble it had cost, since he weighed by the scales full seven pounds.

This trout, and one weighing eight pounds which had been taken by Mr. Crounse, were among the magnificent trophies which were carried away from Bema when we broke camp a day or two afterward. And the scene upon that memorable morning was one to which it is difficult to do justice with pen or pencil. There was the batteau laden with all the camp paraphernalia, including the pet dog Prince. As passengers, there were the two leaders of the party, Messrs. Page and Crounse, each with his two boys, while the guides pulled the oars. "Dan" Quimby, the faithful cook and profound philosopher, whose "corn dodgers" had been in steady demand and in unflinching supply during the whole time of our stay in camp, was starting off for a ten-mile tramp overland to Madrid, leading the cow which he had brought in with him by the same route a month before, and the "spirit of Mooselucmaguntic" stripped of its blanket seemed to be dancing in wild glee at the prospect of being left in undisturbed possession of his wild domain. Two or three of us remained behind to catch a few more trout, and in the hope of a less boisterous passage to the main camp. After a day or two we followed, taking with us delightful memories of the camp at Bema, and trout enough to excite the envy of the less successful anglers at the other end of the lake.

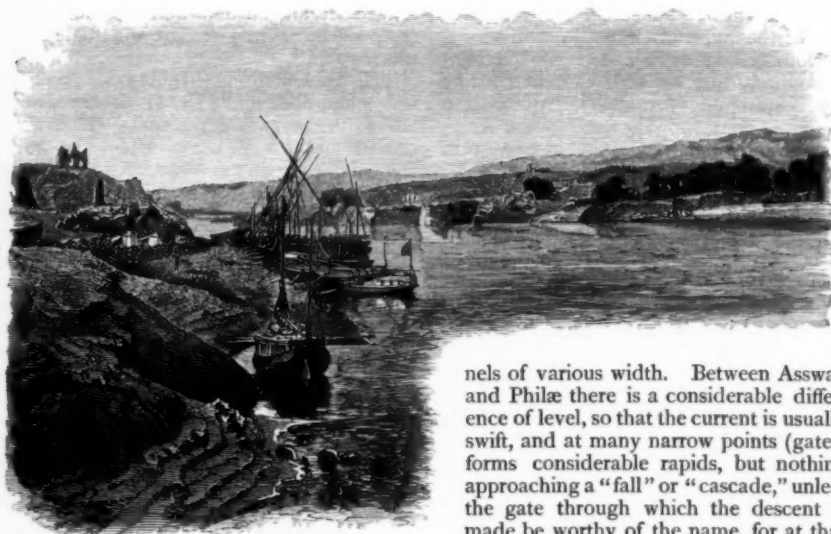


THE NET RESULT.

A WINTER ON THE NILE.

SECOND PAPER.

BY GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.



ASSWAN AND ISLE ELEPHANTINÉ.

FIVE weeks from the time we went on board our dahabeah at Cairo, we reached Asswan, near the foot of the First Cataract.

Thanks to the energy of Achmet, in less than two hours we had on board the Mamoor of Asswan, as well as the head sheik of the Cataract, and with a light wind started to make the ascent.

The terrors of the Cataract have been greatly exaggerated by many travelers. Although our boat was one of the largest that has ascended, we encountered no serious difficulty, and there was nothing either in the ascent or descent to alarm the most timid person possessed of common sense. It was exciting—especially the descent—but nothing more; and far from agreeing with the "Murray Book," which says "that no one who has gone through it once would willingly do so again," there is not a member of our party who would not rejoice in the opportunity of passing the Cataract once more. Not far below Asswan, granite replaces the sandstone on the river-banks, and from Asswan to Philæ the broad bed is broken up by countless rocks and islets, which divide it into a multitude of chan-

nels of various width. Between Asswan and Philæ there is a considerable difference of level, so that the current is usually swift, and at many narrow points (gates) forms considerable rapids, but nothing approaching a "fall" or "cascade," unless the gate through which the descent is made be worthy of the name, for at that point there is, at the ordinary January stage of water, a fall of some seven feet in about two hundred.

The route followed in the ascent is a succession of smooth stretches, with a swift current, and short rapids, with very abrupt changes of direction. The scenery is very wild and strange. The granite rocks on the banks, and forming the islets, are smoothly polished and jet black up to high water mark. The sand-hills and desert-slopes are quite yellow—almost orange—though not of so deep and brilliant a color as at Sabooa and Aboo Simbel; a few villages, with sparse groves of palms, enliven the scene, which is otherwise bleak enough, save for the rushing water. Altogether it is a very remarkable spectacle, never to be forgotten. When we left Asswan with one of our sister ships, there was nothing very unusual on board the "Nellie," except the presence of the Mamoor, and Mohammed Nooga, the head sheik, with four or five of his assistant sheiks, and perhaps a dozen or so of the Shellalee, or Cataract men. The Mamoor, who accompanied us during the ascent, was a remarkable specimen. He was tall and finely formed, quite black, with fine and regular features and

straight hair. Dressed in the "Constantinople" costume prescribed for officials, and with the easy manner of a gentleman, he was as presentable a person as you would find anywhere. For two successive days he lunched and dined with us, handled his knife and fork perfectly *comme il faut*, and enjoyed his champagne thoroughly. But, alas for human consistency! He lunched with us one day at Philæ, on our return, bringing with him an old Turkish major, who drank no wine, and, I regret to say, did not know what champagne was, and, upon its nature being explained, politely but positively refused to touch it. I have been told that, as a rule, a single Moslem will drink wine with you *ad libitum*; but if you bring two or three together, they become strict disciples of Father Matthew. So true is this, that foreigners resident in Egypt lay it down as a rule conducive to great economy in wines, that you should never invite less than two or three Mohammedans to dinner at the same time! Our Mamoor is said to claim descent from Moses through his Midianitish wife. I do not vouch for the accuracy of the pedigree, but give it for what it may be worth, only insisting that, although dark, he was a very gentlemanly and obliging person; so much so that I felt bound to say a good word for him in high quarters on our return to Cairo. The Shellalee, or men of the Cataract, are a peculiar race, whose fathers before them, for generations, have inhabited the borders of the Cataract, and held the monopoly of passing vessels through. For all I know to the contrary, their ancestors did the same for the ancients. They are a noisy and clamorous, but good-humored set of vagabonds, and do not always pull together; but they are indispensable, and you are glad to get them on board, but still more delighted to be rid of them. Mohammed Nooga, the head sheik, is a tall, thin, but wonderfully active creature; black as black can be, with a face not unlike that of our little Coco, but thoroughly master of his trade. Not many years ago he was a subordinate sheik—perhaps not even that—when a government boat, larger than any that had then attempted the ascent, arrived; the sheiks and all the wise men of the Shellalee pronounced the task impossible, and quietly squatted on the banks, waiting for the vessel to grow smaller, or the Cataract larger. But our shrewd Nooga, seeing a chance for a rise in the world, quietly measured the boat, and then the most difficult gate, and returning to the impatient government official,

offered to take the boat up, or make his head a present to the authorities should he fail. The offer was promptly accepted, whereupon the sly Nooga took command of the motley regiment of Shellalee, and easily carried the vessel up to Philæ. The result was the disgrace of the old sheik, and the promotion of our friend, Nooga, to the head of the concern; severe bastinadoes for the outgoing official, and sundry shawls, and other things prized by the Shellalee *élite*, to the rising man. With him came in a new system, and boats such as the "Nellie," which formerly would never have passed Asswan, now easily ascend. I tell the tale as 'twas told to me, not vouching for its strict accuracy, not even sure, in fact, that there is a word of truth in it. But it can at least be safely said, that when you look at Nooga's ugly face, full of shrewdness and determination, and watch him at a difficult or dangerous point, when seconds are of infinite value, when he changes in an instant from sublime indifference to the very incarnation of vigor and skill, you feel that the story ought to be true. We left Asswan—Elephantiné, rather—about ten in the morning, and sailed with a light breeze to the little island of Sehayl, about three-quarters of a mile above Asswan, where the rapids begin. Here I may say that, by our sudden departure, I sadly interrupted sundry splendid bargains which the ladies of the party were busily making with native traders for ostrich feathers; much to the dissatisfaction of the ladies, for just then feathers were very cheap. I comforted them by the promise that we would tarry as long as they pleased on our return; but, melancholy to relate, when we came back, feathers were very scarce and very dear. I fear that I will never hear quite the last of that sudden departure from Elephantiné! At Sehayl we breasted the first rapid without outside aid; a couple of the Shellalee jumped overboard with a rope, attached it to a rock, and by the hauling of the crew and the aid of the wind, we promptly passed through, and sailed on perhaps another mile to the next and more formidable rapid.

Here we were delayed a couple of hours, awaiting more men, and now the trouble commenced, for the wind had left us, and we were to rely upon ropes and hauling. The decks were packed with Shellalee, who came no one knew whence or how, while crowds of others were on the shore ready for work.

At last a tall fellow, stripped to the skin,

darted overboard with the end of a rope between his teeth, and disappeared beneath the water. How he progressed I do not know, whether by crawling along the bottom, by swimming under water, or both; but at last he emerged on the proper rock,

way of a mooring-stake, would have involved serious consequences, yet we passed the night most comfortably, lulled to sleep by the roaring of the waters around us. The shore, just here, is formed by granite masses, with little slopes and plateaus of sand, lodged there by



HEAD OF FIRST CATARACT FROM PHILE.

shining like polished ebony, and made his rope fast. At the same time others reached other rocks in the same way. Then the forces were marshaled, and the hauling began with a universal shrieking, howling, and cursing in choice Arabic, to which the vocal practice of Rhoderic Dhu's adherents must have been delightful harmony. The sheiks did their full share of yelling, jesticulating and grimacing. Such pulling was never seen in Anglo-Saxon lands. Not only did no two pull together, but no single man pulled in harmony with himself! Nevertheless—perhaps in spite of the pulling—the dahabeah moved steadily through, and gained the victory over the furious Nile. The same process was repeated many times, until at length, about five o'clock, after passing a very strong rapid, with a very sharp turn, we found ourselves at the last and most difficult rapid of the series. Here we found a Hungarian boat ahead of us, and as its master had become involved in a very complicated dispute with the Shellalee, the Mamoor was busy all the rest of the day in rectifying matters, so that we had to wait where we were until the next morning. This was a very striking spot. There was just room enough for three boats to moor, the leader with its nose at the foot of the great rapid, that in the rear with its rudder overhanging the rapid below; the breaking of a rope, the giving

the waters. Close at hand, at the summit of a little ridge, there is a peculiar isolated granite rock, rising some six or seven feet above the ridge, and forming an admirable seat, from which one can most comfortably watch the passage of the upper rapid. All travelers must have noticed it, and it must have occurred to many of them, as it did to me next morning, when I sat there watching the Hungarian ascend the rapid, that from that same spot many an old Egyptian king had watched the slow progress of his fleets *en route* for war in Nubia and beyond. The rock is so marked, and its position so favorable, that it must have been so; and it is one of those silent, enduring, and unmistakable landmarks that turn the thoughts back toward the remote past, and forward to the unknown future. To us the rock, the passage of the Cataract, the surroundings of the hour, were matters of supreme importance; the wild scene had been arranged for us, and we were the centers around whom the oft-repeated play was once more enacted. Yet we could not but think of the endless procession that had passed in review by that quiet seat of rock from prehistoric time, and whose end is not yet:—the ancient Pharaohs, long before the time of Abraham, Rameses the Great, Moses himself,—if the tradition be true that in early life he was an Egyptian general and conqueror,—the de-

serters from Psammytichus, and the Greeks who pursued them, Roman generals, the French Desaix, recent explorers, modern tourists! And who may name the ones to come! What were we, lost in that mighty and endless throng?

But to return to our own little experiences. The Shellallee are not early risers; the mornings were cool just then, and not until the warm rays of the sun had thawed them out, could these children of the cataract be brought to their work. About nine o'clock they took the Hungarian in hand, and promptly passed him through; then came the "Nellie's" turn; and as she was a very large boat, the preparations were in keeping. Just where the Hungarian lay last night, literally at the foot of the great rapid, the channel turns square to the left, and the rapid comes surging down a narrow passage between rocks not much more than one hundred feet apart. As soon as the Hungarian was well under way, we were hauled along until our nose touched the rapid. Now, in place of ropes, the stoutest cables were brought into use; two long ones were carried ahead: one from the stern to the rock forming the outer boundary of the rapid; and one to the place where we lay. Some three or four hundred men were collected, of various ages and colors, and told off to the different cables. A new actor now appeared on the stage: a dark gentleman, with scanty wardrobe, a conspicuous flag, and a very genial expression. Upon inquiry, we learned that he was a "praying man," and that his office was to sing, dance, and wave his flag, with the double purpose of propitiating Allah, and of making the men haul together. He placed himself with the strong party in charge of the two bow cables. All being ready, and our party, including the ladies from the "Zarifa," all on board, our boat was cast off, and the stern hauled out, so that she soon stood in the thread of the current, with her bow fairly in the rapid. Now began in full chorus the Shellallee song, of which we had heard several specimens the day before:

"Yah Saiéd! Oh, yah Saiéd! Yoom bahmy! Allah yoom bahmy! Yok sainy! Allah yok sainy! Yah yoonny, sahla ah rahmy!"

Our "praying man" danced, sang, waved his flag, bent almost double, leaped in the air, shouted frantically. The sheiks aided, the motley crew of men and boys pulled in every possible direction, and we fairly

started up, slowly at first, then with a rush that brought the vessel clear, all but the stern; then a pause, as we hung there, and a little change in the direction of the cables; the "praying man" and sheiks recommenced with redoubled energy, and with a wild rush we were through. A few more pauses, some more changes of the cables, a few more frantic pulls, and we soon reached a position safely clear of the cataract. Now appears our reverend friend, ready to receive the congratulations and backsheesh so well earned; these were showered upon him to his heart's delight, and he promised to bestow the light of his countenance upon us on our downward trip, and see us safely through. We had no wind now, so we tracked and towed slowly all the way to Philæ, which we reached about four o'clock, the "Zarifa" following close after us. The two remaining boats of the fleet did not arrive until two days afterward.

Nubia is in every respect a different world from Egypt, and he who has not seen Nubia has not half seen the Nile. The climate is far superior,—drier, and much more bracing; the scenery is entirely different, and the finer views of quite another style than those below. In Egypt, the cliffs are at first of limestone, afterward of sandstone; and it is only a little below Asswan that the granite appears, and changes the character of the scenery; while in Nubia, granite is often the prevailing rock in the lower part, with sandstone here and there, as at Kalabsheh, Gerf Hossein, Abou Simbel, etc. Again, in Egypt, one or both banks are bordered by fertile plains, except, for example, at Silsilis, where the river breaks through a range of sandstone hills; while in Nubia, there is very little arable land, no wide plains, and frequently the desert comes down on both sides to the very river-bank, leaving nothing for cultivation save the steep mud-bank between high and low water. In Nubia, the villages are less numerous, and generally stand upon the desert, to save every foot of arable land; but they are neater and better built. Neither on the river, nor along the banks, is there so much life and movement, but the scenery is often bolder and more picturesque; so that, with the numerous old towns and temples, as well as from the delicious air, the Nubian voyage is on the whole even more enjoyable than that on the lower river. From Philæ to Kalabsheh, when the tropics are entered, the scenery is very beautiful; black granite hills (not bluffs as below), bordered by bright green

vegetation and palm-groves, with frequent "glaciers" of rich yellow sand pouring over the hills from the desert beyond, in charming contrast with the black rocks and rich vegetation. Before reaching Kalabsheh, near Tafah, there is a miniature cataract, where, for two or three miles, the river-bed is obstructed by bowlders and islands, causing a series of rapids; the passage is exceedingly picturesque, but with ordinary care not at all dangerous. Several small temples occur in this part of the river; that at Gertassie is very pretty.

The small rock-hewn temple of Bayt el Wellee at Kalabsheh contains well-preserved

blocks, it seemed clear that the cause was not far to seek,—a conflagration; but whether accidental, or brought about by conquering barbarians, it is now impossible to decide.

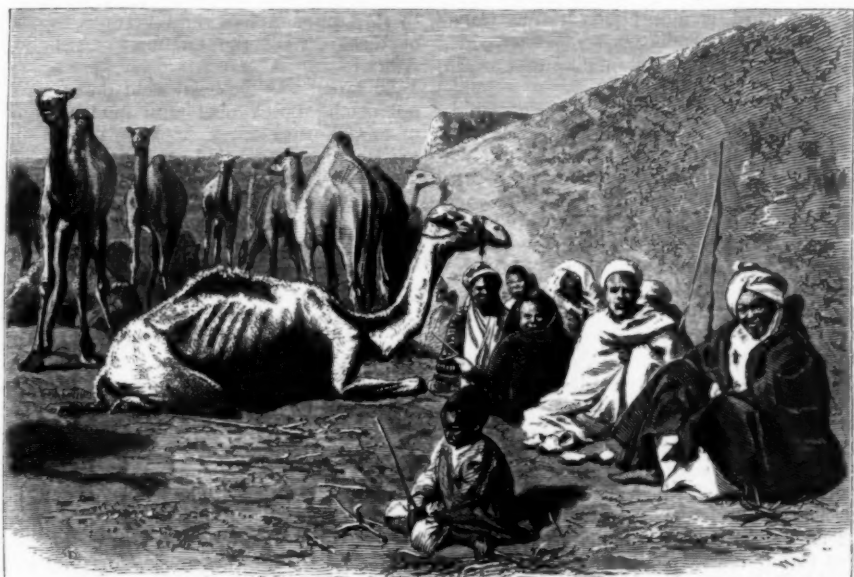
From this point, the bends of the river are so frequent that we had a great deal of trouble from head-winds, and were obliged to track a great deal, often being obliged to tie up, because the wind was so violent that we could make no headway against it. One of these forced halting-places was Wady Amlah, near Sabooa, where there is a grove of palms, and a narrow strip of land irrigated by shedoofs, and supporting a small village. Here I strolled off for a couple of



NUBIAN HUT AND WOMEN.

paintings, giving an excellent idea of the ancient Egyptian costumes. The great temple is the largest in Nubia. It is modern, having probably been commenced under the reign of Augustus, and never completely finished. The style is somewhat debased, and it is in a most singular state of ruin, but is impressive from its great extent, and forms a most picturesque object, especially by moonlight. The cause and date of its destruction are unknown, but from the traces of fire still visible in many parts, and the peculiar condition of the sandstone

miles over the desert hills, composed of sandstone of various colors and of yellow sand. Far out of sight of the river, not a blade of vegetation in sight, I was quietly smoking on the summit of a high hill commanding a superb view of the abomination of desolation,—richly colored withal,—when happening to look toward a wady of pure sand which descended from hills still further inland, a white spot appeared. Soon another came in sight, then others, until at length there came into view a caravan of more than an hundred camels, with their Arab



CAMELS AND ARABS AT WADY HALFAY.

attendants, moving straight for the base of my hill. They were from Khartoom, bound for Esneh, and formed the finest picture that I saw of desert life.

Our slow progress and frequent halts gave many opportunities for seeing Nubian villages. As I have already said, they are better built than those of the fellahin; some of the houses are of stone, all have roofs and stout wooden doors. It is evident that many of them are arranged with reference to defense. Near the houses are large jars of mud in which the grain is stored, and rough stone hand-mills. Many of the people, especially the women, present a very respectable appearance, and have a much more independent expression than the fellahin. The women wear large nose-rings, and plait the hair in fine tresses, which they—as well as the men—besmear far too liberally with castor oil. Many of the women were engaged upon a kind of embroidery.

At Korosko, the starting-point of the caravans for Berber and Khartoom, one sees many of the Ababdee, the "wild men of the desert," most curious-looking specimens, with long, plaited tresses.

It was only a little below Ibream that we caught a favorable wind, and went on our way rejoicing to Wady Halfay. Ibream is a very striking point; it is an old fortified

town, on a high hill overlooking the river, absolutely deserted,—not a sign of life to be seen near it.

At Wady Halfay we found our friends, Colonels Purdy, Mason and Colston, *en route* for Darfoor, and we moored close to their camp. The large fleet of cangias that had brought them up from the Cataract gave an unwonted appearance of life to the river, while the tents—for they had some two hundred soldiers with them—quite effectively enlivened the dull desert on the banks. We decided to visit Aboo Seer in our little boats, as the least fatiguing way for the ladies; but the wind was so violent that we were obliged to postpone our trip for a couple of days. The interval was well spent in a "Dromedary Circus," for the animals intended for the Darfoor expedition were out for inspection and trial, and the desert was alive with dromedaries and soldiers rushing about in all directions; and frequent were the tumblers of the inexperienced soldiers over the heads of the ungainly beasts.

At last a more favorable day arrived, and, with the sheiks of the Cataract as pilots, we started in our sandals for Aboo Seer. Our route led us about half-way up the Cataract, and we found it a delightful trip. Countless black rocks of polished granite and basalt, islets of all sizes,—many covered with vegetation;—the sparkling water making;

haste toward a more quiet resting-place, the high hills trending down on each side,—altogether a view quite unlike anything in our part of the world.

At length, after breasting many rapids and making numerous detours, we landed close under Abou Seer;—a lofty hill of rock, quite precipitous to the south and east, which forms the final stage in the long journey of the Nile tourist. With little trouble we plodded up the sand-slopes, and soon found ourselves on the summit—a point commanding a noble view. From it the desert stretches far to the east and west; in the remote south are seen the twin hills that mark the site of distant Dongola; to the north, the eye follows for many a mile the Nile valley; while at your feet stretches the brilliant scene of the Second Cataract. A long, broad mass of black rocks, green islets, sandy shores, rocky cliffs, groves of palms and sount, through which the great river now dashes in fury, now glides smoothly along in its course from the unknown region of the south, toward the valley we know so well. It is a view well worth the journey we have made. Long we linger on the summit; now enjoying the charming view, now seeking to discover the names of friends among the long lists of those who have here inscribed their titles on the rocks around. At last we are warned that it is time to depart, and take a long, last look toward the sources of the mysterious river that has so long baffled the curiosity of the world. Near our boat, we find the carpets spread and lunch prepared; after a merry half hour, we enter the sandals, with no little reluctance turning our backs to the south, and committing ourselves to the mercy of the Nile, against whose stream we have so long contended. A delightful trip of an hour and a half brought us to the dahabeahs. All was now ready for the homeward journey; the great yard had been taken down and securely lashed, the large sail disposed of, the oars rigged, and our gallant ship transformed into a very commonplace and ungainly object, all ready to start. Purdy and Mason came on board to bid farewell, and, as we floated down the stream, the last objects we could distinguish were our two friends seated on the bank, watching our receding boat. One of them fought through the war in the Federal army, the other in that of the Confederates; yet, at last, there they were sitting side by side on the banks of Wady Halfay, having said good-bye to civilization and their fellow-countryman, and about

to start upon a long and perilous voyage of discovery in the unknown depths of Africa!

So strong was the head-wind that we did not reach Abou Simbel until nine at night of the following day. At Abou Simbel are two temples excavated in the solid rock. Here the sandstone cliffs come close to the river-bank, and the temples are cut directly into the face of the cliff. The entrances are perhaps thirty feet above the water, and were, until some sixty years ago, completely concealed by the sand-banks drifted over the cliffs; at present they are but little disturbed, and the interiors entirely free. The smaller temple is about ninety feet deep, and has sculptures of historic interest. It is not so large as the similar temple of Gerf Hussein, but is in much better preservation. The larger temple is one of the wonders of the world, and, like the other, was built by Rameses the Great. The *façade*, about one hundred feet high and a good deal longer, is formed by smoothing the face of the cliff. In front, sit in calm repose, four colossal statues of Rameses, carved out of the same solid rock. Huge as these masterpieces are (although in a sitting posture, they are no less than sixty-six feet high, without the pedestals), they are admirably finished, and possess an expression of beauty and grandeur that can hardly be excelled by the most delicately fashioned works in marble. With the exception of one, whose head lies near his feet, they are quite well preserved. I can conceive of nothing grander in art than the sublime repose of these seated effigies. How wonderful is the Nubian climate which permits these sandstone figures, exposed in the open air for more than three thousand years, to preserve all the subtle power and charm of expression that the artist gave them so long ago! The great temple extends some two hundred feet into the rock. The walls are covered with sculptures and paintings representing scenes in the campaigns of Rameses. Many of them are full of life and spirit, and of the highest interest; one, of the king using a bow from his chariot, is wonderfully fine. Lights are necessary to inspect the wonders of these halls; and as the Egyptian bats are numerous here, and quite as easily unsettled by sudden light as those of other lands, the traveler must not be surprised if a few fly squarely in his face. On a re-entrant of the *façade* there is a curious and well-executed group of negro captives, with halters around their necks—slaves captured by Rameses in

one of his forays to the south. These sculptures, certainly three thousand years old, afford cold comfort to the disciples of Darwin, for they clearly show that the negro of that age was precisely like his descendant of to-day, and that the development theory has paused in its career, at least as far as that branch of creation is concerned. Abou

Simbel cannot be compared with Karnak, they are so unlike,—except with regard to the paintings and sculptures on the walls; each is incomparable of its kind, and both—as do the Pyramids—inspire the spectator with a profound sense of the boundless resources, the grand conceptions, and the mechanical skill of the men of ancient Egypt.

(To be continued.)

JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD.



JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD.

THE name of the late John Romeyn Brodhead is intimately associated in the minds of New Yorkers with the Dutch occupation of the State, of which he was a faithful and sympathetic historian, though, singularly, he was a lineal descendant of one of the English conquerors of New Amsterdam. Among the soldiers sent by Charles II., in 1664, to subdue the Hollanders in America was Captain Daniel Brodhead, a zealous royalist of Yorkshire, England, who came with his household, intending to settle in the province after its conquest. Upon the capitulation of the city he was stationed in command of the garrison at Esopus, where he remained until his death in 1667. He left three sons, from one of whom descended Charles W. Brodhead, who served as a captain in the Revolutionary war, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. Charles's youngest son, Jacob,

entered the ministry, and spent a long life in active and most useful service, having filled several prominent pulpits with very great acceptance. He died in 1855. He had several sons, but the only one who reached mature years was the subject of this sketch, named after his uncle, the Reverend Dr. John Brodhead Romeyn, a Presbyterian clergyman of great distinction in the early part of this century. John Romeyn Brodhead was born in 1814, in Philadelphia, where at that time his father was settled; but before he was twelve years old, the family returned to the city of New York, which was ever afterward his home.

His early education was received at the Albany Academy, an institution which obtained a high reputation under the care of the accomplished Dr. T. R. Beck. From here he was sent to Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., where he was graduated

with honor in 1831, being only seventeen years of age. At this time he gave great attention to literature, and became a constant reader and collector of books; but no productions of his pen indicated the eminence he was afterward to obtain. Being the son of a devout clergyman, he was educated in the strictest ideas of integrity and honor; but, clerical salaries being small in those days, his early years were passed in labor and self-denial. Turning his attention to law, he studied in the office of the late eminent Hugh Maxwell, Esq., and was duly admitted to the bar. His prospects of success were quite fair, when suddenly his father's health began to fail, and the family was compelled to retire to a country home at Saugerties, N. Y., whither Romeyn, now the only son, accompanied them, surrendering his professional hopes at the call of filial duty. While in this retirement, he was invited to become an attaché of one of our foreign legations,—an event which decided his whole future career. The post of *chargé d'affaires* at the Hague was at that time occupied by Harmanus Bleecker, of Albany, an eminent lawyer and a man of many and varied accomplishments, who was much attached to his relative, Mrs. Brodhead, and through her to her son, whom he now called to his side.

In 1839, with his father's concurrence, Romeyn set sail for Holland. Here he made good use of his advantages, dividing his time between study and society. His position brought him into contact with the refined and cultivated of many lands, and his mental development was greatly stimulated. He formed a strong attachment for the country, finding a quaint beauty in the old palaces, in the Binnenhof, in the Bosch, and even in the wild, lonely dunes which keep back the ever-encroaching sea. In the midst of these agreeable scenes, he was interrupted by the sad news of his mother's declining health, and although he returned to America in time to greet her again, it was for the last time.

In the spring of 1841, the Legislature of New York having passed an act to employ an agent to procure and transcribe documents in Europe relative to the colonial history of the State, Governor Seward, who was in hearty sympathy with the measure, appointed Mr. Brodhead to the position. He willingly accepted the trust, and was much disappointed in not being able to take passage in the steamship "President," which sailed for England about that time,

and was never heard of afterward. He could not but recognize a kind Providence in the enforced delay which prevented him from being one of the ill-fated passengers. He crossed the ocean in safety, and at once entered upon a course of exhausting toil, both mental and manual; for the appropriations by the State were moderate, and it needed close economy and skillful management to make them adequate to the purpose. He pursued his researches with great diligence and success among the ancient archives at the Hague, in London, and in Paris, often obtaining access to records which had long been locked from the world's notice. He was one of the first in a long succession of scholarly men who visited the old world for a like purpose, but it is doubtful if any other brought home so rich a spoil as did he in 1844. Mr. Bancroft said of it: "The ship in which he came back was more richly freighted with new materials for American history than any that ever crossed the Atlantic."

Immediately after his arrival, Mr. Brodhead was invited to deliver the address at the fortieth anniversary of the New York Historical Society, of which he had for some time been a member. This was the first of several services rendered by him in the course of years at the call of this dignified and influential society, and in it he was able to give to the public an earnest of the abundant treasures garnered during his residence abroad. In the ensuing year he submitted to the Legislature his final report as their agent. The documents procured by him were subsequently printed in ten large quarto volumes, which remain a legacy of inestimable value to all historical inquirers.

When Mr. Bancroft was made minister to Great Britain by President Polk in 1846, Mr. Brodhead accompanied him as Secretary of Legation, his previous residence in London having well fitted him for that position. This was, perhaps, the most enjoyable portion of his life. The duties were somewhat burdensome and the salary was inconsiderable, but all such drawbacks were more than compensated by the social privileges to which he was admitted. He had some experience in this way in his former residence in London, when the late Edward Everett, then the American minister there, honored him with his friendship, facilitated the accomplishment of his mission, gave him needful advice and encouragement, and opened to him many hospitable doors. Now, however, as a member of the American Lega-

tion, he had frequent opportunities of meeting in society and elsewhere the most accomplished persons of the day. Among these he mentions in his letters Campbell and Rogers, Sydney Smith, Hallam and Macaulay, the Earl of Carlisle, Lady Morgan, Dr. Buckland, the Miss Berrys, and many others. But the secretary did not become a mere social butterfly. His habits of reading and study were resolutely maintained. He read with ease in several languages, having acquired French in his youth and Dutch during his stay in Holland. His college Greek was always retained, but Latin was more warmly cherished, and Horace became to him a charming and life-long companion. During his residence in London occurred the great Chartist demonstration of 1848, which filled the entire kingdom with apprehension and alarm. Together with many other gentlemen, he hastened to be sworn in as a special constable, and he often afterward spoke of his surprise at meeting on that occasion, the poor and unsuccessful Louis Napoleon, afterward Napoleon III., who had in like manner come to offer himself as a defender of law and order. In the next year, both Mr. Bancroft and himself returned to the United States.

Once more at home, he applied himself to the great work of his life, that for which he had been preparing for many years, "The History of the State of New York." He brought to this task many qualifications,—a good general education, large familiarity with men and things, a fine historical instinct, a deep interest in the subject, thorough acquaintance with the original sources and a conscientious zeal for the actual truth. The first volume, embracing the period 1609–1664, was published by the Harpers in 1853, and was extremely well received both by scholars and the general public. Its character is well set forth by Mr. Duyckinck in his "Cyclopedia of American Literature:" "The extensive stores of original material collected by the author enabled him to present many curious and important facts of picturesque and local interest for the first time, while the main progress of the work unfolded the peculiar commercial restrictive system of trading monopoly, the regulations of the West India Company, and the domestic institution of the patroonships, which, at first the protection, soon became an impediment to the fortunes of the colony. The various political and social influences of New Netherlands, presenting the earnest, liberal and popular elements of the home

country, are exhibited with care and fidelity to the manuscript and other authorities which are constantly referred to, and passages of which are frequently embroidered in the text." The work took its place almost immediately as a standard, nor has the work of later laborers in the same field impaired its value. Years after its issue, Mr. Bancroft said of it: "It is so full, so accurate, so marked by research and an honest love for historic truth that we have only to bid him go on and finish what he has so worthily begun."

The prosecution of the history was somewhat impeded by the cares of official position; for in the autumn of the same year in which the first volume appeared, its author received from President Pierce the appointment of Naval Officer of the Port of New York. Since this office did not remove him from his home, he declined to relinquish it for the more lucrative post of Consul General of the United States for Japan, which was offered to him in 1855. It was not until the next year that he "gave hostages to fortune" by entering into married life—a delay somewhat singular in a man of his strong affections and warm domestic feelings. In November of that year he married Eugenia, eldest daughter of the late Simeon De Witt Bloodgood, and a great-granddaughter of Col. Van Schaick, of the Revolutionary Army. He then bought a house in this city, collected his library about him, and devoted himself to the prosecution of his literary labors. Of the N. Y. Historical Society he was an active and efficient member. Before this body, in 1864, he pronounced an oration commemorating the two hundredth anniversary of the conquest of New Netherlands, of which the venerable Gulian C. Verplanck said that it contained much curious and instructive information, and was enriched throughout by a sagacious and clear-sighted historical philosophy. Two years later he read before the same body a well-digested paper on the government of Sir Edmund Andros over New England in 1688–9. He was a constant coadjutor of the eminent citizens who have for so many years labored in behalf of the Historical Society, and made it such an honor to the city. In 1867 he was appointed a Trustee of the Astor Library, in the success of which he had always taken a deep interest, and with whose first librarian, the lamented and learned Dr. Cogswell, he had been intimately associated. He resigned this position in 1871. As

might be expected, he was a zealous member of the St. Nicholas Society, and regularly participated in its observance of the red-letter days in the Dutch calendar. For Rutgers College, he always felt a deep concern, not only because it was his *alma mater*, but for its own sake, and for the sake of the Dutch church, of which it was the representative. In early life and after he had become a trustee, he was fruitful in plans for increasing its means and usefulness, one evidence of which still remains in the Brodhead Prize for proficiency in the classics, founded many years ago by his father and himself.

The breaking out of the civil war was to Mr. Brodhead a great surprise and grief. Like his own and his father's friend, the Rev. Dr. G. W. Bethune, he had always been a pronounced Democrat; but also, like that great and good man, he sank all the feelings of a partisan in those of an American, and no one in the land rejoiced more heartily over the success of the national cause.

Mr. Brodhead's later years were tinged with gloom. In 1866 he lost one of his oldest and best friends, a scholar whose constant and critical interest in his history had been a perpetual stimulus and help in his arduous labors, and by whose generous aid he hoped to be cheered to the last. His vigorous frame began to yield under the inroads of disease. Vacation failed to restore his flagging energies. Still he continued at his chosen employment, and in 1871 issued the second, and, as it proved, the last, volume of his "History of New York." It covers the period from the capitulation in 1664 to the execution of Leisler in 1691. The most interesting portion of the book is that which relates to Leisler's rebellion, about which various opinions had been entertained. There is but little doubt that this work has forever settled the question. Mr. Brodhead's ample acquaintance with authorities new and old, and his logical discrimination and fairness, enabled him to set the truth forth in a convincing light.

Two years after the issue of this volume, its author was seized with a severe attack of pleuro-pneumonia which ran its course in a few days. During the ravages of a painful disease and within the shadow of the grave, he was sustained by an unflinching trust. Early the subject of deep religious impressions, he had in his mature years become a communicant in the Reformed

Dutch Church, and cherished an intelligent and cordial appreciation of her symbols, order, and liturgy. He died on the 6th of May, 1873, and was interred in Trinity Cemetery.

Mr. Brodhead was somewhat above the average height, graceful in form, and attractive in manner. His countenance was mobile and expressive. His genial disposition, combined with his position and character, won for him troops of friends; and his stores of incident and anecdote, as well as his general culture, made him welcome wherever he was known. He was scrupulous and methodical to the last degree in all pecuniary transactions; anxious neither to do nor to suffer wrong; and cherishing that nice sense of honor which feels a stain like a wound. There was nothing in his official service at home or abroad which needed concealment or elaborate explanations. All was open as the day and above suspicion. His durable monument lies in his printed works. He was a worthy member of that school of historical writers who subordinate all other matters to exact truth, who always ascend to the sources if possible, and who cultivate the impartiality of the judicial ermine in determining controverted points. To write in this fashion, a man must "scorn delights and live laborious days." He must spare no pains in searching authorities, and allow no prejudice, political or religious or national, to bias his mind. He must learn to weigh evidence, to shun hasty conclusions, to hold an even poise between conflicting witnesses. Mr. Brodhead had a lofty ideal of an historian, and he had no mean success in realizing it. His volumes are models of candid and trustworthy narration. They are now, and are likely to remain, the standard history of the Empire State for the ninety years which they recount. Though the work is a fragment, it is a great satisfaction that these two volumes cover the most difficult and obscure part of the State's history. It was the more important that this should be done because of the unhappy influence of one of Washington Irving's early productions, "Knickerbocker's History of New York." The rich and genial humor of Mr. Irving amused multitudes on both sides of the Atlantic, but unfortunately left the impression that there was only a ludicrous side to the character of the old Dutch burghers. Mr. Brodhead showed the contrary with manly force and fervid eloquence, yet without exaggeration or prejudice. Gratefully recognizing the Providence which

ordered that Manhattan Island and the shores of the Hudson should be colonized by the Batavian race, he yet frankly acknowledged that it was best for all parties that the Dutch province should pass under the control of the English crown, for thus was secured its protection, its peaceful development, its comprehensive spirit, its cos-

mopolitan character. These things are far more generally and clearly understood now than they were forty years ago. And no one man has done more toward accomplishing this result than Mr. Brodhead. His work resembles, in character, if not in degree, what has been done by Motley for the Hollanders in their own country.

THE OUTCAST.

A LEGEND OF ARABIA.

ALONG the Oasis the slender palms
Stretched their clear shadows, till the fierce red sun
Dropped suddenly behind the shifting hills,
And all fell prostrate then, in silent prayer.

Now, busy preparations for the night—
Unburdening the gaunt, weird camels' load,
Pitching the flapping tents, while over all
Arose the oval moon ineffable.

Silent, with fragrant pipes, the circle sat
And listened to the story-teller's lore,
In the strange golden light, intense as flame,
That made another, and a deeper day.

There was a youth, he said, utterly base.
Ere he could speak, he tortured gentle beasts,
Deprived the patient camel of its food,
And made the children fear him in their play.

Wily as the hyena in his lies,
Untamable as lions of the waste,
He drew too many after him, as winds
Draw the long reaches of the desert sands.

As he grew older, speech could never tell
His vices; he became the village scourge,
The by-word,—every lip was curled at him,—
Disgust and fear looked on him as he passed.

Ere he became a man, he was accursed;
Till all the tribe met solemnly one day
To try the criminal; then drive him forth
From out their company, a wanderer.

They sat in grave judicial circle there,
Hushed for a while, and in the midst he stood,
To hear his sentence,—he, the vile, the lost,
From the revered assemblage of his kin.

Then rose an ancient and gray-bearded man,
Accusing him of despicable crimes;
Another followed, heaping on his head
Words of intolerable mockery.

Calm, low and bitter, then his brothers spake;
Each rose in turn, and told his black disgrace.
His father thundered forth his hideous shame
And all the elders of his family.

"Why, then," exclaimed the musical, deep voice
Of the old sheik, "shall we not drive him forth,
Into the desert, there to dwell alone
With brutes, whose brother he has learned to be?"

"Why not?" exclaimed a voice, and forward sprang
His mother, pale and passionate. "Why not?
He is my child! This horror shall not be!
There still is life, is hope, for he is young!"

"It cannot be that I have borne a fiend,
And if a devil hath possessed my boy;
Love may yet drive it forth! a miracle
May yet be wrought for him! There yet is time!

"Will ye not wait? Will ye be patient yet
A little while? Have I not waited long,
And borne the torture and the misery,
Aye! the chief burden of this weight of grief?"

"Hoping, still hoping, through the weary years,
Hoping, still hoping, even now, when ye
Would drive him forth, ye holy, from your sight,
Would scourge him to the desert, there to die.

"Wait! wait another year!—another month!—
Another day!—Your faces all are hard!
Your eyes are cruel! He shall not go forth!
Or if he goes, I go, and follow him!"

The boy, for he was little more, stood by,
His wild eyes on his mother, as she fell
Prone, supplicating, fainting in the dust,
While one dry sob burst from her burdened heart.

Then he too knelt, who never yet had knelt,
And humbly prayed for still one trial more.
His face was changed, his eyes were dim with
tears,
He took his mother's hand, and raised her up.

Deep grew the silence of that company—
They gave no sentence, but each man arose
And quietly stole forth, and left them there,
Alone in the tribunal, uncondemned.

And in that self-same hour was her reward;
Then came the miracle she waited for,
The strange new birth, the spirit's morning star;
Her faith had saved him, and the end was—peace.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



"DO YOU SUPPOSE I DON'T KNOW THAT I AM A NUISANCE?"

CHAPTER V.

NICHOLAS and those who had been rescued with him learned, on the next morning after the disaster, that they were on board the ship "Jungfrau," from Bremen, bound for New York, with half a dozen cabin passengers and a large number of emigrants. The vessel was crowded, but everything was done that a sympathetic and helpful benevolence could devise to restore them from their nervous shock and their harsh exposure, and to make them comfortable. Nicholas and a few of the ladies found themselves suffering only from mental sadness and bodily lameness, while others, and among them Miss Larkin, rallied less readily, and were held to their berths by a low fever whose awful depressions, waking and sleeping, were haunted by dreams that made their lives a perpetual torture.

The captain of the "Jungfrau" found his

vessel as sound in the hull, after her terrible collision, as she was before, and enough of her spars left standing and uninjured to insure a safe, if not a speedy passage into port. This information he was careful to impart to his new passengers, in such English as he could command. Those among them who had lost friends held to the hope that they should find them again among those who had been rescued by the boats of the two steamers; and it was curious to witness the reactions toward joyfulness and hopefulness which took place among them. In the midst of their fears and forebodings, there was many a merry laugh over the strange disguises with which their humble, borrowed clothing invested them. Mrs. McGregor, who went down with her diamond knobs in her ears, found those brilliants flashing above a rough emigrant's cloak, and laughed with the rest over the grotesque figure which she presented. A

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strange feeling of sisterly regard which, in some instances, rose into fondness, was developed among women who had hitherto looked upon each other with jealousy. A common calamity, a partnership in trial, brought proud hearts together in marvelous sympathy. A few minutes spent together in the presence of death wove bonds which only death could break.

It was curious, too, to witness the disposition of every woman of the rescued number to attribute her safety to Nicholas. The young, particularly, had all been saved by him,—a fact which they laid up in their memories, to be recounted in future life, and to furnish a foundation for romantic dreams. The young man found himself, very much to his embarrassment, a hero,—idolized, courted, petted, praised, thanked and overwhelmed with feminine devotion. They talked about him among themselves. They poured their acknowledgments into his impatient ear. They harassed and humiliated him with their gratitude. There were only two of the whole number who did not distress him with their praises, and they were the ones, of them all, whom he most sincerely respected.

Miss Coates, with her splendid vitality, rallied among the first, and became the ministering angel of all the sufferers of her sex. As Miss Bruce was almost equally disabled with her charge, Miss Coates became Miss Larkin's constant attendant. She was with her by day and by night, or always within call. She kept up the young woman's communications with Nicholas, and in this service, tenderly and earnestly rendered, endeavored to embody her thanks.

The weary days wore slowly away; the convalescents, one after another, sat up in the close cabin, or appeared upon the deck, and one morning Miss Coates went to Nicholas, and invited him into the cabin. Miss Larkin wished to see him. The young man went down with a throbbing heart, and found Miss Larkin reclining in a chair. They took each other's hands without a word. It was long before either of them could speak. At length Miss Larkin said:

"I am very glad for you. You have done a great deal of good."

"Don't speak of it."

"I am not going to tell you of my gratitude for my own safety. That is of small account; but, I am grateful that you have helped to save my faith in human nature. I thought I would like to tell you that."

"Thank you. You were surprised?"

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"Not at all. I believed in you."

"Thank you again. The others have treated me as if they were surprised to find that I was a man."

"Don't blame them, after their surprise at finding other men cowards."

"But it is so humiliating to be flattered and fawned upon. It makes me wild."

"There is, at least, one woman who has not flattered you, or fawned upon you; yet you have no more hearty admirer upon the ship."

"Miss Coates?"

"Yes."

"She is a true woman, worth all the rest of them put together, old and young."

"Yes, and I cannot be too grateful for being brought into her company. The life before me all looks brighter in the prospect of her friendship. She is so helpful, so cheerful, so self-forgetful, so courageous, that I look upon her with constant admiration. Her presence is always an inspiration."

"Thank you," said Nicholas.

She looked questioningly into his face.

"Why do you thank me?"

Nicholas smiled in her upturned eyes, and said:

"Because the unstinted praise of one young woman by another, helps to save my faith in human nature."

Miss Larkin did not smile at his answer, for her heart was visited at the moment by an old pang that had come upon her many times during her recovery. She was thinking of Mr. Benson, and she sighed as if the pain were more than she could bear.

"I know what that sigh means," said Nicholas, "and where it came from."

She was startled, and said:

"Mr. Benson?"

"Yes."

"I cannot tell you how I pity him," she responded. "I'm sure he is alive. If I could only think of him as dead, I should be strangely comforted; yet until the accident, he was always very considerate of me. I know that he is forever humiliated, and that he can never come into my presence again without pain. He has received a lesson concerning himself that must demoralize him. His pride is fatally wounded. His character is overthrown. I'm afraid he will hate me, and hate you too; for generosity is as foreign to his nature and character as love or enthusiasm."

"Well, I'm not afraid of him, at least," Nicholas responded; "and, besides, I don't

pity him. Men and women must look upon such things differently. I like to see a conceited and pretentious man taken down, and placed exactly where he belongs. Let us hope that what has happened will make a better man of him."

"He will never build up again. He is too old;" and Miss Larkin shook her head.

Nicholas saw that it would be difficult for him to divert her thoughts from the unhappy channel into which they had fallen, and rose to bid her good-morning, and send Miss Coates to her. He took her hand, which he found to be cold, and, apologizing for staying so long, hurried to the deck, where Miss Coates was engaged in conversation with her mother. The former rose and left the deck at once, to attend her friend in the cabin.

Since the appeal of Mrs. Coates to Nicholas to save her daughter, even at the cost of her own life, the vulgar little woman had appeared to him most worthy of his respect. He greeted her cordially, and sat down beside her.

Nicholas had already learned that Mrs. Coates was a member of that somewhat widely scattered sisterhood that report conversations which have never taken place. She was without culture, and had nothing to talk about but personalities, of which she was the center; and she had acquired the art, or the habit, of attributing to others the sentiments and opinions which she wished either to controvert or approve. She was, in this way, enabled to give a dramatic quality to her conversation, and to find suggestions for continuing it *ad infinitum*. Not that she intended to lie. For the moment, she supposed that what she reported had actually taken place. Nicholas, however, had learned to separate the chaff from the wheat, and to detect the lie whenever it was broached. He knew the daughter, at least, well enough to know that certain conversations which the mother reported in detail were pure fiction. Otherwise, he would have refused to listen to them.

But Mrs. Coates was good-natured, and she adored her daughter. She intended, too, that she should have all the advantages that the maternal ingenuity could devise for getting a good position in the world. Her teachers had taken care of her education, and she had determined to look after the rest. Her maneuvers, however, were very clumsy. She had conceived the most "honorable intentions" in regard to Nicholas;

but the poor, well-meaning little woman was obliged to use a poker in the place of the gilt-handled, glittering scimitar, wielded so deftly and delicately by the ladies around her. Insensitive, resting upon her wealth as a sure foundation, she never hesitated for a moment, in any society, to express her sentiments, or to absorb the conversation; and she never forgot the one great object of her life,—to push Jenny.

As Nicholas took a seat beside her, she said:

"Now this seems real good. I've been a-talking to Jenny about improving our examples. 'Wherever you see a shining example,' says I to Jenny, 'seize upon it. Now, there's that young man, Mr. Minturn,' says I. 'Who would have thought it was in him? But he has given us a shining example,' says I, 'and shining examples aint so thick now-days that we can afford to make light of 'em.' I've said the same thing to Mr. Coates, often and often. 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'embrace all your opportunities to watch shining examples. Wherever you can find one, lay hold of it,' says I, 'and bring it home.' Perhaps you've noticed that Jenny is an uncommon girl, Mr. Minturn?"

"Yes, I have," replied Nicholas, uneasily stroking his whiskers.

"That's just what I told her," said Mrs. Coates. "'He sees your worth,' says I. 'He's not much of a fool, to speak of,' says I. 'He knows who has had advantages, and who hasn't had them. Hold up your head,' says I to Jenny. 'Take your example in this case from your mother, and not from your father,' says I; 'for your father's head is not a shining example, unless it is for baldness, which comes of his forever wearing his hat against my wishes,' says I. I've said the same thing to Mr. Coates. 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'you're as good as the best of them. You've got a good house and a respectable wife, if I do say it; and you've been able to give the best advantages to your offspring, and there's no living reason why you shouldn't hold up your head.' But Mr. Coates he laughs, and says he isn't good for nothing but making money, and that I may hold up my head till it snaps off of my shoulders if I want to; and Jenny and he are as much alike as two peas. I get out of all patience with her."

Nicholas bit his lip, to hide his amusement, and said:

"It seems to me that you are a little rough on the young lady."

"Well, I don't mean to be rough," said

Mrs. Coates, as if the asperities of her character were a source of profound grief, but were, nevertheless, ineffaceable. "I don't mean to be rough on my own offspring, but I'm made so that I can't bear to see the opportunities of young girls slip by without being embraced. 'Here is Mr. Minturn,' says I to Jenny, 'apparently attached to a young woman afflicted with what isn't a speck better than numb-palsy, if it is as good. I'm sorry for him from the bottom of my heart,' says I, 'and I'm sorry for her too; but she's a shining example of patience and chirkness, and I want you to take that example and make the most of it. Wherever you see an example,' says I to Jenny, 'improve it. Let nothing be lost on the way.'"

If Nicholas had not entertained the sincerest respect for the young woman, and known how offensive this kind of talk would have been to her, he would have excused himself from further conversation, and retired in disgust; but the clumsy manager amused him, and Miss Coates was out of the way, and could not be pained by her mother's talk. So, as he had nothing else to do, he was willing to hear more.

"I says to Jenny," continued Mrs. Coates, after a moment of thoughtfulness, "'Jenny,' says I, 'do you remember what Mr. Minturn said about his mother?' 'Yes,' says she, 'I noticed it.' 'Mark my words, Jenny,' says I, 'mark my words: a good son is a good husband.' How often I've said the same thing to Mr. Coates! 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'our offspring are to be husbands and wives. Let us give them all the advantages we can, and make good children of them, and then they'll be good husbands and wives. I s'pose I try Jenny a good deal. I wasn't raised as girls are now-days, but she's been an obedient child. Whatever happens to her, I shall always remember that she's been a healthy child, too; and Mr. Coates and I have often said that if we were thankful for anything, it is that we've been able to give good constitutions to our offspring. Whatever is laid to Jenny's door, there's no numb-palsy about her.'"

Mrs. Coates laughed, as if she thought she had said a good thing. Nicholas laughed too, and then she was sure of it.

"'Yes,' says I to Jenny," Mrs. Coates reiterated, by way of lifting her climax, or enjoying it a little longer, "'whatever is laid to your door, numb-palsy isn't the name for it.'"

She felt now that she was making genuine progress, and went on:

"Jenny is unaccountable strange in some things. I own up that I don't see into it. I've said to her often since that night, you know,"—and a painful shiver ran through her fat little person,—"'Jenny,' says I, 'have you ever thanked Mr. Minturn for what he done for you? Let us be grateful for all our mercies,' says I; 'for if we forget 'em, they may be took away from us.' All I can do and say, the only thing I can get out of her is, 'Mother,' says she, 'I've thanked God on my knees for it; but Mr. Minturn is a sensible man, and he don't want no women purring around him.'"

"She's right," said Nicholas.

"I don't know about that," responded Mrs. Coates, shaking her head doubtfully. "You may think I'm a strange woman,"—and Mrs. Coates paused to give Nicholas a moment for the contemplation of the profound enigma before him,—"'you may think I'm a strange woman, but I think there *is* such a thing as numb-palsy of the heart, and that it *may* be just as bad as numb-palsy of the feet. 'Whatever is laid to your door,' says I to Jenny, 'let it not be said that you have numb-palsy of the heart, for out of the heart the mouth speaketh,' says I; 'and perhaps that's the reason you don't speak to Mr. Minturn,' says I.'"

She would have gone on with her talk as long as Nicholas would have listened to it, for her resources were unlimited. What she had said to Mr. Coates and Jenny, and what Mr. Coates and Jenny had said to her, constituted a circle like that defined by the revolving horses at a country show. When her nag was in motion, those which bore her husband and daughter were in motion too; and she was always in a chase after them, and they after her.

But the machine was stopped by the approach of Mrs. Ilmansee and her pretty sister, who, notwithstanding their losses, had managed to keep up a fair appearance and a jaunty air.

"O Mr. Minturn!" broke in the young married lady, utterly ignoring the presence of Mrs. Coates, "I wanted to say to you that I shall expect you, on landing, to go directly to my house. You will need to stop in New York awhile to replenish your wardrobe, and you are to make my house your home as long as you will. Mr. Ilmansee will be delighted to see you, and to have an opportunity of thanking you for the great service you have rendered us all."

Mrs. Coates was taken aback. In her greediness to make the most of present op-

portunities, and to embrace the privileges of the moment, she had forgotten to offer her hospitalities; but she was equal to the emergency.

"Share and share alike," said she, interrupting Nicholas in his attempt to reply to the invitation. "How many times I've said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'whatever you are, don't let it be laid to your door that you are greedy, and take advantage of your fellow-men. Entertain angels unawares,' says I, 'whenever you get a chance. Whatever you are, be hospitable,' says I. 'You are not required to be extravagant, and spend so much money on luxuries that you can't give the best advantages to your offspring; but you *are* required to entertain angels unawares, and furnish them the best that the market affords.' Often and often Jenny has said to me, 'Mother, you entertain more angels unawares than any woman I know of, and you are wearing yourself all out.' 'Jenny,' says I, 'I shall keep on doing so until I drop in my tracks, and open the best room to them, too. Mr. Minturn will stay with us a part of the time, of course. Share and share alike is a good rule, with all them as mean to be fair and aboveboard.'"

Mrs. Ilmansee had stood and heard this long speech in ill-concealed disgust. There was no stopping it, and no getting away from it. Miss Pelton, her hand on her sister's arm, pressed that arm a good many times in her amusement, bit her rosy lips, and appeared strangely pleased with something she had discovered far off at sea. Poor Nicholas blushed, without knowing what to say.

"I suppose Mr. Minturn is at liberty to take his choice," said Mrs. Ilmansee, spitefully.

"Yes," said Mrs. Coates, blandly, "he can go to your house first, and then he can come to mine. Turn about is fair play. How often I've said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'stand by your own rights, but don't never let it be laid to your door that you deny the rights of others, for they have their feelings as well as you,' says I."

"Moving about from house to house is such a pleasant exercise!" said Miss Pelton, pertly.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Coates, "how often I used to say that to Mr. Coates before he got to be forehanded! Why, we used to move every first of May, as regular as the year come round; and them was my happiest days. I've often said to Jenny,

'Jenny,' says I, 'you'll miss one thing in your grand house that isn't subject to a dollar of mortgage; and that's ripping up, and carting off, and starting new.' Children that begin where their fathers and mothers leave off, lose some things;"—and Mrs. Coates sighed as if there came to her ear, across and tracts of prosperity, the musical rumble and the refreshing vision of an overloaded furniture-wagon.

"Ah! And what is the absorbing topic of conversation this morning?"

It was the voice of Mrs. Morgan, who had entered the group with her tall and comely daughter.

If the curious reader should wonder just here, or has wondered before, why so many ladies should be together on a foreign voyage, without their acquired or natural protectors, let it not be supposed that those protectors had been separated from them by divorce or drowning. They were only journeying after the manner of many American ladies, when they undertake a European trip. It is a little bad for their husbands and homes, perhaps, but it is their pleasure. At this moment, those upon the deck of the "*Jungfrau*" were returning to them unexpectedly, to find their husbands at their business, probably,—possibly at the club,—possibly anywhere but where they ought to be. But that, in turn, is their husbands' pleasure, which preserves a pleasant balance in what are by courtesy denominated "the domestic relations."

Mrs. Morgan's stately inquiry was met with silence, which grew awkward at last, and then Nicholas told her that he had been kindly invited by the two ladies to be their guest while he remained in the city.

"Have you accepted their invitation?" inquired Mrs. Morgan.

"I can hardly accept them both," Nicholas replied, with a show of embarrassment.

"Then let me help you, by asking you to be my guest."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Ilmansee, sharply. "I believe I have the first claim."

"Oh! you have a claim, have you? Excuse me! I really did not know that the matter had gone so far."

And Mrs. Morgan made a bow in mock humility.

Mrs. McGregor, who had been sitting on the opposite side of the deck, but beyond hearing of the conversation, saw an excitement kindling in the group. So she, with her buxom little daughter, came over to learn

what it was all about. The diamond knobs were still dancing in her ears, but the emigrant's cloak interfered somewhat with the elegance and impressiveness of her bearing.

"We are having claims here this morning!" said Mrs. Morgan, in a tone that was intended to be bitterly scornful.

"Why, you are not getting ill-natured?" said Mrs. McGregor, deprecatingly.

"Not in the least! Oh, not in the least!" responded pretty Mrs. Ilmansee, turning up her nose.

"What is it all about?" inquired Mrs. McGregor, looking doubtfully from one to another.

"Oh, nothing," replied Mrs. Morgan; "next to nothing at all. I invited Mr. Minturn to be my guest after our arrival in the city, and Mrs. Ilmansee says she has a claim upon him. It's nothing, nothing at all, I assure you."

"Well, if it comes to that," said Mrs. McGregor, whose arm had been suggestively pinched by Miss McGregor, "I think I can make him as comfortable as any one, and my house is quite at his disposal, now, or at any time when he may visit the city."

This was the highest bid that had been made, and the evident air of superiority with which it was made did not tend to allay the jealous feeling prevalent in the group.

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Mrs. Morgan.

"I should like to know, ladies," said Mrs. Ilmansee, her black eyes sparkling with angry annoyance, "why I am treated with so little consideration? I gave the first invitation, and I think it would be proper to wait until I have my reply, before you give yours."

"I have no words to bandy with any one," said Mrs. McGregor, with dignity; "but I see no reason for withdrawing my invitation."

Out of the best of kind feeling, the shower had risen quickly. It was nothing but a scud, that so often overspreads the sweetest sky, and Nicholas, getting his chance at last, and determined to stop the conversation, said:

"Ladies, you are all very kind, but you have embarrassed me, and given me no chance —"

Mrs. Coates thought matters had gone far enough, and felt as if Nicholas would make them worse. So, in the goodness of her nature, she interrupted him, before he had

completed what he had proposed to himself to say.

"Stop, I beg you," said she, laying her hand persuasively on the arm of the young man. "Stop, and let me pour some ile on these troubled waters. If there's any claims here this morning, I have one. Number two is my number, but I give it up cheerfully for the sake of peace. Mr. Coates has said to me, often and often, 'Mrs. Coates, you are the greatest woman for pouring ile on troubled waters I ever see.' Says I, 'Mr. Coates, I shall always do it. So long as the Lord lets me live, I shall make it a part of my business, whenever I see troubled waters, to pour ile on 'em. Blessed are the peace-makers,' says I, 'and that's just where I want to come in; and it does seem to me that for women who have just been snatched from the jaws of destruction, we are not improving our judgments as we ought to. I have often said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'let us improve our judgments as well as our privileges, for then,' says I, 'Mr. Coates, we shall stand some sort of a chance for more privileges than judgments. Never let it be laid to our door,' says I, 'that we quarreled in the midst of our judgments and our mercies.'"

There was no resisting this homely appeal, and the hearty laugh that followed broke the spell of ill-nature that had gathered upon the group. Of course, nobody had intended anything wrong. Of course, nobody was ill-natured, or had dreamed of any such thing. All were complaisant and self-sacrificing at once.

"I was just going to say," Nicholas resumed, "when Mrs. Coates interrupted me, that I am much obliged to you all, but I have a very dear friend in the city who would never forgive me if I were to accept an invitation which would take me away from him. I shall see you all many times, I hope."

The ladies knew that Nicholas was to be crowned a hero, and the younger ones particularly were desirous to have, as a guest in their houses, the young man who had saved them. He would be a nice man to talk about, and to show; but Nicholas had settled the matter, and they would be obliged to get along without him. It is possible that they were the more readily reconciled to the disappointment from the fact that the young man's friend might enlarge their circle of acquaintance. But who knows? Girls have many thoughts of which they are not more than half conscious themselves.

Just as the group was separating in the best of good humor, the captain approached, and, touching his cap, informed them that they were not more than a hundred and fifty miles from land, and that if the wind held they would find themselves in port the next day. This gave them a united opportunity to express their thanks to him, for the humane and gallant service he had rendered them, and they quite overwhelmed the rough old fellow with their thanks.

Then they all went below, under the impression that they had immense preparations to make for the landing, which consisted, when they arrived there, of a simultaneous attempt to impart the glad intelligence to those passengers who were still in confinement.

CHAPTER VI.

It is probable that no company of passengers ever approached the much longed-for land with more solemnity than that which oppressed the returning group upon the "Jungfrau." They realized, with a fresh impression, the dangers from which they had escaped. They dreaded to hear of the number who had not shared their own good fortune. They could not doubt that the steamer which had saved so many had already reported herself from the other side, and that they had all been the objects of the most painful and sickening anxiety. After the long strain upon their nerves, and their efforts to keep up their own and each other's courage, the reaction came; and weeping groups thronged the little deck all day, and few slept during the night which separated them from their homes.

Early on the following morning, the "Jungfrau" was boarded by a pilot, who brought with him a large bundle of papers. Already the land was in sight, and lay like a dim cloud on the edge of the horizon before them; but the passengers were too much absorbed in the news from home to give it more than a single glance. The rescuing steamer had arrived at Queenstown, three or four days before, and her sad news of the collision had been spread all over the country. New York was throbbing with excitement. The full list of passengers upon the "Ariadne" was published, side by side with the list of those who had been saved by the reporting steamer, and all hearts had turned to the strange vessel that had been the cause of the mischief and had assisted in the rescue. If she had been fatally dam-

aged, it was supposed that she would hardly have thought of anything but taking care of herself. This fact, in the abounding speculation that the papers indulged in, was regarded as favorable to the safety of such of the passengers as she had picked up. But all was uncertainty, anxiety, and foreboding.

A single item of intelligence interested Nicholas profoundly, and he made haste to communicate it to Miss Larkin. A somewhat extended paragraph was devoted to Mr. Benson who, it was stated, became hopelessly separated from his ward, a helpless invalid, during the confusion which attended the collision. The boat in which he endeavored to secure safety for her was pushed off without her, and the probabilities were that she was lost. It was almost impossible that, in her circumstances, she could have been saved. As for Mr. Benson himself, he had been a ministering angel throughout the voyage to the sufferers, sparing neither labor nor sleep on their behalf. The English papers were full of his praise, and crowned him the hero of the whole affair. New York was proud of him, and promised him a befitting welcome whenever he should return. His self-sacrificing devotion to others, in this terrible emergency that had deprived him of one of the loved ones of his own household, had woven a becoming crown for a life of eminent integrity and conspicuous usefulness.

When Nicholas had read the paragraph to her which contained all this fulsome praise, Miss Larkin's eyes filled with tears.

"It is just as I told you," she said; "he has lied to cover his cowardice and treachery. The story of his separation from me came only from him, and was told under the belief that it could never be contradicted."

"What will you do about it?" inquired Nicholas.

"Nothing. I shall never betray his falsehood; but sometime he will know, not only that he forsook me before my conscious eyes, but that I know that he lied about it. There is no point now at which he can pause. No temptation will seduce him from rectitude at which he can hesitate. I believe I would have been willing to die to save him from his irreparable loss."

This one shadow darkened all the sky for Miss Larkin. A thousand times glad to get home to her multitude of friends, she looked forward to their minute inquiries with shrinking apprehension, and to her fu-

ture meeting with her guardian with unspeakable dread. Every grateful joy that sprang within her faded and fell before the breath of this monster grief. She could not lie to shield her legal protector. She must refuse to talk about him and the circumstances of her rescue. Even this thought was embittered by the belief that he had coolly calculated all the chances in the case, and had relied on her forbearance, in the improbable event of her rescue.

Winds were baffling and unsteady, and the progress toward the city was slow. It was not until mid-afternoon that the "*Jung-irau*" reached Quarantine. A dispatch for the city had already been prepared, announcing the arrival of the ship and the names of the rescued passengers whom she had on board. Half an hour only was necessary for the dispatch of a tug-boat, with a dozen enterprising reporters, bound for the vessel. Extras were at once issued, announcing the glad event, and the universal excitement of a few days before was renewed. The friends of the rescued passengers rushed to the dock to which the tug was expected to return, and waited there for long hours, their numbers constantly augmented by idlers and by sad men and women, who clung to their last hope that at least one name had been omitted by mistake from the list of the saved.

When the tug arrived at the vessel, the reporters sprang on board, note-books in hand, to glean every item from every lip that could be pressed or coaxed into conversation; and every reporter was overloaded with the praises of Nicholas. He had saved a great number of lives, and he was followed up, looked at, questioned in regard to his home, his age, his adventures and experiences, his height, his weight, his profession, and even his relations to the young ladies on board. They penetrated the cabin, borne on the wings of their fluttering little note-books, like bees into a parterre of flowers. Mrs. Coates had half a dozen about her at once, who became the readiest and most absorbent audience she had ever enjoyed. She assured them that Nicholas had proved himself to be a perfect windfall, which in her simple mind and scant vocabulary was equivalent to pronouncing him a providence; and she expressed a hope, with a warm thought of Jenny in her heart, that he would prove to be so in the future. Miss Larkin would say nothing, but they all took pen-portraits of her. It was a lively time for these professional news-hunters, and

they made the most of their opportunities, according to their habit.

At last, it was concluded to send the "*Ariadne's*" passengers up to the city on the tug, as the formalities connected with the reception and dismissal of the immigrants promised to be tedious. They renewed their tearful thanks to the good-natured captain for all his humane service, not forgetting the sailors who had assisted in the rescue, and then, stepping on board the tug, bade farewell to the stanch craft which had borne them so safely and comfortably back to their homes.

The scene which followed their arrival at the dock was vividly represented in the papers of the following day. Women fainted in each other's arms. Husbands and fathers embraced wives and daughters in an indescribable delirium of joy, unmindful of the curious witnesses of their transports. Nicholas was pulled from one to another, to be introduced to home friends. He was covered with praises, and overwhelmed with thanks. He found it impossible to leave until every lady was dispatched. Carriages were in readiness from every house whose returning treasures were represented among the group, and with waving of hands and handkerchiefs, and tossing of kisses, and responses to invitations, Nicholas saw them all pass off, with sadness, and almost with envy in his heart.

During all this scene, which probably lasted half an hour, there were silent witnesses around, who, after anxiously scanning every face of the returning passengers, went away, one by one, in silence and bitter tears, to desolated homes. Among the members of this outside group, watching everything with keen and tearful eyes, there was a young man whom Nicholas had been too busy to see. As the latter, with a group of open-mouthed boys around him, started to leave the dock, his arm was quietly taken and pressed by some one who said in the quietest way:

"Hullo, old boy! Glad to see you!"

Nicholas stopped as suddenly as if he had been shot.

"Glezen!"

"Hush!" said Glezen. "We are observed. There is a reporter sitting on your head at this instant."

"But, Glezen!" exclaimed Nicholas, endeavoring to shake off his friend, in order to give him an appropriate greeting.

His friend would not be shaken off. He pressed his arm closer, and pulled him on.

He marched him straight up Cortlandt street into Broadway. He led him up Broadway to a clothing-house, and then passed him into the hands of a clerk, with directions to dress him according to his best ability. After this process had been satisfactorily accomplished, he took his arm again and conducted him to a restaurant, where Nicholas, with a huge appetite, ate the first good meal he had seen for many days. Then he took him to his office, and throwing himself into a theatrical attitude, said:

"Dearest Nicholas, come to my embrace!"

The performance was absurd enough, but it was hearty and characteristic.

"Now sit down," said Glezen, "and let me look at you, and talk to you. I'm not going to cry"—blowing his nose and wiping his eyes—"for I don't believe in it. I've been mercifully preserved from making an ass of myself, so far, and I shall go through all right; but I want to tell you that, as a father, I am proud of you. Your life is safe, and I am everlastingly glad. I'm glad, too, that you have been through all this, and found out something about yourself. I've heard all about it. You've nothing to tell. I hooked on to one of those reporters while you were seeing your friends off, and he told me everything. What are you going to do now?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Nicholas.

"Will you try another voyage?"

"No—certainly not, until I feel like it. I believe I am about done with traveling under advice and directions."

"That's right. Now you talk like a man; but what are you going to do?"

"I don't know; but something."

"Then you'll find something to do."

At this moment the latch of the office-door was raised, a head was thrust in whose features were instantly recognized, and the anticipated word "pop!" was uttered in a startling, guttural voice.

"Come in!" said Glezen.

The one-armed pop-corn man entered. He was dressed in shabby blue, wore on his head a military cap, and in his only hand bore the basket that contained his modest merchandise. He had never come to Glezen's office before, but he evidently remembered the two young men.

"Say!" said he, "I've seen you before."

"Yes," said Glezen, "I remember you."

"And one of you bought a paper, and

the other said 'Get out,'" responded the pop-corn man; "and here, gentlemen, is the lost opportunity! Here you have it! Pop-corn just salt enough! Each and every individual kernel has a jewel and a drop of blood in it for you."

"Look here," said Glezen, "you've said that before. Give us something new."

"Pop-corn, gentlemen, is a balm for wounded hearts, a stimulant to virtuous endeavor, a sweetener of domestic life, and furnishes a silver lining——"

"Old, old, old!" exclaimed Glezen.

"It adds a charm to the cheek of beauty when applied upon the inside, cures heartburn, tan, freckles, stammering, headache, corns, and makes barks to dogs. Five cents a paper, and just salt enough! How many papers will you have, gentlemen?"

"Look here," said Glezen, with a mirthful, quizzical look in his eyes, "did you ever suspect that you are a nuisance?"

"On the contrary," said the pop-corn man, "I happen to know that I am a balm and a blessing."

"And a bomb-shell and a cotton-mill," added Glezen.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever, gentlemen. Here's your picture,—a one-armed soldier with a basket of pop-corn. Look at it, gentlemen, and let it linger in your memory. How many papers did you say?"

"See here, my man," said Glezen, "do you know that you can do something a great deal better than selling pop-corn, and putting yourself into places where you are not wanted?"

"Open to conviction," said the pop-corn man.

"Sell yourself for old brass," said Glezen.

The man looked up to the ceiling, while an expression of pain crossed his features.

"I suppose," said he, "that I could tell you that there was evidently no market for that article here, and hold my own, playing the blackguard with you for the rest of the evening; but I don't feel up to it. May I sit down?"

"Certainly, if you wish to."

The man set his basket upon the floor, took off his cap, disclosing a handsome forehead, laid aside his professional air, and drew up and seated himself on a chair before the young men.

"Do you suppose," said he, his dark eyes gleaming with painful earnestness, "that I don't know that I am a nuisance?"

Do you suppose that it is a pleasant thing for me to push my head into other people's doors, and disturb them in their work and their talk? Do you suppose I don't know and feel that it's an outrage? Do you suppose I make a clown of myself, among well-dressed gentlemen and dirty boys, because I like it?"

"I didn't mean to offend you," said Glezen.

"No, I don't think you did," said the peddler; "but once in a while I get tired with carrying my disgusting load, and then I want to be myself for a while. I don't know why it is, but you two fellows, sitting so cozily here together, and looking upon the poor peddler with such contempt, make me feel as if a little of your respect for the man whom necessity compels to play a part would be pleasant. I'm having a hard life. It's devilish hard to be alone,—not to have a man that I can shake hands with, unless it be some rascal whose touch is a disgrace."

The young men were thoroughly surprised. The changed bearing of the man before them, his well-chosen language, his evident deep feeling and sincerity, impressed them with respect.

"Do you mind telling us about yourself?" inquired Nicholas, whose sympathy had been touched.

"Oh, well, there's not much to tell,—not much that is new in the world. I was afflicted, a few years ago, with a disease called patriotism. It was very prevalent at the time, and I took it. When I got through with it, or it got through with me, I found an arm gone. I had served my country, but lost the means of taking care of myself, and providing for my wife and children. People rejoiced in the victory I had helped to win, but they forgot me. A one-armed soldier who needed help was a nuisance. I suppose I could have begged, but I had a prejudice against that way of getting a living. I suppose I might have borrowed or hired a hurdy-gurdy, and tormented people's ears, and hung out an empty sleeve as a plea for charity, but I didn't like that. So I took up that old basket, set my wife and children to popping corn, and went to peddling. I don't know exactly how I worked into it, but my tongue was ready, and I found that I had a new way of amusing the crowd. They bought my corn, and I have been able to keep the wolf from the door. The fact is, I saved something at first, while my trick was new, though I can't get that

now. It's safe enough, I suppose, but I have sadly needed it."

"Where is it? Who has it?" inquired Glezen.

"Oh, a good man. I thought he was gone once, but they say he is all right. He was on the 'Ariadne.'"

"You don't mean Mr. Benson?" said Nicholas.

"Well, I do mean just that man."

"I suppose he is all right," said Glezen.

"Everybody says so," replied the peddler. "You know we poor people are all a little scarey about savings banks, and when we find a straight man who is willing to take our money and take care of it, we let him have it."

"But won't he pay it back to you?"

"He says it is invested for a term of years, and he can't get it."

"Does he pay the interest?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, he's a straight enough man, but I need the money. I'm going home now to a night of watching over two sick children, whose medicine I was trying to earn when I came in here. I am going home to an overworked wife and a disordered home. To-morrow I shall go out again and make fun for the boys and a nuisance of myself to such fellows as you. There is life for you, gentlemen: how do you like the looks of it?"

"Is there much of this sort of thing in New York?" inquired Nicholas.

"Much of it!" exclaimed the peddler.

"Good Heaven, man! where have you lived? Why, I am a king. I have money with Benson, and the people know it. I'm so rich, compared with the miserable wretches around me, that I am afraid of being robbed."

"You may leave all your corn here," said Nicholas. "I shall borrow money of my friend here to pay for it, for I am just out of the sea myself."

"Did you just come in in the 'Jungfrau?'" inquired the peddler.

"Yes."

"Is your name Minturn?"

"Yes."

The peddler's eyes filled with tears.

"I'm glad to see you," he said. "I'm glad to have a chance to look at you. Do you know that you are the talk of the town?"

"I hope not."

"Well, you are. Will you let me shake hands with you?"

"Certainly," and Nicholas gave him his hand.

"You can't buy any pop-corn of me to-night," said the peddler. "It isn't for sale."

"Will you give me your name and address?" inquired Nicholas.

"My name is Timothy Spencer. People call me 'Talking Tim.' My address I'm ashamed to give you. If you ever want anything of me I'll contrive to see you, but I don't want you to see where and how I live."

Then turning to Glezen, he said:

"This is your place, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Do you want a boy?"

"No, I'm just starting, and haven't anything for him to do. I'm in the economical line just at present."

"I've got a boy," said the peddler, stroking his rough beard with his single hand, "who is going to the dogs. I can't take care of him. He's in the street all day. He's picking up bad companions and bad habits, and I want to put him somewhere. He's as smart as a steel-trap, but there isn't any more reverence in him than there is in a pair of tongs. What will become of poor Bob I don't know. I've got troubles enough, but that is the worst one. However, you've had enough of me for once. I thank you, gentlemen. Good evening."

The pop-corn man put on his cap, lifted his basket with a sigh, and bowed himself out. The two young men listened in silence as he descended the stairs, and then, as he walked off, they heard the shrill cry of "pop corn," followed by a huge laugh from a dozen voices. Each looked into the other's face inquiringly, and then Nicholas said:

"Is he genuine?"

"I don't know," Glezen answered. "I think he is."

"So do I," said Nicholas, "and I mean to see more of him. Do you know, Glezen," he went on after a moment of reflection, "that it seems to me that a young man, situated as I am, with nothing under heaven to do, can hardly find anything better in the way of employment than in helping such fellows as these? Where I live, everybody is at work, and everybody seems comfortable, but how a man can enjoy his luxuries and his idleness here, where people are half starving around him, I can't understand."

"Come down to New York, my boy. You'll have your hands full here," said Glezen, "but where you find one Talking Tim you'll find a thousand scamps. The lies

told here in one day by beggars and dead-beats would swamp a hundred 'Ariadnes.' If you can preserve a spirit of charity here through a single season you will do better than I have done. I can look a beggar in the face now till I look him out of countenance."

"But you can't afford that, you know," said Nicholas.

"I can't afford anything else," said Glezen, laughing, "until the exchequer is a little better supplied."

Glezen closed his office and took Nicholas home to his room, where they passed the night. The next morning, Nicholas, taking Glezen with him, made hurried calls upon his acquaintances of the "Ariadne" and the "Jungfrau," and excusing himself from the invitations that met him and his friend everywhere, started for Ottercliff and his home, to receive the welcome and the congratulations of his household and his neighbors.

The three weeks of his absence seemed like a life-time. The new relations he had established, the new motives which had been born within him, the knowledge he had gained of himself, endowed his life and his future with a new significance.

CHAPTER VII.

IT is a terrible thing for a man of great self-love and self-conceit, or of a pride of character which has been nursed through long years by public trust and public praise, to discover, either that before certain temptations he is hopelessly weak, or that the motives of his life, which he supposed were high and pure, are base and selfish. The consciousness of that one weak spot in his nature or character is at first a fearful pang, which he tries to forget and tries to hide. He naturally runs into new activities in the line of duty, reaches out for artificial aids, seeks for new indorsements, and strives to maintain his poise by busily building in other directions.

To be tried in a supreme emergency and found wanting, and thus to lose one's faith in one's self, is to suffer the greatest imaginable calamity. So long as a man believes himself worthy of the respect of others, that respect is a grateful help to him; but to know that he is most unworthy of it, and still, as a matter of policy, to be willing to receive and profit by it—to welcome the hands that paint the walls and scatter flowers upon the approaches of the sepulcher,

which he knows himself to be; to be willing and constantly desirous to be thought something better than he is, is to have taken a fatal step toward demoralization and darkness. The alternative is to go back and become a child. It is to pull down, and, laying better foundations, to begin to build anew. The trouble is that when the character falls, the pride is left. The frail walls may be licked clean to the dust by the consuming element that has assailed them, but the ghastly chimney around which they were built, and upon which they were dependent for light and warmth, still stands stark and unhumiliated.

Mr. Benson's untiring and unsleeping devotion to the sufferers upon the rescuing steamer was something new to himself, and new to his friends. He had never been regarded as a sympathetic man. Indeed, he had, in a great measure, eschewed sympathy as a motive to action. He had not been considered a charitable man. He was known mainly as a just man, who discharged what he supposed to be his duty to those who came into business or social relations with him. What seemed to him to be his duties with regard to the instituted charities on whose lists of benefactors his name might appear with others, and in whose management he might have an official voice, he discharged with becoming self-sacrifice and appropriate dignity; but he never went out of his way, led by the hand of humanity, into any irregular benevolence. To endanger his health by watching with the sick, even of his own family, was never expected of him.

So, when his ministry to the rescued sufferers was reported to his fellow-citizens, they concluded that they had hitherto done him injustice, or had failed to render to him the full justice that was his due. It was a new and beautiful development of character. The just man—the man of dutiful punctilio and routine—had blossomed into a good man—a man of spontaneous and sympathetic self-sacrifice. The praises that were showered upon him pleased him, although he knew that he was only trying to forget himself, to atone for his selfish cowardice, and to build to his reputation new beauties and new defenses.

On landing at Queenstown, his first inquiry was for a returning steamer. Several days elapsed before one to which he was willing to intrust himself entered the port, but he was able to learn nothing of the party from which he had been separated in

the rescue, and he sailed at last in uncertainty concerning the fate of his ward. At the moment of his embarkation, the "Jungfrau" was in sight of land, but of this he knew nothing. Day after day, and night after night, he scanned the possibilities and probabilities of the case, and was shocked into the keenest torture to find how easily he could be reconciled to the loss of a dozen lives, if, by that loss, his own treacherous cowardice could be forever hidden from the world. His mind was in a mad, remorseful turmoil, during every waking moment. He was angry, disgusted, shamed with himself. He tried to fly from his unworthy thoughts. Sometimes he would talk with every person he met. Then he would pace the deck for hours alone, trying to bring on weariness that would insure him forgetful sleep. Those who knew his story—and all soon became familiar with it—pitied him, and tried to comfort him. His grief and distress over the probable loss of one who was not bound to him by any tie of consanguinity, was set down to his credit; and then he was angry with himself because he was pleased with a misapprehension that enhanced his reputation for humanity.

Often when he realized what an unworthy sham of a man he was, the old superstitious fear of danger came back to him. A piece of drift floating upon the waves, a distant sail, an accompanying bird, brought back all the terrors of the wreck, and he wondered if some damning fate were pursuing him, and whether another precious freight of life were to be sacrificed on his account.

On the eleventh day, land was discovered, and just as the sun was setting, he placed his foot upon the solid ground. In the haste of embarkation, he had neglected to telegraph his coming, and no one met or definitely expected him. He took a carriage at once, and set off for his home. With a heart throbbing painfully, he rang the bell at his door. The servant screamed as she let him in, and his household was soon about him. His face was pale, and it seemed as if age had planted a hundred wrinkles upon it since he had gone forth from his home. He had not kissed his children for years, but then and there he kissed them all. They stood stunned and wondering around him, trying to comprehend the transformation that had taken place. Mrs. Benson sighed weakly and wept copiously, for she, poor woman, had caught a glimpse of liberty during his ab-

sence, and learned with self-condemnation that she could have been reconciled to the loss of the man who had now returned to her.

"Grace Larkin?" he whispered inquiringly, with white lips.

"She is here, safe and well," Mrs. Benson replied.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, and pushing by them all, he sought her room, and closed the door behind him; an act which all understood as a command.

Entering, he prostrated himself upon his knees by her side. He took both her hands in his, and covered them with kisses.

Miss Larkin was overcome.

"Don't, I beg you, Mr. Benson," she said. "You see that I am safe and well. Sometime I will tell you all about it. You are quite beside yourself. Please bring a chair and sit down by me."

"My good girl, I am not worthy to be in the room with you," he said, still groveling at her side, and kissing her hands.

Such abjectness of humiliation disgusted her, for she knew the unworthy source of it. He was afraid of her. Her hands were being licked by a fawning dog, and she pulled them away from him, and wiped them with her handkerchief, as if the slaver had polluted them. She half rose from her cushions, pointed to the chair, and said:

"Bring that chair here, and sit down in it, or leave the room until you can control yourself. This is not becoming to you or pleasant to me."

Mr. Benson rose, begged her pardon, brought the chair to her side, and took his seat as if he had been a whipped school-boy.

"Miss Larkin," he said, "I am in your power. Your foot is on my neck. You can save or ruin my reputation. I assure you that I left you in a fit of terror, entirely beyond my control. I did not intend to do it. I have been filled with shame and remorse from that awful moment to this."

"And I have pitied you from the depths of my heart," she said; "but your reputation is no more in my hands now than it has been for months and years."

These last words were unpremeditated. They had fallen from her lips unbidden; but the man who had aroused her long indignation was before her, an humble suppliant for mercy, and the sudden determination came to make thorough work with him.

He looked at her in undisguised surprise.

"What can you mean?" he said.

"Mr. Benson, I have been for a long time a member of your family. Up to the moment when, in a fit of cowardice, you forsook me, you have treated me with as much consideration as I deserve, perhaps. I have no fault to find, at least so far as I am concerned. Yet I have learned you so well, that when you left me I was not disappointed."

Mr. Benson bit his lip, but remained silent.

"I have never intended," she went on, "to say what the circumstances of the moment have moved me to say; and if I could recall the words that make it necessary to justify myself, I would do so."

She saw the old pride kindling in his face. He had not entered the room to be lectured. He grew angry at finding himself in a position in which such a humiliation was possible; but he had received, as yet, no assurance of safety from Miss Larkin's lips, and he could not afford to resent the affront.

"Go on," he said. "You know that I must hear you."

"You are making it hard for me," she replied, "but you compel me to say that the domestic life of this house has been anything but an honor to you, and that if the friends you have in such numbers in the outside world should know that your wife has been for many years your slave, and that your children stand in constant fear of you, their admiration would be changed to contempt. That is simply what I meant in saying that your reputation is no more in my hands now than it has been for months and years. You have looked for your rewards and solaces outside of your home, and those who have hungered for the love that was theirs by right have been kept at a cold distance and starved. You have given them a comfortable home, I know; you have clothed and fed them; you have educated your children; you have done, I have no doubt, what seemed to be your duty, but you have denied them every grace of love and affectionate communion. They have had no opinions, no liberties, no sentiments. Your will has been over everything,—over me, indeed. We have had pleasant times together, but you have never mingled in them. If you could know how even I have longed for something more than your stately courtesies and the exact fulfillment of your official duties, you would at least know how it is possible for me to say what I have said

to you. If I had not possessed the best and sweetest friends God ever gave to a woman, I should long ago have been starved, myself."

Mr. Benson rose and walked the room. He had received through the eyes of a woman whom he knew to be pure and true another glimpse into himself, and into his life.

"My God!" he said, "am I so bad?"

A sense of danger had abased his pride, but a reproof had stimulated it into life again. It was something new for a model man to be found fault with, especially by a member of his own household. It maddened as well as humiliated him to be obliged, by what he deemed his necessities, to stand calmly and see his life picked in pieces.

"I think you are unjust, Miss Larkin," he said, at length. "My conscience does not accuse me. I have had no time for sentiment, and you have had no idea of the exhausting nature of my duties. You are sincere, doubtless, and mean well; but you are misled, and I forgive you. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, I have not harbored a thought of resentment against you."

"Thank you. Bless you, my girl," he responded.

Still he did not stir. There were others who had witnessed his cowardly desertion of his ward.

"Has this matter been talked about?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"By Mr. Minturn and myself."

"Will he betray me?"

"I cannot answer that, but I do not think he will pain me by doing so."

"Has any one else spoken of it?"

"The others have taken the statement published in the newspapers for the true explanation, I think, and I have made no efforts to undeceive them."

Mr. Benson's pale face flushed and then became crimson. The consciousness that he had originated the falsehood, and that the young woman before him knew it, prostrated his awakening pride in a moment. He sank into his chair, covered his face with his hands, and trembled in every fiber of his frame.

"I have been terribly tempted!" he gasped, "but I have no excuse to offer. I can only ask you to pity my weakness and spare me."

Miss Larkin was overcome by the strong man's humiliation, and wept.

"This is the worst of all," she said, "but I forgive you. The sin, however, was not against me."

"Miss Larkin," said Mr. Benson, rising, "I have disappointed you, and I have disappointed myself. I am not at all the man I supposed myself to be; but I hope to retrieve my character, even with you. Be my friend, and help me. I shall trust you."

"And I shall not betray you," she responded.

Mr. Benson had received the assurance that he wanted, and even as he bade her good-evening, and turned to leave her, she caught the gleam of triumph in his eyes. He had come with his one selfish object in his heart, and though he had been humbled for the moment, and grievously distressed, the selfish sense of safety sprang to life, and he left her strong and almost light-hearted. She remembered that he had not once asked her concerning the particulars of her rescue, or the effect of her exposure upon her health. He had been concerned only for his own reputation. The thought of himself had absorbed him wholly. And then the reflection came to her that she had tied her own hands, and that his faith in her word left him free to treat her and his dependents as he had always treated them. She had, with great sacrifice of feeling, tried to serve his family, but she had given the word that made her labor fruitless.

Mr. Benson went out, where he found his family awaiting him, in the accustomed silence. He took his hat and cane, and said to his wife:

"This is the night of our weekly prayer-meeting. I shall be late, but I must go."

"It seems as if you might stay with us this evening—after so long an absence—and such an escape for yourself—and such anxiety for us all," said Mrs. Benson, hesitatingly and pleadingly.

"My dear," said Mr. Benson, sternly, "if I ever owed a duty to the church, I owe it now. I could not take a moment of comfort at home, even to-night, with the consciousness that I was neglecting a duty."

And Mr. Benson was thoroughly sincere—or he thought he was, at least. His sense of duty was not at all that sense which springs from the love of doing right. It was just what Nicholas had once declared to be a commercial sense. He wanted prosperity. He wanted to save and to increase his good reputation. He would have

liked to place God and man under obligations to him, so that they should owe him a duty. He wanted, at least, to keep even with them, and now that he realized with painful and humiliating certainty that he was not even with them,—that he was almost hopelessly in debt,—he saw before him a life of painful, and, what seemed to him self-denying, service. At the moment, he determined to devote himself to duty, wherever he should find it, and at whatever cost. It seemed to him to be the only way in which he could regain his self-respect. He determined to atone for, and pay up, his terrible debt. He had been made dimly conscious that he owed a debt to his family, and had feebly determined to pay it by new privileges and greater benefactions. But that debt could wait.

When he appeared in the prayer-meeting, all eyes were raised, and the good pastor who presided poured out his honest heart in thanksgiving to God that one of his children, who had been exposed to the perils of the great deep, had been returned to them, safe and sound, to go in and out before his brethren, a shining example of integrity and beneficence, and an illustration of the merciful Providence that follows through every danger those who put their trust in its gracious power. At the conclusion of the prayer, Mr. Benson rose, and with broken words thanked the good pastor for it. The people had never seen him so humble. The man who went out from them so self-possessed, so calm, so strong, was broken down. He spoke of himself as a miserable offender—as most unworthy his escape from what proved to so many to be the gate of death, of his gladness to be once more in the place where prayer was wont to be made, looking again into the friendly faces of his brethren and sisters, and of his determination to devote himself to duty as he had never done before. He admonished them all to redeem their time, for, at longest, it would be short, and assured them that danger thronged every path, on the land as well as on the sea.

His words were very impressive. Many wept, and when the benediction was pronounced, all felt that they had been present at one of the most solemnly impressive gatherings of their lives. They pressed around Mr. Benson to shake his hand and congratulate him on his safety, not only, but to thank him for what he had said. They all felt that he had been down into a deep and fructifying experience, and that

he whom they had deemed so cold and calm had been lifted into a warmer atmosphere of feeling, and had received a new impulse in the divine life.

Mr. Benson went home wonderfully uplifted and comforted. He had confessed his sins in great humility, and prayed that they might be forgiven. It is true that he had not called those sins by name, and told his pastor and his brethren that he appeared before them a convicted coward and liar; but he had confessed that he was a grievous sinner, and that had relieved him. He had earnestly prayed for pardon, and that had comforted him. He had exhorted others to a more vigilant and zealous Christian life, and he had won from this act the comfort of a duty performed. He had received the assurance of all whom he had met that he was still held not only in the most respectful esteem, but that the feeling of the church had ripened suddenly into a warm affection. Try to humiliate himself as he would, the old self-love and the old self-gratulation came back to him with their accustomed sense of sweetness. He tried to thrust back his returning pride, as if it had been Satan himself, but it would not away. He knew that his cure was not radical, but he intended in some way to make it so.

He found his family waiting for him, contrary to their wont. He was heartily sorry that they had not retired. The words of Miss Larkin were still sounding in his ears, and when he looked upon the silent, expectant group, and realized not only how repressive he had always been to them—how repressive he was to them at that moment—and how much they longed for his love and confidence, his heart relented. He sat down and looked at them.

"I am afraid," he said, "that we have not always lived as we ought to have lived. Children, you must not think me unkind if I have failed in affection to you. I have been a busy man. My mind and time have been very much absorbed. I have tried to do my duty to you, but we are all liable to mistakes. I think we will have family prayers to-night."

"Shall we not go into Miss Larkin's room?" inquired Mrs. Benson. "I am sure she would be glad to have us do so."

"No; to-night let us be by ourselves," said the husband and father. He knew that the form of this reply was a practical lie, and that prayer would have been impossible to him in Miss Larkin's presence.

Conscious that he had stumbled again, and half in despair, he took his Bible, and opened to the fifty-first Psalm. As he pronounced with a husky voice its passages of deep and overwhelming contrition, it seemed as if it had been written for him, and for that special occasion.

"Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

"For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

"Hide thy face from my sins, * * * and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit.

"Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

"For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Covering a falsehood in his heart, glad beyond all expression that his family could not see it, almost madly regretful, yet not contrite and broken-spirited, conscious that he did not possess "truth in the inward parts," and conscious, too, that the very means he had proposed to himself for recovery were swept out of his hands by the declaration that sacrifice was not what God wanted of him, he closed the book with a sigh, and knelt down. His prayer was brief and broken, but when he rose from his knees, there was not one of his family who had not conceived a tenderer regard for him, and was not more ready than ever before to approach him with an open proffer of affection. He kissed them, one after another, as he parted with them for the night, and then went to his library to look over a batch of long-unanswered letters.

Once alone in his accustomed room, where he had so long schemed and counted his gains, he came fully to himself. He was glad to be there again,—glad to be alone, and beyond observation. There, without distraction, he could lay his plans for his future life, that had been so cruelly interrupted in its flow of complacent prosperity.

Somehow, in the presence of his account-books, he found his moral purposes weakening. He questioned whether he had not made something of a fool of himself,—whether he had not aroused expectations,

in his own home, at least, which would be a sort of slavery to him.

After long reflection, he came to the conclusion that he must be externally consistent with his old self. It would not do to lose his former self-assurance, his air of superiority, and, above all, his integrity. Whatever consciousness of weakness and unworthiness might harass him must be carefully covered from sight. His struggles should be between himself and his God. With this the public had no business, and of it, it should have no knowledge.

Almost automatically he reached up and took down his blotter. Then drawing out his note-book, he charged to Miss Larkin's estate every dollar he had expended during the absence undertaken on her behalf. Then he reckoned his time, and made what he regarded as a just charge for that. He raked his memory and his note-book all over for items of expenditure that could be justly placed in the same account, even reckoning his own lost clothing that had gone down in the "Ariadne." He did it all not only without the slightest compunction of conscience, but with a sense of duty performed, to himself and his family. No generous thought of sharing her loss in a common calamity so much as touched him by the brush of a garment. He felt better when the work was done.

Then he took up and read, letter after letter, the pile of missives before him. The last one of the number had been placed upon the table since his arrival, and purposely put at the bottom of the pile, so that it should in no way come between him and his business. It was in Miss Larkin's handwriting, and was written after the interview which has been described. He opened it, and read:

"DEAR MR. BENSON:—Some time, at your early convenience, I would like to see you alone again. There are matters of which I wish to talk with you, that concern my future and your relations with me. Do me the favor, and oblige your ward,

"GRACE."

Whatever Mr. Benson's thoughts were, there was something in them that moved him to take down his blotter again and look over the charges he had made. Then he put it back, walked his library for a while, and then, with uneasy forebodings, sought his room and his bed.

(To be continued.)

A MORNING WITH SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF WEBER, BEETHOVEN, AND PAGANINI.

IN Manchester Square, London, there lives an eminent musician and composer whose conversation is as interesting in its way as Sir Richard Wallace's wonderful private museum, stored near by in Hertford House. Born in Stuttgart in 1804, Sir Julius Benedict has been intimately associated with every great musician of the nineteenth century. Coming to England in 1835, the clever German found so kind a foster-mother as to cause him to become naturalized; and in 1870, Queen Victoria rewarded his untiring efforts in behalf of music by conferring upon him the honor of knighthood. Seated in his little study, with pictures of celebrated artists looking down upon him, with an upright piano in one corner and a table covered with letters to be answered beside it, Sir Julius, with all his work—and he is as busy as a dozen bees—is one of the most “get-at-able” men in London. Musicians who are merely executants may be gifted in one respect and be fools in every other; but it takes brains to be a composer, and Sir Julius's brains are of a high order. The world's politics are as clearly grasped by him as the music of the past,—I will not say as the music of the future, for nobody pretends to grasp that, not even Wagner himself.

“Tell me, Sir Julius, about your acquaintance with Weber,” said I, the other day, after we had been talking about live geniuses. “You were his pupil, were you not? What a privilege!”

“It was indeed a privilege,” replied Sir Julius. “There was a musician for you! At the beginning of February, 1821, it was my happy lot to be accepted as Weber's pupil. I shall never forget my first impression of him. Ascending the by no means easy staircase which led to his modest home in the third story of an old house in the old market-place, I found Weber sitting at his desk, occupied with the piano arrangement of his ‘Freischütz.’ The dire disease which too soon was to carry him off, had already made its mark on his noble features. The projecting cheek-bones, the general emaciation, told their sad tale; but in his clear blue eye,—too often concealed by spectacles,—in his expansive forehead fringed with a few struggling locks,

in the sweet expression of his mouth, in the very tone of his weak but melodious voice, there was a magic irresistible to all who approached him. Weber received me with the utmost kindness, and, though overwhelmed with double duties—as in Morlacchi's temporary absence he conducted both the German and Italian opera—he found time to give me daily lessons for a considerable period. Nothing can give an idea of the treasures of his rich mind. Nothing could exceed the affection that I, with so many others, felt for that great unhappy man, whose life and career were wrecked by the implacable persecution of his powerful adversaries. No prospect of court favor could make him swerve from his sense of honor, his appreciation of all that was grand and true, his contempt of all that was base and false. Though a mere stripling, it was my good fortune to be the first who was initiated in his immortal works. He spoke to me of his desire to employ the inexhaustible store of the beautiful old German legends in the creation of a national opera-house. After ‘Freischütz,’ he intended to complete ‘Rütelzahl,’ begun twelve years previously; these were to be followed by ‘Fortunatus’ and his wishingscap, by ‘Tannhäuser,’ and by ‘Genoveva;’ thus forestalling the ideas of Richard Wagner.

“Weber also gave me practical hints how best to acquire a sound knowledge of the art, telling me how to study with advantage the examples of such great masters as Handel and Bach, after the drudgery of a strict course of harmony, and warning me by his own example from attempting to build an ambitious structure before laying a solid foundation.”

“Have you no letters from him? Did he never write to you?” I asked.

“Oh, yes,” replied the old maestro. “I've a precious letter written just before I took leave of him,—one which has had no little effect upon my career. Let me see if I can find it.”

Going to a leather box in the adjoining room, where valuable notes and manuscripts are kept, Sir Julius soon found the following letter, which does infinite credit to a noble, sympathetic nature, made more

and more beautiful by cruel fortune and intense physical suffering :

"MY DEAR JULIUS: I am anxious before we part to speak with you once more, and to repeat by written word the essential points which, in numberless instances, I tried to impress on your heart verbally and to the utmost of my power. I felt when you became my pupil that I had duties toward you besides teaching you my art, for I cannot separate art from man, who, living for and in it, should learn how to honor life through it. You know how I despise that so-called geniality which in the career of an artist is looked upon as a passport to reckless conduct and an abnegation of morality. Without a doubt it fosters fancy, and I know how hard it is not to carry into real life all an artist's brilliant dreams, and how pleasant it is to 'let one's self go!' But self-mastery becomes then indispensable to distinguish between freedom in a limited sphere, or unbridled license in the worship of false idols. Unremitting industry is the only magic wand which can destroy the influence of the craving demon. It is senseless folly to believe that serious study can cripple the artist spirit. * * * In parting from you I trust to Him who rules all for the best. In every life there is a turning-point which decides the future. Let it be the right one. Art demands abnegation. Make it a point of honor to be firm and independent, and your own conscience will compensate and reward you for every self-sacrifice. My heart goes with you on your life-path. Prove to me that all my fears are vain, and one day you will hold forth your hand to me from a proud eminence. May Heaven's best blessing rest on you is the sincerest wish of your friend."

"And have you always followed this good advice, Sir Julius?" I asked on returning the letter, written in close German text.

Sir Julius smiled and said :

"As closely as poor mortal can. Judge for yourself. If I were twenty years younger than I am, I'd do better work than I have yet done; but at my time of life, with family cares weighing upon me, I must leave composition to younger men."

"Why, Sir Julius, you are as young in brain as the youngest of them. Haven't you just written a jig for your opera of the 'Lily of Killarney' that is champagne set to music, and brings down the house every night?"

"Ah! it's very kind of you to like it, but a jig is not serious composition. By work I mean prolonged effort. I've still time for fugitive pieces. Write me some verses and I'll write you a song."

Such a proposition does not come every day, and was gladly accepted; and then we returned to Weber, as I was anxious to have Sir Julius tell me about the first night of "Der Freischütz," he having been present.

"You want to know about that masterpiece? You shall. Ah, how it takes me back!

"The first performance was fixed for the

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18th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. On the preceding morning the general rehearsal took place and was successful beyond expectation, but the accessories, machinery, etc., were still woefully deficient, principally in one of the most important scenes—the Wolf's Glen. Wonderful decorations had been furnished for the limited stage of the Berlin theater, which was not adapted to sensational effects. For example: the gigantic owl intended to flap its wings, and whose glowing eyes were supplied by two little oil lamps, met with an accident and flapped but one wing, while the threatening eyes of the night-bird resembled small street lanterns! The fiery carriage was so badly contrived that the fireworks never went off at all, and a common empty wheel, garnished with inoffensive crackers and rockets, ludicrously crossed the stage. The wild hunt, painted on canvas, could not be distinctly seen from the front, and owing to a cue too quickly given, the effect of the infernal chorus was destroyed. Several of Weber's staunchest friends shook their heads ominously, saying that the experiment of all these scenic clap-traps was dangerous and would compromise the success of the opera, as there was but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Weber's faithful wife was therefore sent home with me after the rehearsal, and the *maestro*, snatching a hasty meal at the theater, remained more than three hours with the machinist to set things right. On returning late at night, he found his wife in a state of desperation. Officious and invidious friends had told her that a regular cabal had been organized by Spontini, whose 'Olympie' had not been well received, and who would move heaven and earth against his rival. Weber himself was calm and collected. He knew that he had done his best, and his soothing words and his wonderful cheerfulness did not fail to impress his anxious wife.

"The 18th of June came, and glorious as was the day, we felt an unspeakable oppression, which Weber, however, did not share. He had just finished his wonderful 'Concertstück,' which to-day maintains its rank as one of the most effective and original of piano-forte compositions. Later he was closeted with his friend Hellwig, the *régisseur* from Dresden, and he dismissed us that he might have a little nap after his frugal dinner. As early as four o'clock I joined the crowd besieging the theater, and when, two hours later, the doors were opened, I was literally carried into the pit by that surging

wave. The sterner sex prevailed. Students and iron crosses abounded. Madame Weber sat in a box with William Beer, brother of her husband's best friend, Meyerbeer. Among a host of literary and musical aspirants was little Felix Mendelssohn with his parents. The musicians gradually took their places, the din of the immense audience subsided, and every eye was fixed upon the orchestra. As the clock struck seven the *maestro* limped into his seat. Though small in stature, lame and ungainly, Weber had a great deal of dignity, and in his irregular face there was a mixture of intelligence, enthusiasm and sensibility, which caused all short-comings to be forgotten.

"The applause, which lasted several minutes, was deafening. The students cheered their favorite song-poet, and the general public was most favorably disposed toward Weber. Since Beethoven's 'Fidelio,' only feeble, unmeaning works had been produced in Germany, with the single exception of Spohr's 'Faust' and 'Zemire and Azor,' which, though replete with beauties, never achieved a popular success. The subject also of the new opera was well chosen for the reason that it was thoroughly German.

"To hear a more perfect execution of the overture than on that memorable evening would be difficult. Though he conducted with a very small baton, and seemed only to indicate the change of time or the lights and shades of his noble composition, Weber had nevertheless the most perfect control over the band. The marvelous effect of his scoring, the contrasts between the soothing calm of the introduction and the gloom and awe of the unearthly element which interrupts it, the fire of the *allegro*, the charm of that heavenly melody which once heard can never be forgotten, the irresistible climax at the end,—found worthy interpreters in the Berlin orchestra. The breathless silence which prevailed during the performance was followed by such a storm of applause as I have never heard since. It was useless to resist popular clamor, and the overture, on being repeated,—played even better than at first,—confirmed the success of this matchless composition. From that moment until the termination of the opera the attention of the audience was riveted, and the enthusiasm unbounded. What we felt when, crowned with his well-earned laurels, Weber entered the box, cannot be described. To think that, within five years, Weber should have died of a broken heart in a foreign country!"

"That is too often the fate of genius, Sir Julius. Brains mean martyrdom. And the poor fellow had to endure the denunciation of the critics."

"Yes. The profound and genuine enthusiasm of the public was not shared by the press of the day. Zelter, in writing to Goethe, treated the subject with derision, and finished by saying that out of a *small* nothing the composer had created a *colossal* nothing. Tieck spoke of the 'Freischütz' as the most unmusical uproar ever heard upon the stage. Spohr wrote: 'As I never had a great opinion of Weber's talents as a composer, I wanted to hear this opera to discover the secret of its wonderful success; but this riddle was by no means solved, and I can only explain it by the gift possessed by Weber to write for the general masses.' Weber resented the sting of those harsh and ungenerous criticisms very much. He had been working earnestly, enthusiastically, for what he considered a real advance in art, and it was painful to him in the extreme to be so entirely misunderstood, chiefly by those on whose sympathy and encouragement he had reckoned so much. He had observed, in his long career as conductor, that the form of operas sanctioned for so many years did not entirely answer the requirements of the age. Each piece in the lyric drama, belonging to the Italian *repertoire*, whether an aria, a duet, or a *morceau d'ensemble*, was perfect in itself as a musical composition, but cloyed by sameness. There was no attempt at individuality. Not so with Weber. His first aim was to endow each of his operatic works with a distinct color of nationality. For instance, the contrast between the simple 'Hunter's Bride,' with her surroundings, and 'Euryanthe' with the stately French court, could not be more striking. But he was not satisfied with this general result. He made each character stand out in bold relief. The foundation of the romantic school will always be associated with his memory. Meyerbeer's 'Robert le Diable' would not have been written but for 'Freischütz'; and Wagner's 'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin' can be traced to 'Euryanthe.' In his piano-forte sonatas, Weber comes nearest to Beethoven; in his masses he approaches Haydn; and his 'Concertstück' is, as it were, a pioneer of Mendelssohn's concertos. He may also, with Schubert, be called the father of the German Lied; and thus, in his short but glorious career, embracing almost every branch of music, he gave an impulse to his

art of which the beneficial consequences can never be overrated."

"Then you think, Sir Julius, that Weber is the father of Wagner?"

"I do most unquestionably. There is no doubting Wagner's genius, however adverse criticism may be; and every musician should be grateful to Wagner for having done for art what never has been done before. Think how great musicians have been humiliated in the past,—Weber, for example,—and then go to Bayreuth, as I did, and see crowned heads making a pilgrimage to the shrine of a composer! The Emperor of Germany, who goes to sleep over music, travels twenty-four hours to be present at the first night of the 'Trilogy!' It is an epoch in the history of music, and I, for one, rejoice at it. Look at Wagner, a king at Bayreuth, and then think of Beethoven!"

"Did you ever meet Beethoven, Sir Julius?"

"Yes, at Vienna. Everything had been done to foster a hostile feeling between him and Weber, but the mighty Ludwig was above small-talk and gossip. He had heard from Wilhelmine Schroeder,—afterward the celebrated Schroeder-Devrient,—with how much care, devotion, and energy Weber had produced 'Fidelio' in the summer of 1822, and how deep and lasting the impression of his masterpiece was on the Dresden public. He had been in active correspondence with the Saxon Capellmeister himself, and, to my great joy and surprise, when I met him one morning at his publisher's, Beethoven actually condescended to speak with me on the subject. I can see him before me now, with his grand brow and thick iron-gray hair encircling it in most picturesque disorder, with that square lion's nose, that broad chin and noble, soft mouth. Over his cheeks, seamed with scars of small-pox, there spread a high color. From under the bushy, closely compressed eyebrows flashed a pair of piercing eyes, and his thickset Cyclopean figure told of a powerful frame. He approached me with his inseparable tablet in hand, and began speaking with his usual brusqueness. 'You are Weber's pupil?' I gave an affirmative nod. 'Why doesn't he come to see me? Tell him to come to Baden with friend Haslinger,' pointing to his publisher's partner."

"Asking for the master's tablet, I wrote in it, 'May I come too?'"

"Beethoven replied, smiling, 'Yes, little saucy fellow.'"

"So, having duly announced his visit, Weber,

with Haslinger and myself, drove out on the 5th of October to Baden, near Vienna, where the old lion was wont, till late in the autumn, to have his den. We all felt strangely moved on entering the great man's poor, desolate-looking room. Everything was in appalling disorder,—music, money, clothing on the floor, the bed unmade, broken coffee-cups upon the table, the open piano-forte with scarcely any strings left, and covered with many coats of dust, while Beethoven himself was wrapped in a shabby old dressing-gown. He recognized Weber at once, and on embracing him energetically, shouted, 'There you are, you devil of a fellow!' Handing Weber the tablet, Beethoven pushed a heap of music from the old piano, threw himself upon it, and, during the conversation, commenced dressing to go out with us. He began with a string of complaints about his position,—the public, the theaters, the Italians, and especially about his ungrateful nephew.

"Touched by this tale of woe, Weber advised him to leave Vienna and go to Germany and England, where his works were so much appreciated. 'Too late!' cried Beethoven, pointing to his ear and shaking his head sadly; then he seized Weber's arm and dragged him away to the hotel where he used to take his meals. After a long and most interesting conversation referring to the highest questions of art, the time came for departure. Again and again Beethoven embraced Weber, and it was long before the latter would loose his thin, delicate hand from the grasp of a mighty fist. 'Success to your new opera! If I can, I will come on the first night,' were his last words. That memory is precious. And, do you know, I was a friend of Paganini's, another great genius, misunderstood by so many."

"Pray, where did you know him, Sir Julius?"

"In Italy. He was a wonderful fellow, and some called him the devil. He was even imprisoned and had his violin taken away from him because he was supposed to be such a dangerous character. One day, a great lady in Rome said to him, 'Signor Paganini, I understand that you can execute an air on one string of your violin.'"

"'Madame, you have heard the truth,' replied the great virtuoso."

"'Will you allow me and my friends to hear you?'"

"'Certainly.'"

"So the great lady gave a reception, at which Paganini was invited to perform his

violin trick. After actually playing the prayer from Rossini's 'Moses in Egypt' on one string, Paganini was thanked by his hostess, who said, 'Now, Signor Paganini, as you do wonders on one string, can you perform on no string at all?'

"Most assuredly," answered Paganini.

"Will you, for me?"

"With pleasure."

"A day was set, the great lady invited a number of friends to assist at the miracle, and when all were assembled, Paganini failed to appear. News came soon after that he had that day left Rome. This was his performance without any string, and his retort to the social queen who had treated him as a mountebank rather than as an artist. Poor fellow! he wasted away before death. In fact, the hundred steps he daily mounted to his palace at Genoa were

enough to kill a man in his state of health. His body lay in the palace seven weeks after death, because the clergy refused to allow it Christian burial. In his last moments, Paganini had either refused to see a priest, or had not received absolution, and this was the punishment! I believe that eventually the body was taken out of Italy for burial."

"The world has grown more charitable since then, Sir Julius, and I really think the time is not far distant when to be a great artist will be as glorious a distinction as to be a great warrior or a great statesman."

"It ought to be so, my young friend; and certainly Wagner makes me believe a great social revolution possible; but it won't come in my time; perhaps it may come in yours."

And thus a charming visit ended.

UNAWARES.

WHEN roses bloomed, I found a friend—
On sped the changing year:
The ripe leaves fluttered to their rest,
And fields stretched white and drear.
But when the blue-bird built its nest,
Spring whispered in my ear,
"Thy friend, O foolish heart! hath grown
Too dear—too dear."

FARMER BASSETT'S ROMANCE.

It began at a camp-meeting; and the odd thing was that John Bassett should have been at a camp-meeting at all. He had no more respect for such means of grace than Epictetus, or any other stoical pagan would have had. He had no antagonism toward the Methodists; nor, for that matter, toward any of the five so-called religious sects which had places of worship in his native town, Deerway. If the whole truth could have been known, it would have been seen that he classed them all together, and favored them alike with his heartiest but most good-natured contempt. Luckily he was a silent and reticent man, and his townsmen never suspected in what low esteem he held their sectarian bonds,—their spiritual ecstasies and depressions. They only thought that he was "queer," and some of the more

zealous Christians among them feared he might be an infidel, or at best a pantheist, though as to what that latter manner of man might be, there were very vague ideas in Deerway. The truth was that John Bassett was a pagan,—a New England pagan. There are a few of these in every New England county. They are the offspring of the Westminster catechism. Apply enough of the Westminster catechism to a meditative, clear-witted, logical, phlegmatic boy in his youth; let him spend most of his days out on sunny hill-sides, thinking it over in silence, and asking nobody any questions, and the chances are that, when he is twenty-one, he will quit going to church, and be a high-minded pagan. He will have absorbed much that is grand and ennobling; but he will have thrown away, in his slow-growing

hatred of the cruel husk, part of the sweet kernel also, and will be a defrauded and robbed man all his days, for lack of true comprehension of the Gospel of Christ, which is loving, and of Christ's Father, who is love.

It is evident that a camp-meeting was the last place one would expect to see John Bassett in. If pools had been the fashion in Deerway, one might have made a fortune betting against the chance of John Bassett's hearing Bishop Worrell's sermon on the last day of the Middleburg camp-meeting. But he did hear it, every word of it.

He had been that day to Northboro', ten miles above Middleburg, to look at a pair of prize oxen he had heard of, and had a mind to buy. If those oxen had not been sold the day before, John Bassett would have bought them, and this story would never have been written; for if he had had the oxen to drive home, he would not have got down to Middleburg till late at night, and the camp-meeting would have been over. As it was, he got to Middleburg Crossing at three o'clock in the afternoon; and there he had to stop, for Jerry, his horse, had cast a shoe, and John Bassett would no more have driven Jerry ten miles with one foot unshod than he would have walked it barefoot himself; no, nor half as quick, for Tom and Jerry, the two beautiful bay horses that he had broken as colts, and trained into the best ten-year-old team in all Wenshire County, were the pride and the love of John Bassett's heart.

So, there is another little "if" which might have made a big difference to John Bassett, and all the difference between this story's being written and not. If Jerry had not cast his shoe, his master would never have heard Bishop Worrell's sermon.

There are only three houses at Middleburg Crossing; the town itself is four miles farther south. One of these houses is a sort of inn, and the master, Hiram Peet, is well known to be the best blacksmith for many a mile round. Here John stopped and fastened his horse at the door of the forge, which was black and still.

"Gone to that confounded camp-meeting!" he exclaimed, as he stood by the anvil and tapped it impatiently with his whip. "Hang it all. I wonder, if I could find him, whether he'd come out and shoe Jerry."

Every blind in the house was shut. The hens walked about with an expression which showed that the family was away from home, and the cat looked out uneasy and suspicious from a high loft over the corn-house.

John walked a few steps down the road and looked at the two other houses. Shut up also; not a trace of life about them. The two Thatcher brothers, who married sisters, lived in these houses. "Well, I don't know what the Thatcher folks have got to do over at camp-meeting," thought John. "They're all Baptists. They don't train in that crowd."

He had thought that he might while away the time by talking with Mrs. Susan Thatcher, who was a woman he had once almost thought he would like to marry. John was much vexed. He walked up and down the road and switched off the tops of golden rod and purple asters in a way that was really shameful. He was at his wit's ends: ten miles from home; Jerry waiting to be shod; not a human being to be found. But John Bassett's impatience never lasted long. He was too good a pagan to fret and fume. He took Jerry out of his harness, led him into the barn, and gave him so delightful a rubbing down, that the creature arched his shining neck, and looked around at his master's hands, and would have purred if he could, he felt so comfortable. John patted him and talked to him as if he were a child.

"There, there, old fellow," he said, "eat your oats. You shall have four fine new shoes presently; and then we wont get caught this way again very soon."

Jerry whinnied back and did his best to be entertaining; but where was there ever a mortal man who did not weary of wordless affection? John began to be sadly bored. He looked over at the camp-meeting hill, where thin columns of smoke were curling up above the tops of the trees. The Middleburg camp-ground is one of the oldest in New England; it has been used as such for twenty years, and there are some eighty cottages in the "circle." People go there in June, and live in their cottages for two months or more before the camp-meeting week begins. John had often thought he would like to see what kind of a life it was that the Methodist people led on their religious picnics, as the worldly were in the habit of calling them. He began to consider within himself whether this were not a capital chance for doing it without any loss of self-respect on his part. He would go over and see if he could find Hiram Peet. This was not going to camp-meeting. Oh, no!

The camp-meeting grove was not more than a quarter of a mile from the forge. At John Bassett's goodly stride, this distance

was quickly walked; and almost before he fairly realized what he had made up his mind to do, John found himself in the throng of people pouring through the outer gate. He and his ways were well known in all this region,—everybody stared to see him coming to camp-meeting.

"Hollo, John! Ez this you?" exclaimed one.

"What's up?" said another.

"Glad to see you in the right way at last, John," called out a gray-haired deacon of the Methodist church in Deerway.

John did not like this. At first he made no reply, except a good-natured laugh; but presently, to a townsman who shouted out, across many heads,

"Why, John Bassett, what on airth's brought you here, I'd like to know," he answered in an equally loud tone,

"Not any of the tomfoolery that's brought you, I can tell you that. I'm looking after Hi Peet to shoe my horse, back here at the Crossing."

"Oh, Hi? Well, he's in there, in the seats, along o' his folks. But you wont get him to come out till after the sermon. The bishop's jest beginnin' now."

John walked on in silence. The scene was beginning to take a vivid hold on his imagination. From his earliest boyhood he had had a passionate love of the woods. There was not a wood within five miles of his father's house which he did not know as thoroughly as if he had been an Indian or a trapper. The young trees had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength; he often pushed his way through some thick wood, recollecting, step by step, along the path, how twenty years ago these stalwart trees had been saplings he could bend. No smallest leaf or fern was unknown to his eye; no flower, no berry; yet he had names for few. To see a great maple and ash and hickory grove swarming full of human beings, was at first as strange a sight to John Bassett as it would have been to a devout Roman Catholic to come suddenly upon his private chapel and find it crowded with strangers. John felt a mingled irritation and fascination in the sight. This noble army of trees seemed to lend something of their own sacred dignity to the motley multitude they were sheltering. There were three thousand people that day on the Middleburg campground. As far as one could see, the vistas between the trees were filled by horses, wagons, carriages of all descriptions. These

were outside what is called the "circle," a large space of many acres, fenced in, and to be entered only by gates; within this circle were the cottages, all picturesquely disposed among the trees; winding and irregular paths had been trodden from one to another, and there was almost the semblance of a street in some places. But still the trees were left undisturbed; the street or the path turned reverentially to the right or the left, as the tree might require. Hardly a tree had been cut down. In the center of the grove, a large space had been filled in with rough wooden benches in an amphitheater-like half circle. Even here stood the trees, thick and undisturbed, making of the circle of seats, a many-pillared temple, canopied with green and roofed with blue. Fronting this had been built an elevated platform for the elders and the preaching—and on this, at the moment John entered the circle, had just risen a corpulent, round-faced, sonorous-voiced man, Bishop Worrell, who was to preach that afternoon's sermon. John stopped, leaned against a young hickory tree, and looked carefully up and down the rows of seats in search of Hiram Peet. At last he saw him sitting between his wife and his wife's mother, in the very middle of the circle, and only five seats back from the platform.

"I suppose it would be as much as Hi's life was worth to get up and come out from there before all these people," thought John. "I might as well give it up."

Then he fell to laughing so immoderately at Hi's expression of face, that he had to turn suddenly away, lest he should shock the sensibilities of the grave and decorous congregation. As he turned, he suddenly caught a glimpse of the profile of a girl who sat in the same seat with Hiram Peet, but at the farther end of it. The sight of this profile arrested John Bassett's steps as suddenly as a strong hand laid on his shoulder could have done. He stood still; he stood stiller and stiller with his eyes fixed on the face. He did not say to himself, "How beautiful!" he did not even think whether the face were beautiful or not—it simply arrested him, that was all. Presently the girl changed her position so that he could no longer see her face, and with a pang like terror, he saw it suddenly vanish from his gaze, and become lost and merged in the great mass of bonnets and hats and faces. He tried to keep his eyes resolutely on the spot where it had disappeared, as one tries to keep his eyes fastened

on the spot where something has gone down at sea; but like the sea, the mass of faces seemed dancing and shifting under his look. At last he was rewarded. The girl turned her head again, so that for one brief moment he saw her profile, and also noted, with the eagerness of a detective, that she wore a black hat, with one single upright feather of bright scarlet in it.

Slowly, and with a bewildered wonder at himself all the time, John skirted the great semicircle of seats, pushed his way through and past knot after knot of men and women, and drew nearer and nearer the seat where the girl sat. As one after another saw him, noted his absorbed and grave look, exclamations and conjectures were whispered on all sides. There were many of the Deerway Methodists on the ground.

John Bassett stood no chance of being unobserved. Many a soul warmed with hope for his salvation on seeing him in this unwonted place. One good old Methodist woman who had nursed his mother through several illnesses, and who had come to love John very much, as all persons did who knew him intimately, plucked her neighbor suddenly by the sleeve, and exclaimed—

"My goodness, Sarah Beman, if there aint John—John Bassett, don't you know? Let's git right down on our knees here 'n' pray for his soul! Mebbe the Lord'll give him religion right now!" and the two women actually sank on the ground, and were rocking back and forth on their knees, wrestling in prayer on John's behalf, as he passed by them. Perhaps there was never a moment in his life in which he was more in need of prayers.

When he reached a point opposite the seat in which sat the girl with the black hat and scarlet feather, he turned, and slowly looked in her face. She did not see him. She was listening in rapt attention to the bishop's sermon. Yet it was not the attention of a credulous or an ecstatic devotee. Her face wore now the look of one who was striving to penetrate a mystery; to fathom a secret; there was an expression of something like disapprobation on her features. All this John Bassett saw at his first glance. At his second, he perceived that the girl was no country girl; he felt, rather than perceived, that her whole attire, bearing, and atmosphere were of the city: she was a stranger. The two elderly women who sat with her were richly clad, and their whole manner betokened listless weariness. Up to this moment, John Bassett could not have

told, if he had been asked, whether this girl were fair or not; but now in the more assured composure of his new stand-point of observation, he began to study her features. They were of delicate mold, indicating sensibility rather than strength. Her hair was of so pale a yellow that only its great thickness saved it from looking dead. It was turned back from her low forehead in rippling waves which were too thick to lie flat. Her eyes were of a clear, bright dark blue, and in them shone a sort of restrained energy which gave to her face the strength which the delicate features would otherwise have lacked. It was not a beautiful face. It was very far from a pretty face. But it was a face to arrest one at first sight. As it had arrested John Bassett, it had arrested many a human being, man and woman, before. But it always came to pass that each human being thus arrested by Fanny Lane's face, very soon forgot all about her face, in a vivid consciousness of her personality. Her individual magnetism was something not to be described, not to be defined. It was to some persons as powerfully repellant as it was to others attracting. There were men and women who had been heard to say that they simply could not stay in the same room with Fanny Lane, so disagreeable to them was her very presence, and there were men and women for whom simply her presence could transform the most cheerless room into a palace of joy; and for whom her love, if they were once sure of possessing it, seemed enough to brighten a whole life-time.

Bishop Worrell's sermon was one hour long. Until the very last word had been spoken, John Bassett stood without once unfolding his arms or once removing his eyes from Fanny Lane's face; but he stood in such a position that while he looked steadily at her, he seemed to those about him to be looking in the preacher's face, and the intent and grave expression of his countenance gave rise to great hopes in the hearts of many who saw him. After the benediction had been pronounced, there was a general movement in the audience, and all except those who were interested in the special services which were about to follow, withdrew. More than half of the seats were left empty. A little knot of some half a dozen persons had gathered around Fanny Lane, and were all talking eagerly.

"City boarders from some hotel hereabouts," thought John. "I don't suppose I shall ever set eyes on that girl again; and I'm sure I don't know why I want to."

But he lingered, and waited, and furtively watched to see what the next movements of her party would be.

It was evident that an animated discussion was going on. Fanny Lane said little, but each time she spoke, she shook her head with great decision, smiling as she did so with a smile which was to John Bassett's mind a very perplexing smile; there was so much radiance about it, and yet such an expression of immovable will; it seemed as much out of the ordinary course of human smiles as a cold sunbeam would out of the ordinary course of nature. At last the party divided, and the two old ladies, wearing very dissatisfied faces, walked slowly away with the majority, leaving Fanny Lane and one other young woman alone in the seats. As the discomfited elderly people passed the tier where John still stood, leaning with his arms folded, watching in feigned carelessness the whole scene, one said to the other:

"It's perfectly absurd, Maria, the way you spoil that girl."

A look of fretful impatience passed over Maria's face as she replied:

"It's all very fine to talk about spoiling, Jane. You know as well as I do, that if Fanny makes up her mind to do a thing, she's going to do it, come what will; and as for my saying 'must' or 'mus'n't' to her, I know better than to try that. She's just like her father."

"Well, I reckon she's your own child," answered Jane, "and my child should mind me. I know that much," and the party passed on.

John Bassett smiled. He liked the picture of the fair girl triumphing always. He felt already that it was her right. Before the smile had died off his face, the old ladies came hurrying back; they had noticed his grave, honest, clear-eyed face as they passed, and they had turned back to ask him one of those anxiously helpless questions which the average woman is perpetually asking.

"Can you tell us where Mr. Goodenow's wagon is?" they said.

It happened that John could. It had chanced that as he walked up the hill, he had observed young Luke Goodenow sitting in his big farm-wagon playing cards on the back seat with a stranger, whose whole appearance had seemed so suspicious (to John) that he had said to himself as he passed by, "I wonder if Luke Goodenow'd ever be such a fool's to play for money;" and "I wonder if that's the reason he fastened his team

down in that hollow," was his second thought.

"Yes," said John. "I can. I will show you," and he led the way, thinking as he walked.

"So these folks are the Goodenows' boarders. Now I can find out all about them."

Luke little understood John Bassett's affable kindness in helping him put in his horses, and being so very careful in examining the harnesses, before they set off. John was listening with strained ears to what one of the elderly women was saying to Luke.

"Miss Lane and Miss Wheelwright are not coming now. They wish to stay till the end of the meeting. They have friends there from the hotel who will take care of them, and you are to drive back after them at nine o'clock to-night."

"Well, I swanny," was Luke's reply. "I donno what I'm goin' to do for hosses."

The city lady looked calmly in his face with the city lady's usual incredulity of anything being impossible in the country town where she is spending her summer, and said:

"Oh, it wont hurt these horses to come back"

Luke did not deign to argue this point, but answered reflectively:

"Mebbe I can git Smith's. Hisn warn't out when we come off, an' if I don't go for the girls, they can come home in the hotel coach; that warn't full."

"Oh no; I should much prefer that you should go for them," said the bland lady. "You can surely get horses somewhere."

"There aint any 'somewhere' in our town, mum," replied Luke, sententiously. "If yer don't know jest where a thing is, 'taint anywheres. But I'll see that Miss Fanny's got home somehow or another."

If Fanny Lane had heard Luke's reply, the unconscious and inimitable philosophy of its first clause would have given her a keen delight; but it was all thrown away on Aunt Jane, or if not thrown away entirely, passed for nothing more than the unintentional impudence of a farmer's lad. So that her orders were obeyed, as she would have called it, she was content and unobservant; and, luckily for her complacent peace of mind, wholly unaware how far from the thoughts of her landlord and his sons, was any comprehension of the idea of obedience as she understood it.

When John Bassett returned to his post of observation by the young hickory-tree,

he found the seat on which his attention had been so long concentrated, occupied by two elderly women from Deerway,—his own next door neighbors. With a smothered ejaculation of contempt at his own folly, he made a hasty retreat, not however before both the women had seen him, and had beckoned to him with eager gestures to come and sit by their side. He shook his head and walked rapidly away in the opposite direction, as if he were about to leave the grounds; each moment, however, his keen eyes were roving to the right and to the left in search of a scarlet feather. Scarlet feathers there were in plenty, and knots of scarlet ribbon, as he found to his cost, after he had been for half an hour lured vainly about, first in one direction then in another, by them. His scarlet feather was nowhere to be found. To look for one person, among three thousand people roaming about in a grove of several acres, is like searching for a needle in a hay-stack; and so John said to himself at last, and vowed he would look no longer. He had been asking all the time for "Hi Peet," and had several times narrowly escaped finding him. The truth was he did not now so much want to find "Hi Peet," but he liked to give himself the shelter of that ostensible errand, and so he kept on asking. At last some one said, in reply to his stereotyped question, "Why Hi?—Hi's up in the Franklin tent at a big prayer-meetin' they've got goin' on there. You might's well give up all idee of gettin' hold of Hi Peet to-night. You'll have to wait till morning. Hi'll keep you overnight fast rate; though I suppose they wont break up here till midnight."

This was previously what John Bassett had in his own mind determined to do, but he replied with a diplomacy worthy of a deeper game:

"Well, I call that pretty hard, to have to wait all night to get a horse shod, don't you?"

The man laughed, and answered:

"Well, yes I do. But you see, it's just your luck that makes it happen so. They don't have camp-meetin' but once a year; and they don't have but one last night to each camp-meetin'; an' you couldn't ha' ketched Hi away from hum, one o' the other three hundred an' sixty-four nights; so you see it's nothin' but your luck."

This curiously illogical logical speech made John laugh heartily, and a half shamed consciousness of the scarlet feather in his thoughts made him also flush a little as he replied:

"Well, I don't believe in anything's being luck." Just as he spoke these words, he heard a voice behind him, a voice of a quality such as he had never before heard. He did not turn his head. He listened, and it was an odd thing that as he listened, he said to himself,

"If that isn't her voice, I'm mistaken."

The voice said:

"Can I sit for a few moments in one of these chairs, till my friends return?"

The voice was so near that John walked away a few steps, before he turned to see who had spoken. He walked on and on for a rod or two, so sure was he that when he turned he should see the face of which he had been in search. He was not mistaken. There she sat,—the strange, vivid, yellow-haired, blue-eyed stranger,—alone in a chair on a raised platform; the platform was full of camp chairs of all sorts which had been brought there by an enterprising Middleburg tradesman, to sell to the camp-meeting pilgrims. The tradesman had gone away for the afternoon and left the business in the charge of his wife, a brisk, bustling, dapper little body with a voice like a jew's-harp, and eyes whose sharp shrewdness was saved from being disagreeable only by their kindly twinkle, and lines of good-natured wrinkles at their outer corners. She was holding forth to two friends volubly and loudly on the subject of her grievances in the matter of the chairs.

"Folks seems to think we've brought 'em over here just for them to set in," said she. "I've tried every way I could think of; we turned 'em bottom side up some days, but the chairs don't show so well that way, an' it don't make much difference: they turn 'em right over an' flop down, and there they sit 's long 's they please, 'n' when I say, 'These chairs is for sale,' they say, 'Oh, I don't want to buy, I only want to rest awhile,' 'n' I do declare I'm so mad sometimes I tell Eben he'd better take the chairs home before they're all worn out. There's some on 'em now that looks just like second-hand. I fixed some folks yesterday, though," and she gave a hearty peal of unrestrained laughter at the thought: "they come along, a whole party—three on 'em, a man and two women, 'n' down they sot without so much 's a word; 'n' I steps forward 'n' sez I, 'We charge for these chairs bein' sot in, a cent a minnit!' You'd better believe they jumped up 's quick 's if the chairs had been red hot, and one o' the wimmin she said, 'Well, I never!' 'n' sez I, 'Well, I never,

nuther,' 'n' I laughed an' I laughed till I thought I should ha' died to see 'em goin' off 's mad 's if the chairs had been them 'n' not mine."

John watched Fanny Lane's face during the whole of this long speech, which she could not have failed to hear. He had come slowly nearer and nearer until he stood within a few feet of her chair, but so much behind her that she could not see his face unless she turned her head. Various shades of amusement and sympathy flitted over her expressive face as she listened to good Mrs. Cross's troubles; but she was evidently now absorbed in watching the faces of all who passed by. She scanned each one intently, closely, as if she were looking for a face she knew; her face wore the same expression of mingled perplexity and disapprobation which it had worn during the sermon. The longer John looked at her, the surer he felt that he understood the mental processes through which she was going.

"She's fighting this thing out for herself, just as I did ten years ago," he thought. "She can't swallow it all down, and yet it bothers her to let it go. She'll come out all right, though,—no fear about a woman with such eyes in her head as those."

It was half an hour before Miss Lane's friends returned. They came up laughing and chattering, and gathering around her, exclaimed—

"Oh, Fanny! it was too bad to leave you so long. We got off farther in the woods than we meant to. Have you been awfully bored, dear, waiting?"

"Bored!" exclaimed Fanny Lane. "I was never farther from it in my life. This is one of the most interesting sights I ever saw. I can't in the least make it out."

"Make it out! What do you mean, Miss Lane?" cried young Herbert Wheelwright. "Does it strike you as a conundrum? I think it is a confounded bore myself, except for having you girls to take care of."

"Be quiet, Herbert," interrupted his sister; "don't be so rude to Fanny; you don't understand her."

Herbert shrugged his shoulders and walked to the side of another young girl in the party who was not likely to oppress him with any psychological perplexities. As the group moved on, Fanny Lane turned back, and holding out a piece of silver to the proprietress of the chairs, said in the same low vibrant voice which had so stirred John Bassett's nerves at his first hearing of it.

"You must let me pay you for the use of

your chair. You were quite right in saying that it ought to be paid for."

The woman stretched out her hand to take the money, but her husband, who had returned and stood by her side, pushed down her hand impatiently, and exclaimed—

"No, no, Miss. We'd be happy to have you set here 's long 's you like. You aint the kind we meant."

Fanny smiled, but still held out the money.

"I'm very heavy," she said roguishly, "and should hurt the chair quite as much as anybody. Please take the money and buy something for your pretty little boy," and she pointed to a bright-eyed chubby fellow, some four or five years old, who was clinging to his mother's skirts, half in and half out of the folds, after the manner of shy country children. Thus conciliated on the side of his paternal affection, the man took the money, saying with a clumsy but well-meant attempt at respectfulness:

"Much obliged to you, Miss, much obliged to you, I'm sure, if it's a present to Sammy. Thank the lady, Sammy."

But Sammy only burrowed the deeper in his mother's skirts, and evinced no gratitude whatever; as, indeed, why should he, since the chances were so small that he could have any hand in the spending of that half dollar!

As Miss Lane and her friends walked away, John Bassett turned suddenly in the opposite direction, and plunged into the woods. He was conscious of a sudden unwillingness to see this girl put off the face she wore when she was thinking, and alone, and put on the face she wore when she was talking. Already he had perceived that she was like a chameleon in her change of expression; and of the expressions he had thus far seen, the only one which did not jar and perplex him was the one she wore when she was silent and undisturbed by antagonistic or interrupting magnetisms. He roamed on till he reached the outer edge of the wood, where all was as still and peaceful as if it were a wilderness. Here he threw himself on the ground, and surrendered himself to his reveries. He was not much given to analyzing his own emotions; he had always been too healthy and too busy, and, moreover, had had very few emotions. He was affectionate and loyal in the relations in which he had found himself placed; but beyond one or two strong friendships for men who had been his playmates at school, he had not added to his list of affections since he was a little boy. He had never

been in love, though he had often thought very sensibly about being married, and had done his share of taking the Deerway girls on sleigh-rides, and home from singing-schools in the winter; but he did it partly as one of the duties of a good citizen of the town, and partly from a quiet sort of good-fellowship, which would have walked or ridden almost as contentedly with a young man as with a young woman, if so the customs of young people had decreed. He was not without his preferences among the Deerway young women, but he had also his preferences among the Deerway young men; and he could have given as clear and satisfactory reasons for them in the one case as in the other, unless, perhaps, in the case of a little girl named Molly Wilder, whose mother was a widow, and took summer boarders in Deerway. They were very poor, and had lived on one of the Bassett farms ever since John could remember; and one of the earliest things he recollected was hearing his father say to his mother—

"Well, Sam Wilder 'll never earn his salt in this world, but I sha'n't turn him out o' that farm 's long 's Molly lives. She's no kind of a woman to be left without a house over her head."

At last, Sam Wilder died of a disease so lingering and vacillating in its nature, that one of his neighbors was heard to say one day:

"It don't seem 's if Sam Wilder could even die like other folks. He's just a shilly-shallyin' along with that, 's he has with everything else he's ever undertook."

The day after the funeral, poor Mrs. Wilder sent for her landlord, and told him the simple truth, that she had not a cent of money in the world, and no property except the little stock which they had put in the farm.

"Never you mind," said John Bassett's father; "you shall stay on this farm 's long 's you like. I'll take the hay off the meadow land, and we'll call that the rent. If you can manage to make a living for you and the girl somehow, you're welcome to the house and the rest of the farm."

Ezekiel Bassett could well afford this, for the "Bassett farms," as they were called, were many and large, and comprised the greater portion of the best lands in Wenshire County. Nevertheless, it was a very generous thing for Ezekiel Bassett to do; and from that day, the Wilders seemed to be a sort of outlying colony of the Bassett house. All the odds and ends of clothes and of food which the Bassetts could spare and the

Wilders could use, found their way to the little gray house down in the meadows; by the time John Bassett was ten years old, it seemed to him as natural to take blueberries to Mrs. Wilder as to his mother; he knew no distinction in the rights of the two houses. And when little Molly was old enough to go to school, John led her in summer and drew her on his sled in winter, as if she had been his sister. Nothing else—nothing less would have seemed possible. When he was twenty and Molly was fifteen, occasions were less frequent for him to take care of her, for she was hard at work all day at her home, and he was hard at work all day at his, but he never lost the sense of responsibility for her; and if nobody else took her to the quilting, or the sleigh-ride, or the singing-school, he did. If he found that some one else was intending to ask her, he was content; so that Molly had the good time, he was satisfied. She never became a burden to him, for no girl in all Deerway had a sweeter face or more winning ways, or more admirers among the young farmers of the region. But all that John Bassett had ever yet thought about Molly, as in distinction from the other young girls he knew was, that somehow he always had a better time when he took her than when he took anybody else. He thought it was because he was so used to her. What Molly thought is neither here nor there in this story as yet.

Every summer, Mrs. Wilder's little house was filled with summer boarders; and a hard time she and Molly had of it from June till October. Not the least hard part of it to Molly was that for all these months John hardly came near her. John disliked the very sight of a "summer boarder." He disliked their clothes, their ways, their general bearing. He disliked the annual invasion of the quiet of the town; the assumption which so many of them showed only too plainly, that they felt that the Deerway farms and farmers were created chiefly for the purpose of making summer comfortable to city people who must leave home. So John never crossed the threshold of Mrs. Wilder's house if he could help it, while there was a single summer boarder left; and this had been the source of many a half quarrel between him and Molly, who, gentle as she was, could not help resenting and misinterpreting his absence.

And here was John Bassett, at the Middleburg camp-meeting, absolutely spending a whole afternoon and evening in

watching a "summer boarder," following her about, looking at her face and studying it, as he never studied a woman's face before!

"All for the want of a horse-shoe nail."

John's reverie did not last long. It passed by quick and easy stages into a sound sleep. When he waked, it was almost dark. He sprang to his feet in bewildered wonder, but soon recalled the whole situation of his affairs. Sentiment and excitement had yielded in him, by this time, to fatigue and heat and hunger; and it must be acknowledged that as he walked briskly back toward the center of the grove, his thoughts of himself and his behavior were not complimentary. He was as nearly surly as it was in his nature to be; and, by a curious sort of moral metonymy, all his impatience centered on the thought of Hi Peet. So when he found himself face to face with Hi, in one of the restaurant tents, he spoke to him with a gruff displeasure, which was, to say the least of it, uncalled for, and made Hi laugh heartily.

"Why, man alive," he said, "you didn't suppose I was bound to stay to hum year in and year out, on the chance of a man's wantin' his horse shod, did you? 'Taint more 'n once a week or so that I git a job o' shoein', anyhow. 'Twas jest your luck, you see, a-comin' to-day."

"Well, you're the second man that's said that very thing to me," replied John, "so I suppose it must be true." And as he was by this time much rested, and no longer hungry, agreeable reminiscences of the scarlet feather floated at once into his mind, and arrested on his very lips the last clause of his reply, which was about to be as before. "But you see I don't believe in any such thing as luck."

The people were already crowding into the seats in front of the platform. The elders and the preachers sat with their hands over their eyes, engaged in silent prayer. This was the last night of the camp-meeting, and most earnestly did they long for some especial signs and tokens of the Lord's presence before they should separate.

Again, John walked slowly around the circle, scanning each seat attentively in search of Fanny Lane. This time he was more successful; in a very few moments he found her. She and her friends were sitting where Hi Peet had been in the afternoon, only five seats back from the pulpit, and near the central aisle. Fanny herself sat

in the outside seat, with her face turned away from the platform, and her eyes bent earnestly down the long vistas of twinkling lights between the trees. It was a beautiful and impressive spectacle. Lanterns were hung upon many of the trees, and their light brought out the foliage above them, in a marvelous gold and black tracery; in every direction long shadowy aisles seemed to stretch away, with alternating intervals of gloom and radiance; and overhead was a clear, dark sky blazing with stars. No wonder that in such a scene as this hearts are newly wrought upon by memories and appeals.

The sermon was not a long one. At its close, the usual invitation was given to all those who wished the prayers of the congregation to come forward into the seats reserved for them. Many went forward. Then rose the sweet wild hymns—

"Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus!
Come to Jesus just now."

The tender plaintive cadences seemed to float up among the trees, and to be prolonged there, in the upper air, as if the echoes were entangled in the leaves; then came prayers,—earnest, wrestling prayers by men who believed with their whole souls that for many of the men and women sitting there, that night would be the only chance of salvation. Nothing in this life can be more solemn than such a moment to those who hold the Methodist belief. Tears flowed down the cheeks of strong men. Women sobbed hysterically; here and there could be seen a mother pleading with a child, a wife with a husband. The elders walked up and down in the aisles, urging and encouraging the timid and the hesitating; every few moments the presiding elder on the platform would strike up a new strain of song,—tender, plaintive, and subduing beyond all power of words. With each stanza there came forward more and more, till the seats were nearly full.

"Bless the Lord, here is another soul that's going to be saved," the ministers would cry, as each person came forward. Heartfelt "Amens" and "Glories" rose from the whole congregation. The cool evening wind rustled at intervals through the trees; and it needed no faith in the Methodist creed, no excitement of spiritual ecstasy, to make one thrill all through with the consciousness that the leaves rustled as if invisible hosts were passing by. What-

ever be one's religious belief, however he may disapprove of all this class of abnormal influences, he cannot witness such a scene unmoved, unless he be of a hard and scoffing nature. John Bassett was astonished. He was too sincere and earnest himself, not to recognize earnestness and sincerity wherever he saw them. He had regarded the Methodist methods as akin to the methods of mountebanks and jugglers. He felt tonight, in every nerve of his being, that he had been wrong. He was affected in spite of himself—so powerfully that more than once he felt tears spring in his eyes.

He hardly dared look at Fanny Lane, so intense was her expression; her cheeks were flushed, her lips were parted; she bent forward unconsciously and looked up into the face of each person who passed her to take a seat among those who were "anxious." Whenever the singing broke forth, her lips trembled, and she fixed her eyes on the ground. John had taken his seat just opposite her—only the narrow, grassy aisle separated them. He could have reached her with his hand; and he felt again and again an impulse to do so, when he saw her excitement increasing.

At last, she rose slowly, and turning toward her friends, said in a low voice, which John heard distinctly:

"Don't say anything, I am going down into that seat to sit with those people."

And before her mortified and alarmed companions could utter a remonstrance, Fanny Lane had glided quietly three steps forward, and had seated herself by the side of an old woman, who was bent over nearly double with her face buried in her hands, sobbing.

John Bassett felt a strange, irrational rage at this sight, then a still stranger and more irrational desire to go and sit by her side. He gazed at her with a sort of terror, wondering what she would do next. He had not long to wonder. One of the elders approached her, and began to put to her the usual questions. She waved him gently aside, and said in a low, clear voice:

"Thank you, I am not in the least unhappy. I did not come down here for that. I thought I should like to have all these people praying for me—that is all."

Solemn as was the scene, and profoundly as John was feeling at that moment, he had to pass his hand quickly over his face to hide a smile, at the sudden and utter bewilderment of the discomfited elder. There was evident, at first, a quick, angry sus-

picion, that this finely clad city lady had taken her seat there out of pure irreverence; but one look into the steadfast blue eyes slew that suspicion; and with a grave "May the Lord bless your soul, my sister," the elder passed on.

When it was evident that no more persons would come forward to be prayed for, the whole congregation kneeled down, and the prayers began. Prayer after prayer—some quaint, simple and touching; some incongruous and distasteful; but all earnest and impassioned. Fanny Lane sat still as a statue, her fair head unbowed, her eyes fixed steadily on each one who prayed. So strange, so foreign, so inexplicable a sight was never before seen on a camp-ground. More than one good Methodist man had his attention diverted and his devotion jeopardied by that startling face. And as for the good Methodist women, there was but one opinion among them, of poor Fanny's conduct.

"Never see anything so brazen in my life."

"I wonder that Elder Swift didn't put her out."

"Shouldn't wonder ef he thought she was crazy, an' there might be a row that ud break up the meeting," were some of the indignant whispers at Fanny's expense.

Before the prayers ended, John stole softly away. He was uncomfortable. He had a vague instinct of flight from the place,—of flight from this girl whose atmosphere affected him so strangely. He found it no longer agreeable. His feeling toward her was fast becoming something like fear. Midway down the aisle, he stopped, turned, took one more look at her, and met her eyes, steadily, unmistakably fixed upon him. With a sense of something still more like fear in his heart, he turned abruptly and walked on.

When Hi and Hi's folks reached home, considerably past midnight, they found to their great surprise, John Bassett fast asleep on the kitchen settee.

Hi shook him awake by degrees, exclaiming:

"Why, John, how in airth 'd ye get in?"

"Through the buttery window," laughed John. "I stood it over at your camp-meeting as long as I could, and then I came out. If I'd have dreamed that you'd left a window open in all your house you wouldn't have caught me over there at all, I can tell you."

It was arranged that Hi should shoe

Jerry as soon as it was light in the morning. And John would be off for Deerway by six o'clock, for there was mowing to be done that day which could not be put off. Then John went to bed, and as he settled himself to sleep, he said:

"Well, that's the end of that."

But the end was not yet.

Two weeks later, as John was driving Tom and Jerry leisurely along the road past the Goodenows' farm-house, just at sunset one night, he heard his name called loudly from the piazza, and saw Luke Goodenow running down the pathway toward him. John felt, rather than saw, that the piazza was filled with people. He never passed the house without having a secret conscious wonder whether the blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl would be in sight; but he had never seen her since the night of the camp-meeting. Now he felt sure that she was on the piazza, for the whole family had gathered there, to look at the sunset, which was one rippling wave of fiery gold, from the western horizon nearly to the zenith. John did not turn his head, but reined up his horses and sat waiting for Luke.

With true New England circumlocution, Luke opened his communication thus:

"Aint very busy now, John, are you?"

Taken unawares, John said, frankly:

"No; did the last of my haying yesterday. Why?"

"Well, father 'n' I was a wonderin' if you wouldn't do a job o' drivin' for us. Ef yer would, 't u'd be an awful help to us. We're jest about drove out o' our senses. You see we haint got hosses enough for all our folks; yer can't calkilate on boarders no how; one year there wont nobody want to ride at all, 'n' yer hosses 'll eat their heads off; an the next year, ye'll cut down on hosses, and then everybody 'll want to drive from mornin' till night, and not make a mite of allowance for you nuther. Now, Kate, she's gone lame; a feller here raced her up meetin'us hill last week, and pretty nigh killed her—I'd like to break his darned neck for him; an' that breaks up our best team; and you see there's some o' our folks we'd agreed to take regular every afternoon, and they're just upst about it, an' I'm afraid they'll go off if they can't have their rides,—it's about all they do. I wish such folks 'd bring up their own hosses. Now, couldn't you jest take 'em for us? they wont be here more 'n a month. They'll pay ye first rate, they're rich, they don't care what they pay for anything."

John laughed out.

"Why, Luke," he exclaimed, "I'd do 'most anything to oblige you, but I can't really turn hack-driver. I'm sorry."

Luke's face fell.

"I don't suppose ye'd let anybody else drive Tom and Jerry, would you? Father 'd always go himself if ye'd let us have 'em," he said in desperation, for this was really Luke's last hope.

"You'd better believe I wouldn't," said John Bassett, a little proudly. "I'm real sorry for ye, Luke. Well, summer boarders are nothing but a pest anyhow."

"Well, some on 'em is, an' some on 'em isn't," replied the sententious Luke. "There's folks in our house I'd jist as lieves disappoint as not, and a little lieveser; but I do hate to disappoint Miss Fanny an' her ma, the worst kind."

"Oh, it's women folks, is it?" said dishonest John Bassett, with a bound at his guilty heart; "if it's only women folks, I might take 'em, perhaps; but I'll be hanged if I'll drive any o' these city fellows round."

Luke jumped eagerly at this suggestion.

"No, indeed," he said; "there aint no man in the party; jist the two old women and Miss Fanny, an' they're jist the nicest folks we've ever had in our house, I tell you. Miss Fanny, she's a smart one. The old aunt, she's some stuck-up, but she's no account, anyhow. It's Miss Fanny's ma that pays all the bills. You jist come right up here, and make your bargain with 'em now," urged Luke, anxious to strike while the iron was hot.

"Bargain!" shouted John Bassett, with a look of indignation which nearly paralyzed Luke. "I'm not going to make any bargain. You can tell 'em that a friend of yours is going to do it for you. I don't want any of their money."

"But, John," began Luke, "Father wont take it."

"Settle it among you as you like," cried John; "I sha'n't take any money. Let me know when you want me to come," and he gave Tom so sharp a stroke with the whip that Tom reared and plunged forward at a pace that whirled the wagon out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

"Well, I swanny!" ejaculated Luke as he walked up the hill, "John Bassett is a queer one. I wonder how we'll fix it!"

"I swanny" does such universal duty as an oath throughout New England that the expression merits some attention as a philological curiosity. No one can sojourn among

rural New Englanders for any length of time without being driven to speculate as to the origin of the phrase. Could it have come down through ages of gradual elimination from some highly respectable Pagan formula, such as, "I will swear by any of the gods," for instance? This seems a not wholly incredible supposition, and lifts the seeming vulgarity at once to the level of a "condensed classic."

No perplexing considerations of the question of pay hindered the elder Goodenow from grasping gratefully at John Bassett's help in the matter of driving.

"They can pay us all the same," he said to Luke; "an' ef John Bassett's such a fool 's not to take the money, he can go without it, that's all. I sha'n't sue him to make him take it, I reckon."

And so it came to pass that on the next day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, John Bassett sat in his big strong wagon with Tom and Jerry shining like satin, and prancing in their harness before the Goodenow's gate, waiting to take three "summer boarders" to drive. He felt uncomfortable. He was sorry he had said he would do it, but he would not withdraw now; neither was he sure that he wanted to withdraw. In fact, just at present, John Bassett was not sure of anything. Minute after minute passed. Tom and Jerry pranced more and more.

"Look here, Luke," said John, "if this 's the way your folks keep horses standing, they can't drive with me. I'll take a turn and come back,—it fidgets Tom so to stand,"—and he drove down the road at a rapid rate.

"What does the man mean?" exclaimed Aunt Jane, who had just appeared at the door, and was leisurely wrapping herself up. Fanny Lane also looked impatiently after the swift-going horses, and exclaimed, "How very queer!"

Luke hastened to explain.

"Ye see, Miss Fanny," he said, "John Bassett's horses aint like oun. They wont stand a minute."

"What, aren't these horses quiet?" screamed Aunt Jane. "I sha'n't go a step. Maria, this man's brought skittish horses; we'll have our necks broken, and these country people never do know anything about driving."

Luke could not bear this.

"Well, mum," he said, "if you say that after you've driven with John Bassett, I'll eat my head. There aint no circus man can do any more with horses than John can. His horse plays hide-and-seek with

him in the yard, just like a boy,—you'd oughter see it."

Fanny Lane listened with delight.

"Oh, how charming!" she said, with one of her bewildering smiles bent full on Luke. "What good luck it was, Luke, that you found such a nice driver for us, and such nice horses! How did it happen that he was not engaged?"

The truth was very near escaping from Luke's lips in spite of himself; he was so tickled at the idea of John's being "engaged" as a "driver;" but he prudently choked both his laughter and the truth together and answered diplomatically:

"Oh, he wouldn't drive for everybody, John wouldn't,"—which was certainly true, though it served Luke's purpose as well as a lie.

When Luke, with some confusion and mixing up of genders and pronouns, had succeeded in introducing John Bassett to the three women whom he was to take charge of for the afternoon, Fanny Lane looked full in John Bassett's face, and said:

"I have seen you before, Mr. Bassett—I saw you at the camp-meeting. You went out in the middle of the last prayer,—and I thought it was so very wrong of you."

John was dumbfounded. All the old bewilderment of senses and emotions which he had felt at his first sight of this girl, rushed back upon him now,—also something of the old terror. How could he be sure that she had not seen him during the whole time he had spent in watching her? How could he be sure that she had not read his thoughts and feelings in his face? How could he be sure that 'she was not at this very moment reading clearly all his discomforts and perplexity? Heartily, John wished himself and his horses safely back on the Bassett farm.

But all that Miss Lane saw of this mental perturbation was a slight hesitancy and slowness of speech, which she set down to the natural shyness of a rural man—unaccustomed to be at ease with city women; and she found something very quaint and amusing in John's concise reply:

"I do not think any one heard me go out. No one looked up that I saw."

As Miss Lane's eyes were probably the only eyes in that whole congregation which were not devoutly closed at the moment when John stole away so noiselessly on the grass, John had the best of this little opening passage at arms,—how much the best

he did not dream, and would have been astonished if he had known that his companion was saying to herself at that moment: "How clever of him! Of course I should never have known that he had gone out if I had not been gazing about at everything," and Fanny Lane looked with a new interest at John Bassett's face. It was a face that a sensitive and timid woman might fear; but one that a high-spirited and independent woman might welcome with a quick and hearty sense of comradeship and trust. Very calm, very strong, very straightforward was the expression of the face in repose; the eyes were dark blue-gray; the eyebrows and lashes jet black; his smooth-shaved chin was too long and too heavily molded, and his lips were thin rather than full, though the outline of his mouth when closed was rarely fine, and when he smiled it was beautiful. Still, the face was on the whole a stern one, and oftener repelled than won advances from strangers; it compelled confidence, but did not invite familiarity. The more Miss Lane looked at her escort, the more she took satisfaction in his appearance.

"Really," she thought, "this is a god-send; such horses as these, and a man who is not in the least stupid if he is a farmer! We shall have a lovely time on our drives."

And she settled herself back in the broad front seat with a content and pleasurable anticipation which radiated from every feature, and made itself felt like sunshine.

"Isn't this lovely, mamma?" she exclaimed. "What a lucky thing that old Kate went lame! These horses are a thousand times better than Mr. Goodenow's. In fact," she added, "that's no way to speak of them; they would be superb horses anywhere;

they're not to be spoken of as the same sort of animal as Mr. Goodenow's."

"No," said John quietly.

The tone of the monosyllable meant so much that Fanny Lane exclaimed—

"You love your horses very much, Mr. Bassett, do you not?"

"They are my only brothers," replied John. "I have taken care of them since the day they were born."

"Oh, how perfectly delightful!" cried Fanny. "That's the very thing I have always thought I should like to do,—have a colt for my own in the very beginning when I could play with it as I would with a kitten."

"Yes, that's the only way to have the real comfort of a horse," said John. "They are more intelligent than dogs, and much more loving, if they ever had a chance to show it. You ought to see Tom play hide-and-seek with me; he will hunt the whole place over and never give up till he finds me; and he knows just as quick in the morning if there's a little difference in my tone of speaking to him; if I don't happen to feel quite first-rate myself, he'll poke his nose into my hand, and whinny uneasily, till I speak in a chirker voice to him. I don't really need any reins to guide them. See here," and John suddenly said in a low tone—"Whoa, Tom! Whoa, Jerry!" The horses were trotting at a rapid rate down a little hill. So suddenly that they fell almost on their haunches, the beautifully trained animals came to a full stop, and stood still with their necks arched, their heads down, snorting a little in impatience. The sudden stop had given a severe jar to the wagon, and unfortunately had jolted Aunt Jane forward from her seat.

(To be continued.)

SLUMBER SONG.

FAR away on drowsy pools reposing,
Folded lilies touch the water's edge;
There with hush and shadow, night is
closing;
Brown birds nestle low within the sedge.
Here the sea-waves moan and sob,
Snow-flakes whirl, and wind-gusts
throb,
But my babe lies closely to me prest:
Sleep, my baby; ah, my baby, rest;
Sweet, my baby, rest.

Far away in inland forests dusky,
Nuts fall stilly on the mossy sod;
Ripened berries breathe out fragrance
musky;
Dreaming squirrels idly wink and nod;
Here the crested breakers dash,
Sea-birds scream and storm-winds
clash,
But my babe lies warm upon my breast:
Sleep, my baby; ah, my baby, rest;
Sweet, my baby, rest.

WHITE, OF SELBORNE.



GILBERT WHITE'S HOUSE, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF PROFESSOR BELL.

GILBERT WHITE, the father of English Natural History, and the most charming writer upon the subject which the language has produced, was born in 1720, and died in 1793. He was curate (not vicar, as has been said) of the parish of Selborne, in Hampshire. Here he lived the life of a scholar and of a country parson. Selborne was a somewhat secluded spot, little visited by the fashion and fame of the time. The naturalist and poet had therefore all the more leisure to observe the arrivals of the birds and to note the peculiarities of vegetable, animal, and even human life existing in the little realm of Selborne. White was a great naturalist, but it is chiefly on account of his delightful, almost unequaled, gift of description that he is read now, and will doubtless always be read. He will describe the cackling of fowls in a barn-yard in such a way that chickens become most novel and wonderful creatures. In describing an idiot boy he had known twenty years before, who was

fond of honey, and was a skillful bee-catcher, he seems to give his gentle prose almost a buzzing or humming sound. This boy, in the winter, dozed away his time by the fireside in his father's house, but in the summer he was alert and in quest of his game in the fields and on sunny banks. White says:— "Honey-bees, humble-bees and wasps were his prey wherever he found them; he had no apprehensions from their stings, but would seize them *nudis manibus*, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom between his shirt and his skin with a number of these captives; and sometimes he would confine them in bottles. He was a very *Merops apiaster*, or bee-bird; and very injurious to men that kept bees; for he would slide into their bee-gardens, and sitting down before the stools, would rap with his finger on the hives, and so take the bees as they came out. He has been known to

overturn hives for the sake of honey, of which he was passionately fond. When metheglin was making he would linger round the tubs and vessels, begging a draught of what he called bee-wine. As he ran about he used to make a humming noise with his lips, resembling the buzzing of bees. The lad was lean and sallow, and of a cadaverous complexion; and except in his favorite pursuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding." The literary excellence of this is wonderful, yet White never appeared to wish to be literary; in some of his happiest passages he seems to be only transcribing a fact in the plainest and simplest language. He does not dilute his pictures with thin reflections which the reader should be allowed to make for himself. Thus when he speaks of the coins of Marcus Aurelius and the Empress Faustina, found at the bottom of Wolmer Pond, where they had been left by the Romans, and which finally came into circulation at Selborne, he says:—"The owners at first held their commodity at a high price, but finding that they were not likely to meet with dealers at such a rate, they soon lowered their terms and sold the fairest as they could. The coins that were rejected became current and passed for farthings at the petty shops." A modern essayist would not have lost the chance to point the humorous and poetical suggestions of the incident. But White, being full of such facts, passes on to the next. Gilbert White took a life-time to make his "Selborne." He has given to it the calmness, the benevolence, the content of his long life. It shows him as a man of culture and books, as well as of the fields. He was of a gentle yet independent mind, giving to other subjects the same clearness of vision with which he looked upon the external world. His quiet, orderly and delicate nature is impressed upon every page of his work. He performs his parish duties. He talks with the farmers and villagers about the bird and plant life which he is studying. He takes his walks. He rises in the morning to look at his sun-dial, or to record the fall of the rain. The book is full of the spirit of a man whose main joy is in the discovery of some long-concealed mystery of the life of birds, whose most poignant regret is to find that the honey-dew has defaced his honeysuckles. "My honeysuckles," he says of the sultry season of 1783, "which were one week ago the most sweet and lovely objects which the eye could behold, became the next the most loathsome; being enveloped

in a viscous substance and loaded with black *aphides*, or smother-flies."

White was born in Selborne, as we have said, in 1720. He received his earlier education at Basingstoke, under the Rev. Thomas Warton, vicar of that town, and the father of two distinguished men, Dr. Joseph Warton, Master of Winchester School, and Mr. Thomas Warton, Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He entered Oriel College, Oxford, and took his degree in 1743. In 1744, he was elected a fellow of his college. He was evidently an excellent scholar, but having no ambition either for collegiate or priestly honors, he retired to his native village of Selborne, and lived there or in its vicinity till the time of his death. As he never married, he retained the income of his fellowship, and appears to have had, besides, a small property of his own. He was, during a good part of his life, a clergyman without a cure. It was not until late in life that he became curate of Selborne. The house in which he lived, and of which we have such charming pictures, was not the vicarage, but was his own. It is strange that so little of personal knowledge concerning him should have come down to us. There is no picture of him. The neglect into which his fame has fallen in Selborne was probably due, in part, to his having been unmarried, for nephews are by no means as good custodians of the fame of a great man as wives, sons, and daughters. We learn from an admirer who went to Selborne fifty years ago to get some account of White, that he was then even able to discover very little. He saw an old dame who had nursed several of his family, and who told him of White, that "he was a still, quiet body, and that there wasn't a bit of harm in him. I'll assure ye, sir, there wasn't a bit." But the inquirer could not have been industrious, for a man by the name of Hale, who died in 1855, had often taken tea with White. Mr. Frank Buckland, the editor of the most recent edition of White's great work,* went very recently to Selborne to acquaint himself with the localities of the parish, and to learn if anything in the way of personal reminiscence might yet remain of the au-

* "Natural History of Selborne," by Gilbert White. With Notes, by Frank Buckland. A chapter on Antiquities, by Lord Selborne. Macmillan: London and New York. The engravings which we present are from this edition, with the exception of the one on page 499, which is a corner of the frontispiece of the edition of 1813.

thor. Selborne, Mr. Buckland found a very pretty place,—a model of English woodland scenery and country life. The village he thinks but little changed since White's day, except that some of the shops have glass windows, which would astonish White considerably if he could see them. Professor Bell, who resides in White's house, and has had for many years an edition of White in preparation, showed Mr. Buckland the house. On entering, the visitor found himself in an antehall with a very low roof and whitewashed ceiling. White's study was a plain room, admirably adapted for quiet writing and thought. His book-case, in which his books were formerly kept, is still in the study, and is a simple wooden case, with a brass wire netting. The books have been dispersed, it is not known where. At one end of the case is fastened the thermometer by means of which White took his observations. Professor Bell pointed out a portrait of White's grandfather, whose face Mr. Buckland describes as strong and intelligent, and certainly that of a well-marked character. White's walking-stick was in one corner of the room; it is a pale Malacca cane; on the top is a silver plate bearing the figure of an heraldic creature, meant for a parrot. The naturalist probably wore a clerical wig, knee-breeches, and buckles. In the edition of 1813, there is a general view of Selborne; the figure standing on the brow of the hill, supposed to be White himself, is in the old-fashioned costume of

his cane. Of personal reminiscence, Mr. Buckland, after such a lapse of time, was, of course, able to gather very little. One villager told him that "White was thought very little of till he was dead and gone, and then he was thought a great deal of." The villager referred him to a Mrs. Small, who was ninety-three years old. Mrs. Small was born in 1782, and was consequently eleven years old at the time of White's death. She could not recollect much about him, except that "he was a quiet old gentleman with very old-fashioned sayings," and that there was in White's time "a butcher shop opposite his door, and a butcher shop is there now." She said:—"Mr. White used to give a number of poor people a goose every Christmas. He was very kind in giving presents to the poor. He used to keep a *locust*, which crawled about in the garden." Mr. Buckland, remembering White's tortoise "Timothy," suggested "tortoise." She said:—"Ah, that's what I mean." She said that one old Dame Perry knew all about White, but that old Dame Perry had been dead fifty years. Professor Bell's gardener told Mr. Buckland that he knew an old man named James Cobb, who was nearly ninety, and who was eight years old when White died. When Cobb saw Mr. White coming he used to run and put stones into the ruts and fill them up. Mr. White used to give him a penny, and say, "Good boy, good boy." The old Mr. Hale, whom we have referred to as being sixteen years old when White died, and who had often taken tea with him, described White to Professor Bell's gardener as a "little, thin, prim, upright man."

Mr. Buckland also saw a number of White's manuscripts, and he discovered from them the way in which his observations came to be so disconnected. When White returned home, his habit was to take a sheet of paper and enter down the observations of the day. These manuscripts, including the correspondence with Linnæus, are to be used in Professor Bell's edition, which is to be one for scholars rather than for general readers. Professor Bell has lived at Selborne thirty-three years, and cherishes White's memory with reverence. The professor took Mr. Buckland into the garden and showed him White's sun-dial still standing. Mr. Buckland tells us that the professor's venerable appearance and the surroundings of his house could not but make him fancy that he was talking to the great Gilbert himself. The picture (page 497), no doubt,



CORNER OF FRONTISPICE TO AN OLD EDITION OF WHITE.

White's time. From the same edition, we have borrowed a picture of the old naturalist in small-clothes, poking a snake with

shows the front of the house just as it was, for it has been very little altered in many years. Through this lattice gate Gilbert White passed to and fro into the village highway. The *Plestor* (or playing-place, as the word means), Mr. Buckland says, is the Charing Cross of the village. The oak which White mentions as having stood there before his time is now represented by a sycamore.

It was odd that Mr. Buckland should have seen an idiot boy in Selborne. He was the second villager whom he met. But this idiot had not the liking and the talents for bee-hunting which White's idiot boy had. He gets his living by needle-work with his mother, but toward night-fall he is in the habit of prowling about the place and catching hedgehogs. Mr. Buckland visited most of the village localities, some of them already famous before White's time, with White's book in his hand. While looking at Wolmer Pond, a great portion of which has now become a mass of different kinds of mosses, he had just read this passage from White: "This lonely domain is a very agreeable haunt for many sorts of wild fowl which not only frequent it in the winter, but breed there in summer"—when up rose nine wild ducks. Mr. Buckland found that the children were quite as many as in White's time. "The parish swarms with children," White wrote, nearly a hundred years ago. The parish still swarms with children, but they are not the children which White saw. The children which he saw are now Mrs. Sewall and old James Cobb.

From some other sources we have been able to gather a little about Gilbert White. There was published in 1840, in "Blackwood's Magazine," a charming account of a visit to Selborne, made in the spring of that year. The writer is a warm-hearted enthusiast, who, though he says he is no naturalist, is evidently a genuine and a worthy admirer of White. The young man has read and re-read the book many times; his fancy is full of Selborne, and he is determined that he shall see it. Young limbs, a warm heart, fresh sympathies, a good appetite, and any quantity of sentiment, make this gentleman's outfit for his visit to the home of White. The visitor came with a friend by the railway to Alton, and the two walked over to Selborne. The landlord of The Royal Arms, suspecting the attraction that made his secluded village classic ground to the stranger, bought two editions of White's book, and promised to search among the village elders for one

who could gratify their curiosity concerning White from personal knowledge. In the morning, they visited the neat vicarage in which the naturalist was born. As we have said, the house in which he afterward lived was not the vicarage, but was the private property of his family. It was the only house in the village except the vicarage and one occupied by a farmer, which would have been a fit habitation for a gentleman. Selborne was singularly unprovided with local pretenders to gentility. The Whites were evidently *the* family of the town, and this fact may have in part accounted for the attachment with which Mr. White clung to his native village. It is pleasant to have one place in the world where there is nobody to dispute one's claim to consideration. The writer in "Blackwood's" and his friend visited Wolmer Forest, and sat upon the bank from which Queen Anne saw the herd of five hundred deer driven past. The writer was permitted to enter White's house,—then empty,—to walk into the very garden which held the sundial, and to look at the fruit wall against which the astute tortoise Timotheus used to tilt himself to get the benefit of the sun. Of information concerning White, however, the writer did not carry away much. An old man who attended them at the inn, and who recollected White perfectly well, described him as a man of pleasing countenance, of ordinary stature, of affable and unobtrusive manners, and of a retiring disposition,—much attached to his native village and seldom missed from it for any great length of time,—his establishment consisting of but three servants, and his mode of living strictly economical and gentleman-like. "The only details," says the writer, "which we could expect from our old man, who, though sufficiently garrulous, was far from being lucid, or satisfactory in his description of the philosopher, was that Mr. White had a remarkably handsome foot and leg. Upon this trait of manly beauty in the philosopher, our village Nestor dwelt with peculiar complacency and satisfaction."

It should be said, on the authority of one of his nephews, that Gilbert White's habits were very temperate, and his temper cheerful and social. He was often surrounded by his nephews and nieces, and was on very good terms with the gentry of his neighborhood. As long as his health allowed him, he always attended the annual election of Fellows at Oriel College, Oxford. On this occasion, the gentlemen commoners (these

were the aristocratic undergraduates) were allowed the use of the common room after dinner. They rarely availed themselves of this liberty, except on the occasion of Mr. White's visits. He had such a happy and

not wish to go there? Would he not like, on some bright morning, to leave the pleasant inn below, and to climb this hill with White's book in his hand? It will be very easy for him to do so when he next goes to



VIEW OF SELBORNE FROM THE HANGER.

inimitable manner of relating an anecdote, that the room was always full when he was there.

The picture above shows us the view of Selborne from the Hanger. The Hanger is the wood upon the hill which looks down on the village. Does not this picture invite the reader's fancy to Selborne? Would he

England. Selborne is just on the way from Southampton to London, lying only four miles from the railway.

The parish of Selborne is a large one. It lies on the extreme eastern corner of the county of Hampshire, bordering on the county of Sussex, and not far from the county of Surrey. It is about fifty miles

south-west of London (a great way in White's time), and about fifteen miles due north from the English Channel. The parish is of very irregular shape, being about five miles in breadth from east to west, and having a mean breadth from north to south

in the center of the village. Near it is a square surrounded by houses, and called the Plestor. Here stood in old times an oak, which perished years before White's birth, but of which he might easily have heard from contemporaries of his own who had



THE WELL-HEAD.

of perhaps two miles. The Hanger is on a chalk hill, which is south-west of the village, and is about three hundred feet high. The wood of the Hanger is altogether of beech. At the foot of the hill lies the village, which consists of a single shopping street, three-quarters of a mile in length, in a sheltered vale, and running parallel with the Hanger. At each end of the village, which runs from south-east to north-west, there arises a small rivulet. "That at the north-west end," says White, "frequently fails; but the other is a fine perennial spring, called Well-head, little influenced by drought or wet seasons, inasmuch as it produced, on the 14th of September, 1781, after a severe hot summer and a preceding dry spring and winter, nine gallons of water in a minute, at a time when many of the wells failed, and all the ponds in the vales were dry." The church, with its great yew-tree, of which White writes a great deal, is

seen it. It is described in one of his best known passages: "In the midst of this spot (the Plestor) stood in old times a vast oak with a short, squat body and huge horizontal arms, extending almost to the extremity of the area. This venerable tree, surrounded with stone steps and seats above them, was the delight of old and young, and a place of much resort in summer evenings; where the former sate in grave debate, while the latter frolicked and danced before them. Long might it have stood, had not the amazing tempest in 1703 overturned it at once, to the infinite regret of the inhabitants and the vicar, who bestowed several pounds in setting it in its place again; but all his care could not avail; the tree sprouted for a time, then withered and died. This oak I mention to show to what bulk planted oaks also may arrive; and planted this tree must certainly have been, as appears from what is known concerning the antiquities of the village." The church, which is near the Plestor, Gilbert White tells us, has no great

pretensions to antiquity, not dating farther back than the beginning of the reign of Henry VII. The pillars, however, are older, being of that low, thick order called Saxon; they no doubt upheld the roof of the former church. He tells us that he remembers himself the beams of the middle aisle hung with garlands in honor of young women of the parish, reputed to have died virgins; and recollects to have seen the clerk's wife cutting, in white paper, the resemblances of gloves and ribbons to be twisted into knots and roses to decorate these memorials of chastity. In the next parish of Faringdon, garlands of this kind were to be seen at the time that White wrote his "Antiquities." White tells a pretty story about one of the bells in the tower of Selborne Church. The old bells, three in number, loud and out of tune, were taken down in 1735, and cast into four. Sir Simeon Stuart, a magnate of the neighborhood, added a fifth at his own ex-

pense, and bestowed upon it the name of his favorite daughter, Mary. He caused the following motto to be cast round it :

"Clara puella dedit, dixitque mihi esto Maria :
Ilius et laudes nomen ad astra sono ;"

which, being freely translated, means : "A distinguished young lady gave me, and said that my name should be Mary : I sound to the stars her name and praises." The day of the arrival of the bells at the village was observed as a high festival, and made more joyous by an order from the giver that the treble bell should be fixed bottom upward in the ground and filled with punch, of which all present were to partake.

The Knights Templars, who had considerable property in Selborne, and who had a preceptory about a mile from the village, are, some of them, buried in Selborne church ; at least, White believed that some of the coffins he examined were those of Knights Templars. The order was distinguished by a red cross on the left shoulder of their cloak and by this symbol in their hand. White found their symbols on some of the coffin lids. If these bones were those of Knights Templars, they must have lain there for many centuries, and the church must have been very old, since the order came to England in King Stephen's reign in 1113, and was dissolved in the time of Edward II., in 1312. The church-yard, for so large a church, is extremely small. Gilbert White's grave is marked only by a simple stone bearing his initials, he having asked in his will that no monument was to be erected to him, "not desiring to have his name recorded save in the book of life." Gilbert White is buried on the east of the church. But he tells us that in his own time "all wish to be buried on the south side, which is become such a mass of mortality that no person can be there interred without disturbing or displacing the bones of his ancestors." In the church-yard was, and still is, a magnificent yew-tree, which White tells us was twenty-three feet in

girth, but which Mr. Buckland says to be twenty-five feet. White mentions the tree often in his "Antiquities," and discourses upon it after his manner. The yew-tree in the church-yard was a male, as were most of the trees in the neighborhood. But he mentions a common-sized female tree in the village which bore a great crop of berries. These berries were blown down into the road, where the hogs and cows ate them. The hogs suffered no inconvenience from the repast, but milch cows often died after eating the berries. White found also that the twigs and leaves of yew, though eaten in very small quantity, were certain and speedy death to horses and cows. He mentions cases of horses tied to a yew hedge, or to a faggot stack of dead yew, being found dead by their owners. White tells of one of his friends who, in the island of Ely, had the mortification to see nine young steers or bullocks of his own lying dead in a heap from browsing on a hedge of yew.

Two of the celebrated localities of Selborne were the priory and Wolmer Forest. The priory of Selborne was founded by Peter de la Roche, an accomplished young French soldier, who in King John's time had come to England and had got access to the English court. John appointed him, in 1205, bishop of Winchester. After his return from Palestine he founded, in 1232, the priory of Selborne. White's "Antiquities" is mainly taken up with the history of this priory. The priory appears to have been a rather disorderly and irreligious place.



THE FLESTOR.

At any rate, Pope Innocent VIII., by a bull, in 1486, suppressed the convent, and ordered that its revenues should be turned over to Magdalen College, Oxford. The immense buildings had entirely disappeared in White's time. Time and avarice had borne their part in the demolition of the vast structure. Wantonness, no doubt, had

of doing some mischief gave a zest to the enterprise. As Dryden says upon another occasion—

“‘It look'd so like a sin it pleased the more.’”

The priory was south of the village; Wolmer Forest is east of it. Wolmer Forest is a tract of country which has a history of



ANOTHER VIEW OF GILBERT WHITE'S HOUSE.

a share in the work, for, says White, in his quaint and serious manner: “Boys love to destroy what men venerate and admire.” As is his wont, he gives a reminiscence of one of his own young escapades:—“A remarkable instance of this propensity the writer can give from his own knowledge. When a school-boy, more than fifty years ago, he was eye-witness, perhaps a party concerned, in the undermining a portion of that fine old ruin at the north end of Basingstoke Town, well known by the name of Holy Ghost Chapel. Very providentially, the vast fabric, which these thoughtless little engineers endeavored to sap, did not give way so soon as might have been expected; but it fell the night following with such violence that it shook the very ground, and awakening the inhabitants of the neighboring cottages, made them start up from their beds as if they had felt an earthquake. The motive for this dangerous attempt does not so readily appear; perhaps the more danger the more honor, thought the boys; the notion

its own. In White's time it was seven miles in length, by two in breadth. It was covered entirely with heath and fern, and had not one standing tree in its whole extent.* Kings have not disdained to hunt in this domain. That weak Prince, Edward II., was once hunting there when Morris Ken, of the kitchen, fell from his horse a number of times. The King found himself laughing so immoderately, that he declared him a very amusing fellow; and when the hunt was over, ordered him a gift of twenty shillings,—an enormous sum for those times. The tumbles of Morris Ken had, of course, been intentional. In White's day quantities of partridges were bred in the forest, and black game was only just extinct. Toward the beginning of the last century some five hundred red deer were still kept in the forest. White says that the keeper had assured him that his father had

* “Forest” was the name given to a domain, wooded or unwooded, which was the property of the crown.

often told him that Queen Anne, as she was journeying in this region, did not think Wolmer Forest beneath her royal regard. She reposed herself upon a bank, smoothed for that purpose, and still called Queen's Bank, and saw the whole of a flock of deer, consisting of about five hundred head, brought by the keepers along the vale before her—"a sight," says Mr. White, "worthy of the attention of the greatest sovereign." But the herd rapidly decreased after this, owing to the depredations of the Waltham blacks, as they were called.

About the beginning of the last century, the whole of the neighborhood of Selborne

exploits of their youth, such as watching the pregnant hind to her lair, and when the calf was dropped, paring its feet to the quick to prevent its escape till it was large and fat enough to be killed; the mistaking a neighbor for a deer in the moonlight and shooting at him; or the losing a dog by having a stag spring with his four feet together upon his back and break it. The latter singular story is told by a recent writer upon hunting, as having happened within his experience.

"The Natural History of Selborne" is in the form of letters to two distinguished men of the time,—one, Thomas Pennant, an



THE YEW-TREE IN SELBORNE CHURCH-YARD.

was wild about deer-stealing. No young person was admitted to have manhood and gallantry unless he could kidnap a deer. The deer disappeared so rapidly, and the effect of the poaching was so bad upon public morals, that in 1737, the Duke of Cumberland sent down a herdsman and six yeoman-primers in scarlet jackets laced with gold, attended by stag hounds; they were ordered to capture every deer in the forest alive, and conveyed them to Windsor. White tells us that even in his old age, the race of deer-stealers were hardly yet extinct. It was but a little while before that he used to hear them recount, over their ale, the

active and well-known scientific inquirer, and the other, the Hon. Daines Barrington, who was a lawyer, and afterward, we believe, a Welsh judge. Some sixteen or more editions have been published of the work. The volumes have usually contained, besides the "Natural History of Selborne," a shorter work called "The Antiquities of Selborne," and a series of observations. The book was not published till very late in the life of its author, who had no disposition to publish at all, and had, besides, a great horror of reviewers. Mr. White would not have printed his work, had he not been urged to it by his brother Thomas, a Fellow of the Royal

Society. It was not to be expected that it would make any great stir at first. Yet not long after the publication of "Selborne," a striking prophecy was made concerning the future of the book by Dr. Scrope Beardmore, at that time Warden of Merton College, to a nephew of Mr. White's. "Your uncle," the Warden said, "has sent into the world a publication with nothing to call attention to it but an advertisement or two in the newspapers; but, depend upon it, the time will come when very few who buy books will be without it."

That Gilbert White was an elegant scholar, his pages attest plainly. He had a wide range of knowledge, he was the master of a good Latin style, and he knew the literature of his country well, having an extensive acquaintance with it, and a keen perception of its spirit. It is very pleasant when the old naturalist stops to point a reflection with a line from the Latin or the British poets. He wrote some good verses himself, of which, perhaps, the lines called "The Invitation to Selborne" are the most interesting. The reader now knows enough of Selborne to identify the localities referred to.

"See, Selborne spreads her boldest beauties round,
The vary'd valley, and the mountain-ground
Wildly majestic; what is all the pride
Of flats, with loads of ornament supply'd?
Unpleasing, tasteless, impotent expense,
Compare'd with Nature's rude magnificence?

"Oft on some evening, sunny, soft, and still,
The Muse shall hand thee to the beech-grown
hill,
To spend in tea the cool, refreshful hour,
Where nods in air the pensile, nest-like bower:
Or where the Hermit hangs his straw-clad cell,
Emerging gently from the leafy dell:
Romantic spot! from whence in prospect lies
White'er of landscape charms our feasting eyes;
The pointed spire, the hall, the pasture-plain,
The russet fallow and the golden grain;
The breezy lake that sheds a gleaming light,
'Til all the fading picture fails the sight.

Hark! while below the village bells ring round,
Echo, sweet Nymph, returns the soften'd sound:
But if gusts rise, the rushing forests roar
Like the tide tumbling on the pebbly shore.

"Adown the vale in lone sequester'd nook,
Where skirting woods imbrown the dimpling
brook,
The ruin'd Abbey lies: here wont to dwell
The lazy monk within his cloister'd cell;
While papal darkness brooded o'er the land;
Ere Reformation made her glorious stand:
Still oft at eve belated shepherd-swains
See the cowl'd specter skim the folded plains.

"Nor be the Parsonage by the Muse forgot:
The partial bard admires his native spot;
Smit with its beauties lov'd, as yet a child,
Unconscious why, its 'scapes grotesque and wild:
High on a mound th' exalted gardens stand;
Beneath, deep vallies scoop'd by Nature's hand.

"Me, far above the rest, Selbornian scenes,
The pendent forest and the mountain-greens,
Strike with delight * * * there speeds the distant
view
That gradual fades 'til sunk in misty blue:
Here Nature hangs her slopy woods to sight,
Rills purl between and dart a wavy light.

"When deep'ning shades obscure the face of
day
To yonder bench leaf-sheltered let us stray,
To hear the drowsy dor come brushing by
With buzzing wing; or the field-cricket cry;
To see the feeding bat glance through the wood;
Or catch the distant falling of the flood;
While high in air, and poised upon his wings,
Unseen the soft enamored wood-lark sings;†
These, Nature's works, the curious mind employ,
Inspire a soothing, melancholy joy:
As fancy warms, a pleasing kind of pain
Steals o'er the cheek and thrills the creeping
vein!

"Each rural sight, each sound, each smell com-
bine;
The tinkling sheep-bell, or the breath of kine;
The new-mown hay that scents the swelling
breeze;
Or cottage-chimney smoking through the trees.

"The chilling night-dews fall * * * away, retire,
What time the glow-worm lights her amorous
fire."‡

This poem was written by the naturalist to his nephew. The letter which accompanied it is printed for the first time in Mr. Buckland's edition. It begins modestly: "Dear Sam, when I sat down to write to you in verse, my whole design was to show you how easy a thing it might be, with a little care, for a Nephew to excel his Uncle in the business of versification: but as you have fully answered that intent by your late excellent lines; you must for the future excuse my replying in the same way, and make some allowance for the difference of our ages." There are in this letter some critical remarks on poetry which strike us as very just and felicitous. He says of Dryden's use of a third line: "Another beauty should not be passed over, and that is, the use of throwing the sense and pause into the third line. Dryden introduced this practice, and carried it to great perfection; but his successor, Pope, by his overexactness, cor-

* The vicarage, White's birthplace.

† In hot summer nights in England, wood-larks soar to a prodigious height, and hang singing in the air.

‡ The light of the glow-worm is a signal to her paramour, —a dusky, slender scarab.

rected away that noble liberty, and almost reduced every sentence within the narrow bounds of a couplet." He says about rhymes: "I need not add, that you should be careful to seem not to take any pains about your rhymes; they should fall in, as it were, of themselves. Our old poets labored as much to lug in two chiming words, as a butcher does to drag an ox to be slaughtered; but Mr. Pope has set such a pattern of ease in that way, that few composers now are faulty in the business of rhiming."

White introduces his natural history into his poetry. Thus in "The Naturalist's Summer Evening Walk," he puts in verse the inquiry, often expressed in his prose, concerning the winter quarters of the swallow:

"Amusive birds! say where your bid retreat
When the frost rages and the tempests beat;
Whence your return, by such nice instinct led,
When Spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head?
Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride,
The God of Nature is your secret guide."

This was the day in which a writer of acceptable verse was styled a "performer." If the reader wishes to see how an author whose poetry is not much better than most other people's may write prose which can no more be imitated than Homer, which

there is, perhaps, nowhere in White's book a more remarkable piece of description than his chapter upon the voices of wild birds and domestic fowls. The woodpecker, he tells us, sets up "a sort of loud and hearty laugh," while the fern-owl or goat-sucker, from dusk till daybreak, "serenades his mate with the clattering of castenets." The reader who has not already made White's acquaintance may judge from the following passage upon poultry how inimitable his power is:

"No inhabitants of the yard seem possessed of such a variety of expression and so copious a language as common poultry. Take a chicken of four or five days old, and hold it up to a window where there are flies, and it will immediately seize its prey with little twitterings of complacency; but if you tender it a wasp or bee, at once its note becomes harsh and expressive of disapprobation and a sense of danger. When a pullet is ready to lay, she intimates the event by a joyous, soft and easy note. Of all the occurrences of their life, that of laying seems to be the most important; for no sooner has a hen disburdened herself than she rushes forth with a clamorous kind of joy, which the cock and the rest of his mistresses immediately adopt. The tumult is not confined to the family

concerned, but catches from yard to yard, and spreads to every homestead within hearing, till at last the whole village is in an uproar. As soon as the hen becomes a mother, her new relation demands a new language; she then runs clucking and screaming about, and seems agitated, as if possessed. The father of the flock has also a considerable vocabulary; if he finds food, he calls a favorite concubine to partake; and if a bird of prey passes over, with a warning voice he bids his family beware. The gallant chanticleer has, at com-



THE GRAVE OF GILBERT WHITE.

can no more be duplicated than the exquisite mind it expresses, he should read White's "Selborne."

With the exception of the accounts of the tortoise and the bee-hunting idiot boy,

mand, his amorous phases and his terms of defiance. But the sound by which he is best known is his crowing; by this he has been distinguished in all ages as the countryman's clock or larum, as the watchman that pro-

claims the divisions of the night. Thus the poet elegantly styles him—

"* * * the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours."

In this chapter Gilbert White tells a most dramatic story of a neighbor who had lost most of his chickens by a sparrow-hawk, that came gliding down between a faggot pile and the end of his house, to the place where his coops stood. The owner, vexed to see his flock diminishing, hung a net between the pile and the house, into which the bird dashed and was entangled. The gentleman's resentment suggested a fit retaliation; he therefore clipped the hawk's wings, cut off his talons, and, fixing a cork on his bill, threw him down among the brood-hens. "Imagination," says Mr. White, "cannot paint the scene that ensued; the expressions that fear, rage and revenge inspired were new, or at least such as had been unnoticed before; the exasperated matrons upbraided, they execrated, they insulted, they triumphed. In a word, they never desisted from buffeting their adversary till they had torn him in a hundred pieces."

Timothy, the tortoise, is first mentioned in the letter of October, 1770. As White endowed this animal with an unusual degree of affection and humor, and as the tortoise has attained a fame such as falls to the lot of comparatively few men, its history may be given with some particularity. The tortoise had been living some thirty years in the garden of a house in Sussex, which White was visiting. He wrote:—"A land tortoise, which has been kept for thirty years in a little walled court, belonging to the house where I am now visiting, retires underground about the middle of November, and comes forth again about the middle of April. When it first appears in the spring, it discovers very little inclination towards food, but in the height of summer grows voracious; and then, as the summer declines, its appetite declines also, so that for the last six weeks in autumn it hardly eats at all. Milky plants, such as lettuces, dandelions, sow-whistles, are its favorite dish. In a neighboring village one was kept till, by tradition, it was supposed to be a hundred years old,—an instance of vast longevity in such a poor reptile."

Two years afterward, Gilbert White again speaks of his Sussex tortoise. He then notes two of the creature's characteristics,—its dislike of rain and its sagacity. The extreme dislike of rain seemed strange

in an animal whose shell would secure it against the wheel of a loaded cart. "Yet does it discover as much solicitude about rain as a lady dressed in all her best attire, shuffling away on the first sprinkling, and running its head up in a corner." It showed its sagacity in discerning those who were kind to it; for as soon as the good old lady came in sight who had waited on it for more than thirty years, it hobbled toward her with awkward alacrity; but it took no notice of strangers. In 1780 White wrote to Mr. Barrington that the old Sussex tortoise had become his property. When he took it out of its winter dormitory it was sufficiently awakened to express its resentment by hissing; but when let out into his own garden it soon got underground. A mild and moist afternoon in spring brought it forth, and also a quantity of shell-snails. The old naturalist is delighted with this "curious coincidence," with this "amusing occurrence," is astonished at "such a similarity of feeling between two *ορεσολιτοί*," (*ορεσολιτοί* is the Greek for "house-bearers," for so the Greeks called both the shell-snail and the tortoise: the word had a curious secondary meaning; the Greeks applied it to young women who brought dowries to their husbands, and who might well be considered as bringing their houses on their backs.) White found his tortoise very clever, and describes a number of his traits in order to show that he is not the abject reptile he is thought. Though he loves hot weather, he avoids the hot sun, because his thick shell, when once heated, would scald his back. "He therefore," says White, "spends the more sultry hours under the umbrella of a large cabbage leaf, or midst the waving forests of an asparagus-bed." But as he avoids heat in the summer, so in the decline of the year he improves the faint autumnal beams by getting within the reflection of a fruit wall, and "though he has never read that planes inclining to the horizon receive a greater share of warmth," he inclines his shell by tilting it against the wall, to collect and admit every feeble ray. Notwithstanding his customary torpor, the naturalist relates that there is a season of the year (usually the beginning of June) when his exertions are remarkable. "He then walks on tiptoe, and is stirring by five in the morning; and, traversing the garden, examines every wicket and interstice in the fences, through which he will escape if possible; and often has eluded the care of the gardener, and wandered to some distant

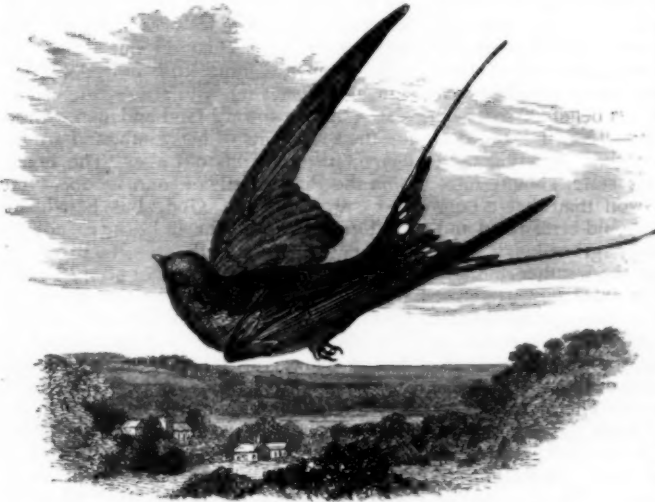
field. The motives that impel him to undertake these rambles seem to be of the amorous kind; his fancy then becomes intent on sexual attachments, which transport him beyond his usual gravity, and induce him to forget for a while his ordinary solemn deportment."

It was this tortoise for whom Gilbert White wrote a letter to Miss Mulso, the sister of his intimate friend. The letter is

"Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre."

"For my part I see no wit in the application, nor know whence the verses are quoted." But such grievances, he says, are very trifling by the side of his greatest misfortune, the absence of his kind. He concludes: "Suppose you were to be kidnapped away to-morrow in the bloom of your life to a land of tortoises, and were never again to see a human face for fifty years!!! Think on this, dear lady, and pity your sorrowful reptile, Timothy."

An old bachelor who attains literary distinction, is frequently said to have been attached to a lady who became Mrs. Somebody Else. It is hinted that there was some partial feeling on White's part to this Miss Mulso, who became Mrs. Chapon. An interesting and amusing series of letters passed between



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signed "Timothy," and gives a humorous account of the history of the supposed author. He tells his correspondent that he is an American, that he was born in the province of Virginia in the year 1734, and that he remembers the death, at the age of 160, of his great-great-grandfather, though funerals are rare occasions among tortoises. Some ship-boy wandering about happened to see him, and whipping him into his wallet, carried him aboard his vessel. He was thus brought to Chichester, in England, where he was sold to a country gentleman for a half-crown. This old gentleman, naming him Timothy, handed him over to the care of his wife, a benevolent and humane lady, of whom he became very fond. From her he passed to her nephew, who was a naturalist, and who made him the subject of many whimsical experiments. Timothy objects to the ridicule which he receives on all sides, saying: "Sometimes my master repeats with much seeming triumph the following lines, which occasion a loud laugh:

them. White's letters, unfortunately, were destroyed.

As an observer, White aimed always to be exact, and, like every genuine man of science, believed in the necessity of absolute candor. Thus he says, concerning the ousel, in writing to Mr. Pennant: "You put a very shrewd question when you ask me how I know that their autumnal migration is southward. Were not candor and openness the very soul of natural history, I should pass over this query just as a sly commentator does over a crabbed passage in a classic." A question upon which White is evidently very curious is as to the hibernation of swallows. To this he returns again and again. He knew that most swallows migrate, but some few were seen so late in the autumn, and so early in the spring, that it was certain they did not leave England; and as they were nowhere to be seen during the winter months, the conclusion was that they hibernated. The opinion of recent inquirers is against White's notion.

What is fortunate and peculiar in Gilbert White's treatment of the natural facts concerning which he is curious, is that he touches little or nothing which is not interesting to the least educated and least attentive mind, or which he does not contrive to make so. His eye is always open to the simple wonders he sees about him, and he appears to be by nature attracted most to those facts which make the best stories. Perhaps it is a cat whose kittens have been destroyed, who comes purring up the garden walk with a little rabbit she was suckling. (It is very hard to refer to one of these stories without transcribing a sentence of White's exquisite description.) This incident, he says, supports him in his belief of some of the marvels of history:—"For it is not one whit more marvelous that Romulus and Remus, in their infant state, should have been nursed by a she-wolf than that a poor little suckling leveret should be fostered and cherished by a bloody grimalkin." But even such subjects as the weather and the fall of the rain become extremely attractive in White's hands. He talks quaintly of the wet season of 1764, of the fierce heats of 1781, and of the great snow-storm of 1776, in a way which brings the man and the time very distinctly before us. The oldest inhabitant was then just as much puzzled at these anomalies as we know him to be at similar ones to-day. In the great snow-storm of 1776, he went to London "through a sort of Laplandian scene, very wild and grotesque indeed. But the metropolis exhibited a still more singular appearance than the country; for being bedded deep in snow, the pavement of the streets could not be touched by the wheels or the horses' feet, so that the carriages ran about without the least noise. Such an exemption from din and clatter was strange, but not pleasant; it seemed to convey an uncomfortable idea of desolation:

"* * * * * ipsa silentia terrent."

It would be interesting to know something of the character of Gilbert White as a clergyman. But a single sermon of his has come down to us. This sermon I have seen at the New York Society Library, the only library in which I was able to find a copy. It was printed in the "*Journal of Sacred Literature*" for 1863, to which it was sent by Mr. White's grand-nephew. The sermon was written in 1748, when the author was about twenty-eight, and preached for the last time in 1792, about eight months before his death. The author's spelling and punctuation are

retained. It is a good sermon. It has been said of the preaching of the middle of the last century that "it consisted of a dry morality from which every distinctively Christian element was struck out for the sake of a barren philosophy." This sermon of White's certainly does not bear out this view. What is most remarkable about it is, that though written when its author was a very young man, it presents him much as we have known him later. The gentle ideal of life which his completed career furnishes us was evidently before his eyes in youth. He appears to have changed but little. An equal temper, a mind little moved by passion, and always ready to answer the call of reason, a love toward God and man,—these are the sentiments of his youth, and are the characteristics of his old age. The text is from the First Epistle of John, iv. 20. "He that says he loves God, but hateth his brother, is a Lyar; for if he loves not his Brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" Mr. White begins by remarking that the statement made in the text might seem untrue. Though God does not exhibit himself to human view, yet his wisdom, power and goodness are so visible in his works, as to allure any one who considers them to the love of so excellent a being. But human nature is so depraved and wicked that barely to know it is to be under a kind of necessity of hating it. And, therefore, why may we not—persons who reason thus would say—love God, whom we have not seen, better than our brother whom we have seen. But however specious this argument may appear, continues the preacher, the assertion of the text must be true, because it is the declaration of the Scriptures. If we duly weigh the reasons on which it is based, moreover, we shall be convinced by them. First of all, supposing brother to mean "brother in the faith," the preacher asks: "And who can hate his Brother? Such an amiable and engaging person, who hath all the charms of Sobriety, Righteousness and Holiness, who lives like an Angel or Son of God here on Earth," and who, moreover, is helpful to all mankind to the utmost of his power? But we must love our brother also in the sense that we must love every descendant of Adam, and for this he gives the following excellent reasons: None of the considerations whereby people urge that they cannot love their brethren ever hinder them from loving themselves. Again: are we not all the time loving, from motives of feeling merely, unworthy

persons? Do we not connive at the vices of those for whom we have by nature a kindness, and love them never the worse? Is it not usual for men to bear with the ill-humors and vices of those from whom they have worldly expectations and a prospect of temporal advantages? This, continues the preacher, "shows the *possibility* of putting the duty of general Love in practice notwithstanding the forementioned objections of the Impracticability of it, upon the Score of the Immorality and Odiousness of the greatest part of mankind." Finally, men are liars who make a show of loving God without loving their brethren; because the love of God is a higher and more difficult

duty than the love of men. The love of God is only attainable by practicing the love of man, which is preparative to it. If people will not follow nature in her most urgent affections and importunate requests, how should they ever expect to arrive at the higher attainments of grace and spiritual perfection? "If such motives [these are the preacher's closing words] cannot work in us Tenderness and Commiseration, 'tis not at all credible that God, who dwells far above out of our sight and whom we cannot approach unto, should ever come within our inquiry or be any way regarded by us; but, on the contrary, be as far out of our Minds and Affections as he is out of our Sight."



OLD SUN-DIAL, IN WHITE'S GARDEN.

A VALENTINE.

I'M not in love, my love, oh, no!
 'Tis thou, as I can prove;
 For thou art folded closely in
 And sheltered with my love.

It hovers o'er thee all the time;
 It follows all thy ways;
 It folds thee, sweet, where'er thou art,
 And compasses thy days.

I'm not in love, my love, oh, no!
 But *thou* art held there, tight.
 Send me (the poor outsider) dear,
 One little ray of light.

Bid me approach, and enter in,
 So, both our lives may shine,
 That *I* may also be in love
 Like thee, my Valentine.

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FANNY HODGSON BURNETT.



"SHE DREW THE CURLY HEAD DOWN UPON HER LAP."

CHAPTER XXI.

DERRICK had had a great deal to think about of late. Affairs at the mines had been troublesome, as usual, and he had been often irritated by adverse circumstances, and the stupidity of the men who were in authority over him. He began to feel, moreover, that an almost impalpable barrier had sprung up between himself and his nearest friend. When he came to face the matter, he was obliged to acknowledge to himself that there were things he had kept from Grace, though it had been without any positive intention of concealment. And, perhaps, being the sensitive fellow he had called him, Grace had felt that there was something behind his occasional abstraction and silence, and had shrunk within himself, feeling a trifle hurt at Derrick's want of frankness and confidence.

Hardly a day passed in which he did not spend some short time in the society of his Pythias. He rarely passed his lodgings without dropping in, and, to-night, he turned in on his way from the office, and fell upon Grace hard at work over a volume of theology.

"Lay your book aside," he said to him. "I want to gossip this evening, old fellow."

Grace closed his book and came to his usual seat, smiling affectionately. There was a suggestion of feminine affectionateness in his bearing toward his friend.

"Gossip," he remarked. "The word gossip——"

"Oh," put in Derrick, "it is a woman's word; but I am in a womanish sort of humor. I am going to be—I suppose, one might say—confidential."

The Reverend Paul reddened a little; but as Derrick rather avoided looking at him he did not observe the fact.

"Grace," he said, after a silence, "I have a sort of confession to make. I am in a difficulty, and I rather blame myself for not having come to you before."

"Don't blame yourself," said the curate, faintly. "You—you are not to blame."

Then Derrick glanced up at him quickly. This sounded so significant of some previous knowledge of his trouble, that he was taken aback. He could not quite account for it.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible that you have guessed it already?"

"I have thought so—sometimes I have thought so—though I feel as if I ought almost to ask your pardon for going so far."

Grace had but one thought as he spoke. His friend's trouble meant his friend's honor and regard for himself. It was for his sake that Derrick was hesitating on the brink of a happy love—unselfishly fearing for him. He knew the young man's impetuous generosity, and saw how, under the circumstances, it might involve him. Loving Anice Barholm with the full strength of a strong nature, Derrick was generous enough still to shrink from his prospect of success with the woman his friend had failed to win.

Derrick flung himself back in his chair with a sigh. He was thinking with secret irritation, that he must have felt even more than he had acknowledged to himself, since he had in all unconsciousness confessed so much.

"You have saved me the trouble of putting into words a feeling I have not words to explain," he said. "Perhaps that is the reason why I have not spoken openly before, Grace,"—abruptly,—"*I have fancied there was a cloud between us.*"

"Between us!" said Grace, eagerly and warmly. "No, no! That was a poor fancy indeed; I could not bear that."

"Nor I," impetuously. "Don't let me fear that. But I cannot be explicit even now, Grace—even my thoughts are not explicit. I have been bewildered and—yes, amazed—amazed at finding that I had gone so far without knowing it. Surely there never was a passion—if it is really a passion—that had so little to feed upon."

"So little!" echoed Grace.

Derrick got up and began to walk across the floor.

"I have nothing—nothing, and I am beset on every side."

There is something extraordinary in the blindness of a man with an absorbing passion. Absorbed by his passion for one woman, Grace was blind to the greatest of inconsistencies in his friend's speech and manner. Absorbed in his passion for another woman, Derrick forgot for the hour everything concerning his friend's love for Anice Barholm.

Suddenly he paused in his career across the room.

"Grace," he said, "I cannot trust myself; but I can trust you. I cannot be unselfish in this—you can. Tell me what I am to

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do—answer me this question, though God knows, it would be a hard one for any man to answer. Perhaps I ought not to ask it—perhaps I ought to have decision enough to answer it myself without troubling you. But how can I? And you, who are so true to yourself and to me in other things, will be true in this, I know. This feeling is stronger than all else—so strong that I have feared and failed to comprehend it. I had not even thought of it until it came upon me with fearful force, and I am conscious that it has not reached its height yet. It is not an ignoble passion, I know. How could a passion for such a creature be ignoble? And yet again, there have been times when I have felt that perhaps it was best to struggle against it. I am beset on every side, as I have said, and I appeal to you. Ought love to be stronger than all else? I used to tell myself so, before it came upon me—and now I can only wonder at myself and tremble to find that I have grown weak."

God knows it was a hard question he had asked of the man who loved him; but this man did not hesitate to answer it as freely as if he had had no thought that he was signing the death-warrant of all hopes for himself. Grace went to him and laid a hand upon his broad shoulder.

"Come and sit down and I will tell you," he said, with a pallid face.

Derrick obeyed his gentle touch with a faint smile.

"I am too fiery and tempestuous, and you want to cool me," he said. "You are as gentle as a woman, Grace."

The curate standing up before him, a slight, not at all heroic figure in his well-worn, almost threadbare garments, smiled in return.

"I want to answer your question," he said, "and my answer is this: When a man loves a woman wholly, truly, purely, and to her highest honor,—such love is the highest and noblest thing in this world, and nothing should lead to its sacrifice,—no ambition, no hope, no friendship."

CHAPTER XXII.

"I DUNNOT know what to mak' on her," Joan said to Anice, speaking of Liz. "Sometimes she is i' sich spirits that she's fairly flighty, an' then again, she's aw fretted an' crossed with ivverthing. Th' choild seems to worrit her to death."

"That lass o' Lowrie's has made a bad bargain, i' takin' up wi' that wench," said a

townswoman to Grace. "She's noan one o' th' soart as 'll keep straight. She's as shallow as a brook i' midsummer. What's she doin' leavin' th' young un to Joan, and gaddin' about wi' ribbins i' her bonnet? Some lasses would na ha' th' heart to show theirsens."

The truth was that the poor weak child was struggling feebly in deep waters again. She had not thought of danger. She had only been tired of the monotony of her existence, and had longed for a change. If she had seen the end she would have shrunk from it before she had taken her first step. She wanted no more trouble and shame, she only wanted variety and excitement.

She was going down a by-lane leading to the Maxeys' cottage, and was hurrying through the twilight, when she brushed against a man who was lounging carelessly along the path, smoking a cigar, and evidently enjoying the balmy coolness of the summer evening. It was just light enough for her to see that this person was a gentleman, well-dressed, and young, and with a certain lazily graceful way of moving, and it was just light enough for this person to see that the half-frightened face she lifted was pretty and youthful. But, having seen this much, he must surely have recognized more, for he made a quick backward step.

"Liz!" he said. "Why, Liz, my girl!"

And Liz stood still. She stood still, because, for the moment, she lost the power of motion. Her heart gave a great wild leap, and, in a minute more, she was trembling all over with a strange, dreadful emotion. It seemed as if long, terrible months were blotted out, and she was looking into her cruel lover's face, as she had looked at it last. It was the man who had brought her to her greatest happiness and her deepest pain and misery. She could not speak at first; but soon she broke into a passion of tears. It evidently made the young man uncomfortable—perhaps it touched him a little. Ralph Landsell's nature was not unlike Liz's own. He was invariably swayed by the passing circumstances,—only, perhaps he was a trifle more easily moved by an evil impulse than a good one. The beauty of the girl's tearful face, too, overbalanced his first feeling of irritation at seeing her and finding that he was in a difficult position. Then he did not want her to run away and perhaps betray him in her agitation, so he put out his hand and laid it on her shoulder.

"Hush," he said. "Don't cry. What a poor little goose you are. Somebody will hear you."

The girl made an effort to free herself from his detaining hand, but it was useless. Light as his grasp was, it held her.

"Let me a-be," she cried, sobbing in a petulant way. "Yo' ha' no reet to hold me. Yo' wur ready enow to let me go when—when I wur i' trouble."

"Trouble!" he repeated after her. "Wasn't I in trouble, too? You don't mean to say you did not know what a mess I was in? I'll own it looked rather shabby, Liz, but I was obliged to bolt as I did. I hadn't time to stay and explain. The governor was down on us, and there would have been an awful row. Don't be hard on a fellow, Lizzie. You're—you're too nice a little girl to be hard on a fellow."

But Liz would not listen.

"Yo' went away an' left me wi'out a word," she said; "yo' went away an' left me to tak' care o' mysen when I could na do it, an' had na strength to howd up agen th' world. I wur turned out o' house an' home, an' if it had na been fur th' hospytal, I might ha' deed i' th' street. Let me go. I dunnot want to ha' awt to do wi' yo'. I niver wanted to see yore face again. Leave me a-be. It's ower now, an' I dunnot want to get into trouble again."

He drew his hand away, biting his lip and frowning boyishly. He had been as fond of Liz as such a man could be. But she had been a trouble to him in the end, and he had barely escaped, through his cowardly flight, from being openly disgraced and visited by his father's wrath.

"If you had not gone away in such a hurry, you would have found that I did not mean to treat you so badly after all," he said. "I wrote to you and sent you money, and told you why I was obliged to leave you for the time, but you were gone, and the letter was returned to me. I was not so much to blame."

"Th' blame did na fa' on yo'," said Liz. "I tell yo' I wur turnt out, but—it—it does na matter now," with a sob.

Now that she was out of his reach, he discovered that she had not lost all her old attractions for him. She was prettier than ever,—the shawl had slipped from her curly hair, the tears in her eyes made them look large and soft, and gave her face an expression of most pathetic helplessness,—and he really felt that he would like to defend, if not clear himself. So, when she made a

movement as if to leave him, he felt positively anxious to detain her.

"You are not going," he said. "You wunt leave a fellow in this way, Lizzie."

The old tone, half caressing, half reproachful, was harder for the girl to withstand than a stronger will could comprehend. It brought back so much to her,—those first bright days, her poor, brief little reign, her childish pleasures, his professed love for her, all her lost delight. If she had been deliberately bad, she would have given way that instant, knowing that she was trifling on the brink of sin once more. But she was not bad, only emotional, weak and wavering. The tone held her one moment and then she burst into fresh tears, passionate, and unrestrained.

"I wunnot listen to yo'," she cried. "I wunnot listen to yo'. I wunnot—I wunnot," and before he had time to utter another word, she had turned and fled down the lane back toward Joan's cottage, like some hunted creature fleeing for life.

Joan, sitting alone, rose in alarm, when she burst open the door and rushed in. She was quivering from head to foot, panting for breath, and the tears were wet upon her cheeks.

"What is it?" cried Joan. "Lizzie, my lass, what ails yo'?"

She threw herself down upon the floor and hid her face in the folds of Joan's dress.

"I—ha—I ha' seed a ghost, or—summat," she panted and whimpered. "I—I met summat as feart me."

"Let me go and look what it wur," said Joan. "Was it i' th' lane? Tha art tremblin' aw o'er, Lizzie."

But Liz only clung to her more closely.

"Nay—nay," she protested. "Tha shall na go. I'm feart to be left—an'—an' I dunnot want yo' to go. Dunnot go, Joan, dunnot."

And Joan was fain to remain.

She did not go out into the village for several days after this, Joan observed. She stayed at home and did not even leave the cottage. She was not like herself, either. Up to that time she had seemed to be forgetting her trouble, and gradually slipping back into the enjoyments she had known before she had gone away. Now a cloud seemed to be upon her. She was restless and nervous, or listless and unhappy. She was easily startled, and now and then Joan fancied that she was expecting something unusual to happen. She lost color and ap-

petite, and the child's presence troubled her more than usual. Once, when it set up a sudden cry, she started, and the next moment burst into tears.

"Why, Liz!" said Joan, almost tenderly. "Yo' mun be ailin', or yo' hannot gotten o'er yore fright yet. Yo're not yoresen at aw. What a simple little lass yo' are to be feart by a boggart i' that way."

"I dunnot know what's the matter wi' me," said Liz, "I dunnot feel reet, somehow. Happen I shall get o'er it i' toime."

But though she recovered herself somewhat, she was not the same girl again. And this change in her it was that made Joan open her heart to Anice. She saw that something was wrong, and noted a new influence at work, even after the girl began to go out again and resume her visits to her acquaintances. Then, alternating with fretful listlessness, came tremulous high spirits and feverish fits of gayety.

There came a day, however, when Joan gained a clue to the meaning of this alteration, though never from her first recognition of it, until the end came, did she comprehend it fully. Perhaps she was wholly unconscious of what narrower natures experience. At least her unconsciousness was a noble one. Then, too, she had little opportunity for hearing gossip. She had no visitors, and she was kept much at home with the child, who was not healthy, and who during the summer months was constantly feeble and ailing. Grace, hearing nothing more after the first hint of suspicion, was so far relieved that he thought it best to spare Joan the pain of being stung by it. But there came a piece of news to Joan that troubled her.

"There's a young sprig o' one o' th' managers stayin' at th' 'Queen's Arms,'" remarked a pit woman one morning. "He's a faine young chap, too—dresses up loike a tailor's dummy, an' looks as if he'd stepped reet square out o' a handbox. He's a son o' owd Landsell's."

Joan stopped a moment at her work.

"Are yo' sure o' that?" she asked, anxiously.

"Sure he's Mester Landsell's son? Aye, to be sure it's him. My mester tow'd me hissen."

This was Liz's trouble, then.

At noon Joan went home full of self-reproach because sometimes her patience had failed her. Liz looked up with traces of tears in her eyes, when Joan came in. Joan did not hesitate. She only thought of giv-

ing her comfort. She went and sat down in a chair near by—she drew the curly head down upon her lap, and laid her hand on it caressingly.

"Lizzie, lass," she said; "yo' need na ha' been afeard to tell me."

There was a quick little pant from Liz, and then a stillness.

"I heard about it to-day," Joan went on, "an' I did na wonder as yo' wur full o' trouble. It brings it back, Liz, I dare say."

The pant became a sob—the sob broke into a low cry.

"Oh, Joan! Joan! dunnot blame me—dunnot. It wur na my fault as he coom, an'—an' I canna bear it."

Even then Joan had no suspicion. To her mind it was quite natural that such a cry of pain should be wrung from the weak heart. Her hand lost its steadiness as she touched the soft, tangled hair more tenderly than before.

"He wur th' ghost as yo' seed i' th' lane," she said. "Wur na he?"

"Aye," wept Liz, "he wur, an' I dare na tell yo'. It seemit loike it tuk away my breath, an' aw my heart owt o' me. Nivver yo' blame me, Joan—nivver yo' be hard on me—ivverything else is hard enow. I thowt I wur safe wi' yo'—I did fur sure."

"An' yo' are safe," Joan answered. "Dost tho' think I would turn agen thee? Nay, lass; tha'rt as safe as th' choild is, when I hold it i' my breast. Th' world is so full o' pain, I'd loike to help heal some on it, Liz. I ha' a pain o' my own, Liz, as'll nivver heal, an' I'd loike to know as I'd held out my hond to them as theer is healin' fur. I'd thank God fur th' chance—poor lass—poor lass—poor lass!" And she bent down and kissed her again and again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE night school gained ground steadily. The number of scholars was constantly on the increase, so much so, indeed, that Grace had his hands inconveniently full.

"They have dull natures, these people," said the Reverend Harold; "and in the rare cases where they are not dull, they are stubborn. Absolutely, I find it quite trying to face them at times, and it is not my fortune to find it difficult to reach people as a rule. They seem to have made up their minds beforehand to resent what I am going to say. It is most unpleasant. Grace has been working among them so long that, I

suppose, they are used to his methods; he has learned to place himself on a level with them, so to speak. I notice they listen to, and seem to understand him. The fact is, I have an idea that sort of thing is Grace's forte. He is not a brilliant fellow, and will never make any particular mark, but he has an odd perseverance which carries him along with a certain class. Riggan suits him, I think. He has dropped into the right groove."

Jud Bates and "th' best tarrier i' Riggan" were among the most faithful attendants. The lad's fancy for Anice had extended to Grace. Grace's friendly toleration of Nib had done much for him. Nib always appeared with his master, and his manner was as composed and decorous as if rats were subjects foreign to his meditations. His part it was to lie at Jud's feet, his nose between his paws, his eyes twinkling sagaciously behind his shaggy eyebrows, while occasionally, as a token of approval, he wagged his tail. Once or twice, during a fitful and not untroubled slumber, he had been known to give vent to his feelings in a sharp bark, but he never failed to awaken immediately, with every appearance of the deepest abasement and confusion at the unconscious transgression.

During a visit to the rectory one day, Jud's eyes fell upon a book which lay on Anice's table. It was full of pictures—illustrations depicting the adventures and vicissitudes of a fortunate unfortunate, whose desert island has been the paradise of thousands; whose goat-skin habiliments have been more worthy of envy than kingly purple; whose hairy cap has been more significant of monarchy than any crown. For the man who wore these savage garments has reigned supreme in realms of romance, known only in their first beauty to boyhood's ecstatic belief.

Jud put out his hand, and drawing the gold and crimson snare toward him, opened it. When Anice came into the room she found him poring over it. His ragged cap lay with Nib, at his feet, his face was in a glow, his hair was pushed straight up on his head, both elbows were resting on the table. He was spelling his way laboriously, but excitedly, through the story of the foot-print on the sand. Anice waited a moment, and then spoke:

"Jud," she said, "when you can read I will give you 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

In less than six months she was called upon to redeem her promise.

This occurred a few weeks after Craddock had been established at the lodge at the Haviland gates. The day Anice gave Jud his well-earned reward, she had a package to send to Mrs. Craddock, and when the boy came for the book, she employed him as a messenger to the Park.

"If you will take these things to Mrs. Craddock, Jud, I shall be much obliged," she said; "and please tell her that I will drive out to see her to-morrow."

Jud accepted the mission readily. With Nib at his heels, and "Robinson Crusoe" under his arm, three miles were a trivial matter. He trudged off, whistling with keen delight: As he went along he could fortify himself with an occasional glance at the hero and his man Friday. What would he not have sacrificed at the prospect of being cast with Nib upon a desert island?

"Owd Sammy" sat near the chimney-corner smoking his pipe, and making severe mental comments upon the conduct of Parliament, then in session, of whose erratic proceedings he was reading an account in a small but highly seasoned newspaper. Sammy shook his head ominously over the peppery reports, but feeling it as well to reserve his opinions for a select audience at The Crown, allowed Mrs. Craddock to perform her household tasks unmolested.

Hearing Jud at the door, he turned his head.

"It's yo', is it?" he said. "Tha con-coom in. What's browten?"

"Summat fur th' missis fro' th' rectory," Jud answered, producing his parcel; "Miss Anice sent me wi' it."

"Tak' it to th' owd lass, then," said Sammy. "Tak' it to her. Tha'lt find her in th' back kitchen."

Having done as he was bidden, Jud came back again to the front room. Mrs. Craddock had hospitably provided him with a huge sandwich of bread and cheese, and Nib followed him with expectant eyes.

"Sit thee down, lad," said Sammy, condescendingly. "Sit thee down, tha'st gotten a walk both afore and behind thee. What book 'st gotten under thy arm?"

Jud regarded the volume with evident pride and exultation.

"It's Robyson Crusoe, that theer is," he answered.

Sammy shook his head dubiously. "Dunnot know as I ivver heard on him. He's noan scripiter, is he?"

"No," said Jud, repelling the insinuation stoutly; "he is na."

"Hond him over, an' lets ha' a look at him."

Jud advanced.

"Theer's picters in it," he commented eagerly. "Theer's one at th' front. That theer un," pointing to the frontispiece, "that theer's him."

Sammy gave it a sharp glance, then another, and then held the book at arm's length, regarding Robinson's goat-skin habiliments over the rims of his spectacles.

"Wall, I'm domd," he exclaimed. "I'm domd, if I would na loike to see that chap i' Riggan! What's th' felly gotten on?"

"He's dressed i' goat-skins. He wur cast upon a desert island, an' had na owt else to wear."

"I thowt he must ha' been reduced i' circumstances, or he'd nivver ha' turnt out i' that rig 'less he thowt more o' comfort than appearances. What wur he doin' a-casting hissen on a desert island? Wur he reet i' th' upper story?"

"He wur shipwrecked," triumphantly. "Th' sea drifted him to th' shore, an' he built hissen a hut, an' gettin' goats an' birds, an'—an' aw soarts—an'—it's the graideliest book tha iver seed. Miss Anice gave it me."

"Has she read it hersen?"

"Aye, it wur her as tellt me most on it."

Sammy turned the volume over, and looked at the back of it, at the edges of the leaves, at the gilt-lettered title.

"I would na be surprised," he observed with oracular amiability. "I would na be surprised—if that's th' case—as theer's summat in it."

"That as I've towed thee is nowt to th' rest on it," answered Jud in enthusiasm. "Theer's a mon ca'd Friday, an' a lot o' fellys as eats each other—cannybles they ca' 'em —"

"Look tha here," interposed Craddock, his curiosity and interest getting the better of him. "Sit thee down and read a bit. That's something as I nivver heard on—cannybles an' th' loike. Pick thee th' place, an' let's hear summat about th' cannybles if tha has na th' toime to do no more."

Jud needed no second invitation. Sharing the general opinion that "Owd Sammy" was a man of mark, he could not help feeling that Crusoe was complimented by his attention. He picked out his place, as his hearer had advised him, and plunged into the details of the cannibal feast with pride and determination. Though his elocution may have been of a style peculiar to boyhood, and his pronunciation occasionally startling in its

originality, still Sammy gathered the gist of the story. He puffed at his pipe so furiously that the foreign gentleman's turbaned head was emptied with amazing rapidity, and it was necessary to refill it two or three times; he rubbed his corduroy knees with both hands, occasionally he slapped one of them in the intensity of his interest, and when Jud stopped, he could only express himself in his usual emphatic formula—

"Well, I *am* domd. An' tha says, as th' chap's name wur Robyson?"

"Aye, Robyson Crusoe."

"Well, I mun say, as I'd ha' loike to ha' knowed him. I *did* know a mon by th' name o' Robyson onct, but it could na ha' been him, fur he wur na mich o' a chap. If he'd a bin cast o' a desert island, he would na ha' had th' gumption to do aw that theer—Jem Robyson could na. It could na ha' been him—an' besides, he could na ha' writ it out, as that theer felly's done."

There was a pause, in which Craddock held his pipe in his hand reflectively—shaking his head once more.

"Cannybles an' thl' loike too," he said. "Theer's a soight o' things as a mon does na hear on. Why, I niver heard o' cannybles mysen, an' I am na considert ignorant by th' most o' foak." Then, as Jud rose to go, "Art tha fur goin'?" he asked. "Well, I mun say as I'd loike to hear summatt more about Robyson; but, if tha mun go, tha mun, I suppose. Sithee here, could tha coom again an' bring him wi' thee?"

"I mowt; I dunna moind the walk."

"Then thee do it," getting up to accompany him to the gates. "An' I'll gie thee a copper now an' then to pay thee. Theer's summatt i' a book o' that soart. Coom thee again as soon as tha con, an' we'll go on wi' the cannybles."

"What's th' lad been readin' to thee, Sammy?" asked Mrs Craddock entering the room, after Jud had taken his departure.

"A bit o' litterytoor. I dunnot know as tha'd know what th' book wur, if I tow'd thee. Tha niver wur mich o' a hand at litterytoor. He wur readin' Robyson Crusoe."

"Not a tract, sure-ly?"

"Nay, that it wur na! It wur th' dairy o' a mon who wur cast upo' a desert island i' th' midst o' cannybles."

"The dairy?"

"Nay, lass, nay," testily, "not i' th' sense yo' mean. Th' dairy wur o' th' litterairy soart. He wur a litterairy mon."

"Cannybles an' th' like," Sammy said to

himself several times during the evening. "Cannybles an' th' loike. Theer's a power o' things i' th' universe."

He took his pipe after supper and went out for a stroll. Mental activity made him restless. The night was a bright one. A yellow harvest moon was rising slowly above the tree-tops, and casting a mellow light upon the road stretching out before him. He passed through the gates and down the road at a leisurely pace, and had walked a hundred yards or so, when he caught sight of two figures approaching him—a girl and a man, so absorbed that they evidently had not noticed him. The girl was of light and youthful figure, and the little old red shawl she wore over her head was pushed aside, and showed curly hair lying upon her brow. It was plain that she was uneasy or frightened, for, as soon as she was near enough, her voice reached him in a tone of frightened protest.

"Oh, dunnot!" she was saying, "I canna bear it. I dunnot want to hear yo', an'—an' I will na. Yo' moight ha' let me be. I dunnot believe yo'. Let me go whoam. I'll niver coom again," and then she broke out crying.

Craddock looked after them, as they passed from sight.

"Theer's trouble there," he said eagerly. "A working lass, an' a mon i' gentleman's cloas. Dom sich loike chops, say I. What would they think if workin' men ud coom meddlin' wi' theer lasses. I wish I'd had more toime to see th' wench's face."

CHAPTER XXIV.

NOT a pleasant road to travel at any time—the high road to Riggan. It was certainly at its worst to-night.

Between twelve and one o'clock, the rain which had been pouring down steadily with true English pertinacity for two days was gradually passing into a drizzle still more unpleasant,—a drizzle that soaked into the already soaked clay, that made the mud more slippery, that penetrated a man's clothing, and beat softly but irritatingly against his face, and dripped from his hair and hat down upon his neck, however well he might imagine himself protected by his outside wrappings. But, if he was a common traveler—a rough tramp or laborer, who was not protected from it at all, it could not fail to annoy him still more, and consequently to affect his temper.

At the hour I have named, such a trav-

eler was making his way through the mire and drizzle toward Riggan,—a tramp in mud-splashed corduroy, and with the regulation handkerchief bundle tied to the thick stick which he carried over his shoulder.

"Dom th' rain," he said, "dom th' mud, dom th' road, dom ivverything!"

It was not alone the state of the weather that put him out of humor.

"Th' lass," he went on. "Dom her handsome face. Goin' agin a chap—workin' agin him, an' settin' hersen i' his road. Blast me," grinding his teeth—"Blast me, if I dunnot ha' it out wi' her!"

So cursing, and alternating his curses with raging silence, he trudged on his way until four o'clock, when he was in sight of the cottage upon the Knoll Road—the cottage where Joan and Liz lay asleep upon their poor bed, with the child between them.

Joan had not been asleep long. The child had been unusually fretful, and had kept her awake. So she was the more easily awakened from her first light and uneasy slumber by a knock on the door. Hearing it, she started up and listened.

"Who is it?" she asked in a voice too low to disturb the sleepers, but distinct enough to reach Lowrie's hearing.

"Get thee up an' oppen the door," was the answer. "I want thee."

She knew there was something wrong. She had not responded to his summons for so many years without learning what each tone meant. But she did not hesitate.

When she had hastily thrown on some clothing, she opened the door and stood before him.

"I did not expect to see yo' to-neet," she said, quietly.

"Happen not," he replied. "Coom out here. I ha' summatt to say to yo'."

"Yo' wunnot come in?" she asked.

"Nay. What I ha' to say mowt waken th' young un."

She stepped out without another word, and closed the door silently behind her.

There was the faintest possible light in the sky, the first tint of dawn, and it showed even to his brutal eyes all the beauty of her face and figure as she stood motionless, the dripping rain falling upon her; there was so little suggestion of fear about her that he was roused to fresh anger.

"Dom yo'!" he broke forth. "Do yo' know as I've fun yo' out?"

She did not profess not to understand him, but she did not stir an inch.

"I did na know before," was her reply.

"Yo' thowt as I wur to be stopped, did yo'. Yo' thowt as yo' could keep quiet an' stond i' my way, an' hond me back till I'd forgotten. Yo're a brave wench! Nivver moind how I fun yo' out, an' seed how it wur—I've done it, that's enow fur yo'; an' now I've coom to ha' a few words wi' yo' and settle matters. I coom here to-neet a purpose, an' this is what I've gotten to say. Yo're stubborn enow, but yo' conna stop me. That's one thing I ha' to yell yo', an' here's another. Yo're hard enow, an' yo're wise enow, but yo're noan so wise as yo' think fur, if yo' fancy as a hundred years ud mak' me forget what I ha' made up my moind to, an' yo're noan so wise as yo' think fur, if yo' put yoursen in my road. An' here's another yet," clinching his fist. "If it wur murder, as I wur goin' to do—not as I say it is—but if it wur murder itsen an' yo' wur i' my way, theer mowt be two blows struck i'stead o' one—theer mowt be two murders done—an' I wunnot say which ud coom first—fur I'll do what I've set my moind to, if I'm domd to hell fur it!"

She did not move nor speak. Perhaps because of her immobility he broke out again.

"What!" he cried. "Yo' hangin' on to gentlemen, an' doggin' 'em, an' draggin' yorsen thro' th' dark an' mire to save 'em fro' havin' their prutty faces hurt, an' gotten their dues! Yo' creepin' behind a mon as cares no more for yo' than he does fur th' dirt at his feet, an' as laughs, ten to one, to know as yo're ready to be picked up or throwed down at his pleasure! Yo' watchin' i' th' shade o' trees an' stoppin' a mon by neet as would na stop to speak to yo' by day. Dom yo'! theer were na a mon i' Riggan as dare touch yo' wi' a yard-stick until this chap coom."

"I've listened to yo'," she said. "Will yo' listen to me?"

He replied with another oath, and she continued as if it had been an assent.

"Theer's a few o' them words as yo've spoken as is na true, but theer's others as is.

"It's true as I ha' set mysen to watch, an' it's true as I mean to do it again. If it's nowt but simple harm yo' mean, yo' shanna do it; if it's murder yo' mean—an' I dunnot trust yo' as it is na—if it's murder yo' mean, theer's yo' an' me for it before it's done; an' if theer's deathly blows struck, the first shall fa' on *me*. Theer!" and she struck herself upon her breast. "If I wur ivver afeard o' yo' i' my life—if I ivver feared yo' as choild or woman, dunnot believe me now."

"Yo' mean that?" he said.

"Yo' know whether I mean it or not," she answered.

"Aye!" he said. "I'm domd if yo' dunnot, yo' she devil, an' bein' as that's what's ailin' thee, I'm dom'd if I dunnot mean summat too," and he raised his hand and gave her a blow that felled her to the ground; then he turned away, cursing as he went.

She had uttered no cry of appeal or dread, and Liz and the child slept on inside, as quietly as before. It was the light-falling rain and the cool morning air that roused

her. She came to herself at last, feeling sick and dizzy, and conscious of a fierce pain in her bruised temple. She managed to rise to her feet and stand, leaning against the rough gate-post. She had borne such blows before, but she had never felt her humiliation so bitterly as she did this moment. She laid her brow upon her hand, which rested on the gate, and broke into heavy sobs.

"I shall bear th' mark for mony a day," she said. "I mun hide mysen away," she said. "I could na bear fur *him* to see it, even tho' I gotten it fur his sake."

(To be continued.)

IN THE UNIVERSITY TOWER.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1863.

Is it the wind, the many-tongued, the weird
That cries in sharp distress about the eaves?
Is it the wind whose gathering shout is heard
With voice of peoples myriad like the leaves?
Is it the wind? Fly to the casement, quick,
And when the roar comes thick
Fling wide the sash,
Await the crash!

Nothing. Some various solitary cries,
Some sauntering woman's short hard laugh,
Or honester, a dog's bark—these arise
From lamplit street up to this free flagstaff.
Nothing remains of that low threatening sound:
The wind raves not the eaves around;
Clap casement to,
You heard not true.

Hark there again! a roar that holds a shriek!
But not without, no, from below it comes:
What pulses up from solid earth to wreak
A vengeful word on towers and lofty domes?
What angry booming doth the trembling ear,
Glued to the stone wall, hear—
So deep, no air
Its weight can bear?

Grieve! 'Tis the voice of ignorance and vice,
The rage of slaves who fancy they are free,
Men who would keep men slaves at any price,
Too blind their own black manacles to see.
Grieve! 'Tis that grisly specter with a torch,
Riot—that bloodies every porch,
Hurls justice down
And burns the town.

"HOW DO I KNOW WHAT IS THE BIBLE?"

I.

THIS question is one of literary, as well as theological concern; of interest alike to the scholar, the man of business, and the Christian. For the Book is so interwoven with our civil, social and literary, as well as religious life, that the inquiry is of moment and interest to all.

In the very form in which it stands at the head of this article, it was recently put to the writer by a sensible business man, who, as he remarked, had no time for thorough research and study. "The Bible," he said, "is found in all our dwellings. Our children are taught it in the family and the Sunday-school; we listen to its instructions in our churches; it is connected with everything in our life as a people. We are accustomed to speak of it as given, by Divine inspiration, to be the only and all-sufficient rule of our faith and practice. But how am I to know exactly what is the Bible? To ministers and students, who are accustomed to study and research, it may be entirely plain. But how is a business man like myself to know just what books make up the Bible? How can I tell what to exclude, and what to receive, as in reality the Divine word?"

Now this is not only a fair, but it is a very important question, as already said, in its literary as well as in its religious aspects; for not only should the believer be able to give a reason for his faith in the volume, but every scholar, and every man of sense, and every citizen of a Christian nation, should be able to say why he receives certain books as properly belonging to the Bible, while he rejects others as not belonging to it.

In general, it is commonly said, that the truth of the Bible is proved by miracles, and by prophecy, and by the historical argument from its power over the hearts and lives of men. And the Christian may say, as thousands and thousands have said, "Just as I know there is a sun in the heavens, because I see its light and feel its heat, so, from my own experience, I know the truth of the book we call the Word of God."

But the question still comes back, "What is that Word?"—of what books does that volume properly consist? Does the "Apocrypha" belong to it? Why are the "spurious gospels" rejected? Why is the "Jewish Oral Law" not a part of its proper explanation? Has any part of it been lost?

In a word what *is* and what is *not* the Bible? And it does not satisfy the thoughtful mind, to receive the Book just as it has come down to us, without inquiry or investigation, taking for granted that all is of course right. This is to believe, not on evidence, but because others have believed before us. And how do we know what was the ground of their belief? And, besides, how can we know, without examination, that spurious books may not have crept in by mistake, or been foisted by design into the book of our faith? This we know is the case with the Books or Bibles received by the Greek and Romish churches; they do contain books in the Old Testament which are not in the original Hebrew, and which have no just claim to be regarded as parts of the Bible. So that the inquiry, "What is the Bible?" is not one of mere curiosity, or even of choice, but one which is, in the highest degree, practical, and which forces itself on every inquiring and candid mind.

There is both a literary and a moral obligation to ascertain what books really belong to the Bible, and why they belong to it; for to reject and deny any part of divine truth or revelation, is to dishonor its high source and to injure ourselves; and to receive any spurious book as of Divine origin, is to adulterate and poison the very fountain of personal and public morals, as well as of spiritual life, and to subject the conscience to the dictates of man as though they were the will of God.

In its theological aspects, the question has long ago, and again and again, been discussed and settled on the firmest foundations by writers like Buddeus, and Hottinger, and Prideaux, and Lardner, and Jones, and Horne, and Alexander, and others. But their works are too extended and elaborate for the mass of readers, and for the most part inaccessible to them. So that it is well to gather up, and condense, and present, as in a focus, some of the light so freely poured upon it by them, for the benefit of the thousands who have not access to their works, or time to study them. In attempting this, we lay no claim to originality of thought or expression. The aim is to give the subject a popular aspect, and to make it plain to every reader. The very fact that there is light enough, is one reason why it should be seen. The

fact that so many would like a plain and satisfying answer to the question, "What is the Bible?" is a good reason why it should be given.

Confining the inquiry in this article to the Old Testament, four questions are to be considered, if we would cover the entire ground, viz.: What books constitute the Old Testament? Has any book properly belonging to it ever been lost? What are we to think of the Apocrypha? And what of the Jewish Oral Law?

I.—What books properly belong to and constitute the Old Testament?

From a very early period the Old Testament was carefully distinguished from all human writings, and was regarded as the only authoritative or safe rule of truth or duty; and as the word "canon" signifies a rule, the books that were held to be inspired, or of Divine origin, were called canonical, to distinguish them from those that were spurious. As to the present Protestant canon of the Old Testament, all agree that it is to be traced to the prophet Ezra. Soon after the Babylonish captivity, he collected all the books of Divine origin, or the inspired books, and arranged them as they now stand in the Hebrew Bible, as received by the Jews. This we know, just as we know that Gibbon or Bancroft wrote the histories that bear their names. That is, we know it from the uniform testimony and traditions of the Jews themselves. From them we learn that Ezra and Malachi were the same person (Ezra being his proper name, and Malachi, or "messenger," being added, because he was sent to superintend the religious concerns of the Jews), and that he gathered the books and completed the volume of the Old Testament, and that after him there arose no other prophet who added anything to the sacred volume as known to the Jews. Originally, all these books were arranged in three volumes, known as "The Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms, or the Hagiographa," including what we call the Psalms, and several other books. And this division is expressly recognized by our Savior, in the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke, and is also mentioned by Josephus, and was well known and always recognized by the Jews, who, with one consent, refer its authorship to Ezra.

We are left, then, in no doubt as to the books which properly constitute the Old Testament, because—

1. All the books which the Jews received as the Scriptures, and which were included

in the threefold division just mentioned, received the express sanction of Christ and his Apostles. Christ often reproved the Jews for disobeying and misinterpreting their Scriptures, and for adding to them their own traditions; but he never charged them with unfaithfulness or negligence in preserving the sacred books. On the contrary, he often spoke of the Scriptures—that is of the Scriptures as then known and received by the Jews—as an infallible rule which could not be broken, and from which not one jot or tittle should pass away. To these Scriptures he often refers, as the inspired and unerring word of God. And so Paul, alluding chiefly, if not wholly, to the Old Testament writings, says, that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God;" and again he speaks of them as "the oracles of God," and "the word of God," etc. And the testimony of all the New Testament writers is equally plain and explicit. There are, in the New Testament, more than two hundred direct quotations from the Old, and some three hundred and fifty allusions and references to its teachings, all of which, either directly or indirectly, recognize its divine origin as the word of God. The prophecy of Isaiah, for example, is sixty-one times thus referred to in the New Testament; the Book of Psalms, eighty-six times; the Book of Genesis, ninety-six times. One all-important fact, then, is established with the utmost certainty, viz.: that the volume of Scripture which was received by the Jews in the time of Christ and his Apostles, was uncorrupted by the presence of any spurious books, and that the whole of it was recognized by them as the inspired and infallible word of God.

The question, then, becomes a mere question of fact and history: "What was this word, or volume, and what were the particular books composing it?" For if we can ascertain, beyond doubt or controversy, what were the particular books at that time received and known by the Jews as "the Scriptures," then we shall know, with absolute certainty, what books now properly belong to the Old Testament, and constitute what is known as its inspired canon. Now if Christ and his Apostles had given us the names of every one of these books, the question would at once be settled. This, however, they have not done. They have, as already said, distinctly quoted from many of these books, and so far the evidence is complete. But more than this, they have recognized, as inspired, all the books known to, and received by, the Jews of their day

as the Scriptures, and still more particularly as the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms. But all this, even, is not of itself sufficient to inform us whether the Old Testament then contained precisely the same books that it now does, and no others. So that the question still returns: What were the books which all the Jews of that day received as included in their Scriptures—in the threefold division just mentioned? To ascertain this point we should naturally resort, if possible, to the testimony of some Jew then living, just as we should go to some English annalist living at the time of Alfred the Great, to know when that monarch reigned in England, or as the inquirer of some future age might look back to the pages of the last year's newspapers to know who was the President of the United States. Now in Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, who was contemporary with the Apostles, we have the very witness, and find the very evidence and information we desire. In his first book against Apion, he says: "We have only twenty-two books which we hold to be of Divine origin, and which we are bound to believe. Of these, five are the Books of Moses, which treat of the creation of the world, etc. From the death of Moses to the reign of Artaxerxes, King of Persia, the prophets who succeeded Moses, have written thirteen books. And the remaining four books contain Divine poems or hymns to God, and moral precepts, or rules of life, for the use of man."

Now the five books of Moses are universally admitted to be Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy. The thirteen books of the prophets will include Joshua, Judges with Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Isaiah, Jeremiah with Lamentations, Ezekiel, Daniel, the twelve minor prophets, Job and Ezra, with Nehemiah and Esther. The four remaining books will be, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon, making the whole number twenty-two, all of which Josephus declares were received by the Jewish nation as Divinely inspired; so that the books of the Old Testament, as it was then known and received, are proved to be the very same that we now have.

But it may be asked, How can this be, when it is well known that instead of twenty-two, we now have thirty-nine different books in our English version of the Old Testament? The answer is obvious and satisfactory. It is this: Josephus used the word book as synonymous with the word volume;

as if he had said, they divided their sacred writings into twenty-two volumes. Now, according to the method formerly in use among the Jews, the number of books or volumes, into which their Bible, or the Old Testament was divided, was regulated by the number of the letters in the Hebrew alphabet, which consists of only twenty-two letters. And to make their arrangement of the sacred books correspond with this division, they always added Ruth to Judges (of which it seems to be the continuation), and the Lamentations of Jeremiah to his Prophecy, as they are both by the same author. Ezra and Nehemiah they always regarded as one book. The arbitrary division of Samuel, Kings and Chronicles, into the first and second books, which is found in our English Bibles, was unknown to the Hebrew; and each was reckoned as only a single work. And the twelve minor prophets, which in our version make twelve separate books, were anciently always counted as one volume or book, and so they are considered in every ancient catalogue, and in all the quotations made from them by the old writers. Thus we see that the twenty-two books mentioned by Josephus, though now divided and numbered differently, are, in fact, precisely the same as those of the Old Testament as now received by us. The Jews of modern times separate Ruth from Judges, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah from his Prophecy, and so count twenty-four instead of twenty-two books. But in all these cases—in the twenty-two books of Josephus and the Jews of his day, and in the twenty-four books of the modern Jews, and in the thirty-nine books of our English version—the matter of the books is precisely the same, and the only difference is in the arrangement and numbering. Shakspeare, or "Blackstone's Commentaries," is the same work, whether in one or four volumes; and so is the Old Testament, whether arranged in twenty-two or thirty-nine divisions. The New Testament either directly quotes from, or indirectly refers to, every one of our thirty-nine books, thus showing that they were included in the twenty-two of Josephus. In a word, then, the argument is this: Christ and his apostles expressly and repeatedly declared that the Scriptures, as received by the Jews of their day, were the inspired word of God. Jewish history, written at that very time, informs us just what books were then contained in the Jewish Scriptures. These books, though now differently arranged and numbered, are found, on ex-

amination, to be the very same which are now contained in our English version of the Old Testament. Therefore the Old Testament, as we now have it, is expressly sanctioned by Christ and his apostles, and its divine authority is fully established. And of every one of its books, particularly, and so of the whole, collectively, we may say,—intelligently and truthfully say,—we know it is part of the Bible. But further:

2. The point so clearly established by the testimony of Josephus is abundantly confirmed by the testimony of the early ages of Christianity. Some of the early fathers, when they were converted from paganism to Christianity, went carefully and deeply into the question of the canonical authority of the Old Testament; and the results of the investigation of many of them still remain to instruct and satisfy every honest inquirer after the truth. Melito, bishop of Sardis, traveled into Judea for the express purpose of satisfying himself on this point, which he did; and from the catalogue he has left of the books of the Old Testament, it appears that the very same books were then received as canonical which are now found in our Bible; and this was within less than a hundred years of the time of Josephus. Soon after Melito, Origen gives us a catalogue of the books then received as being the Old Testament, which, again, were the very same that we now receive. And after Origen, we have catalogues, in succession, by Athanasius, Cyril, Augustine, Jerome, and Rufinus,—all men of the highest authority in the church,—and also by the Councils of Laodicea and of Carthage, each consisting of a large number of bishops or ministers; and all these catalogues are precisely the same as our own. Now, when we consider that all these catalogues, for such a series of ages, correspond exactly and entirely to our present canon of the Old Testament, the evidence, to every impartial mind, must appear complete, that the question is fully settled on the strongest historical grounds, on a foundation that cannot be shaken. But even if all this testimony had been wanting, there is still another source of evidence which is, in itself, conclusive, and on which we may rest with entire confidence. For,—

3. It is the fact, that ever since the time of Christ and his apostles, these books have been in the possession and keeping of both Jews and Christians. The Jews and Christians have always been arrayed against each other in their religious opinions; and they

have been as jealous watchmen over each other, so that it has ever been utterly impossible that either party should or could have made any change in the sacred volume without having been detected and exposed by the other at once. And the conclusive evidence that no such change ever has been made is, that those two opposing parties, from the time of Christ to the present day, have always been perfectly agreed as to what books constitute the Old Testament. Differing as they do about everything else, on this point the Jew and the Christian are entirely harmonious; and on neither side is there any complaint of adding to, or taking from, the number of the sacred books. The Hebrew Bible of the Jew is the Old Testament of the Christian. This evidence is conclusive. When two men are intently watching a string of pearls or diamonds which each knows to consist of a given number and which each regards as his own, it is inconceivable that either of the two should be able to remove a single gem without the knowledge of the other. Much more, if the exact number of those pearls or diamonds is known to every individual of two vast nations, then, in the strongest sense of language, it is absolutely impossible that a single pearl or diamond should be taken away without its loss being instantly discovered. It is true, indeed, that the Greek and Romish churches have added the Apocryphal books to their canon of the Old Testament. And this very fact shows clearly the conclusiveness of our argument; for the addition was at once detected by both Jews and Protestant Christians, both of whom cordially united in denouncing the addition as impious, and the books themselves as spurious. But there is another, and it is the last argument we would mention in favor of the correctness of our present canon of the Old Testament. It is that which is founded,

4. On its earliest translation. It is a highly important fact, that soon after the canon of the Old Testament was completed, and more than two hundred and fifty years before Christ, the whole of it was translated into the Greek language. This was done at Alexandria, in Egypt, at the request of the king, Ptolemy Philadelphus,—probably for the use of the Jews in that country who spoke the Greek language. It is called the "Septuagint," from its having been made by seventy, or rather seventy-two, learned men,—six from each of the twelve tribes of Israel. Now, this Greek translation contains all the books which were in the canon

in the time of Christ, and which are now in our Old Testament, and only these. It is therefore a good and standing witness, and its seventy-two translators are seventy-two good and distinct witnesses to prove that all these and only these books were in the canon when the translation was made.

Such is a full outline of the evidence of the canonical authority of the Old Testament as received by us; and such the answer to the inquiry, so far as the Old Testament is concerned, "How do I know what is the Bible?" But there is another question to be considered, and that is:

II. Have any books that properly belong to the Old Testament been lost? Or is the sacred canon of the Old Testament still the same that it always has been? This is the next point to be examined, and it is an important one; for the Roman Catholics assert that several books have been lost, and this they advance as an argument in favor of their mere human traditions. On the other hand, the Protestant view asserts the completeness of the canon of the Old Testament, and denies that any one of its books has ever dropped out or been lost. Now, it properly belongs to those who assert the loss of any canonical book to prove it; and until they do so, it is safe to take for granted that they are wrong. But we are willing, as Protestants, to assume the burden of proving a negative, and of showing, in opposition to the Romish theory, that no book has been lost from the Old Testament. This may be argued from the very design of a revelation; for if the Bible was intended to be an infallible rule of faith and conduct so long as the world should last, then to suppose that any part of it has been lost is to suppose that this infallible rule has been impaired and mutilated, and is, of course, no longer a perfect rule, which is absurd. So, too, from the nature of Divine Providence; for a revelation being given for the guidance of mankind, it is inconsistent with the Divine wisdom and goodness and power to suppose that He who gave it would suffer any part of it to be lost. If any of its books were not needed to instruct and direct men in the way of truth and duty, they would not have been given; and if they were needed, then we cannot suppose that the kind Providence that gave them would allow them to be lost and perish. And the correctness of this view is confirmed by the fact, that there is no Jewish historical proof of the past existence of any canonical work that we do not now possess.

The Jewish nation has never, either by its historians, or by the Targums, or by the Septuagint, recognized, as belonging to the Old Testament, any other works or work than those now contained in it. But if all these proofs were wanting, there is still an argument which in itself is perfectly conclusive, viz.: the assertions of Christ and his apostles. Our Savior expressly declares that sooner shall heaven and earth pass away than one jot or tittle of the law shall fail till all shall be fulfilled. But how is it possible to know whether it is fulfilled unless all its parts remain for our inspection and study? And if even the smallest portion might not pass or perish from the Divine word, is it not absurd to suppose that whole books may have been lost? And how could the evangelist Luke, with any propriety, speak as he does of "*all* the prophets," and "*all* the scriptures," as existing in his time, if any part of them had perished? And how could Paul with truth say that "whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning," unless all the books alluded to were in existence when he wrote? But as no one pretends that any work has perished since the days of the apostles, it is plain that no book properly belonging to the Old Testament has ever been lost.

But it is objected by some, that the books of "Jasher" and of "Gad the Seer," and of "Nathan the Prophet," and the "Book of the Wars of the Lord," and some others mentioned in the Bible, are not now in the Old Testament, as at present received; and this, it is said, is evidence that some canonical books have probably perished. But in reply to this, we are to bear in mind that it is by no means the case that every book referred to or quoted in the Bible is, of course, a canonical or even an inspired book. Paul quotes from the Greek poet Aratus, and also from Menander, and still again from Epimenides of Crete. But this is far from proving that he regarded them as sacred writers,—as far as the quotation by Job or the evangelists of what the devil at times said, is from proving that they regarded the evil one as inspired, or his words canonical. So, again, a book may be written by a man who, for other purposes or works, was inspired, and yet not itself be of Divine authority. Inspiration was not continually afforded to the prophets, but only given occasionally, and for particular and important purposes. At ordinary times and in ordinary matters, the prophets and apostles, like other men, were left to the guidance of

reason and common sense. So that a man who, at one time, might be inspired to write a canonical book, might, at another, write another book making no claim to inspiration. Solomon was inspired to write some books that form part of the sacred canon; but it by no means follows that all he may have written on natural history was inspired. It is not said, however, that his three thousand proverbs, and his discourses on natural history, ever were written, but merely that he spake them. But even if they had been committed to writing, there is no more evidence of their inspiration than there is of the inspiration of his private letters to his friends, or his messages to his servants.

But it may be admitted, if we please, without any prejudice to the completeness of the Old Testament, that there may have been some inspired writings which were designed by God only for some special occasion or use, and which he intended should be preserved only so long as to accomplish the particular purpose or end for which they were given. This is evident from the very definition of the word canon, or rule; for that a work should be canonical, it is not enough that it be inspired, it is also requisite that it be intended for the Divine instruction of men in all ages of the world. These are the two essentials of what we mean by a canonical work. It is plain, then, that there might have been writings which, though inspired, were not canonical, and not intended to be so, but which were temporary in their design, and when that design was answered, were no longer needed. The prophets, we know, spoke by inspiration many discourses of which not a single word has been recorded; and our Savior, all of whose words were inspired, said many things to his disciples and to the people which have not come down to us. And so all the apostles were inspired, and yet very few of them had any part in writing the New Testament. But if so many things were actually spoken by inspiration, which are not preserved simply because they were not intended to be preserved, and because they were not needed for the perpetual instruction of mankind, then it is plain that some things might have been written by inspiration—for example, by Nathan, or Gad, or Iddo—that were never intended to form a part of the sacred canon. We say, might have been written; for it is not said that any such inspired writings, designed only for temporary use, ever did exist. There is no evidence whatever that they did. But even

if it could be clearly proved that many, even hundreds, of such books once did exist but are now lost, it would not at all affect the assertion that not a single book properly belonging to the Bible has ever perished. Indeed, we may safely say, that this argument is entirely unnecessary until it can be proved that some inspired writings have been lost, though even if this could be proved, which is impossible, the argument presented would be a complete answer to the objection. But as a matter of fact, there is absolutely no proof whatever that any inspired book ever existed which does not exist now,—much less that any canonical book has ever been lost from the sacred volume.

But the objection has another answer; for it is highly probable that several of the books which the Romish church teaches have been lost from the Old Testament, are still in it under different names. The books of Samuel, and Kings, and Chronicles, were evidently written not by one, but by a number of inspired writers, and at different periods. The succession of prophets seems never to have been interrupted till the canon of the Old Testament was completed and closed. And whatever Divine wisdom saw fit to add, from time to time, to the sacred books, some of these prophets were doubtless directed and inspired to add. Different parts, then, of these books might have been penned by Nathan, or Gad, or some others who are spoken of in the Bible as prophets. That such was in fact the case, and that some parts of these histories were so written, we have, in one instance at least, clear proof; for we find that the thirty-sixth, thirty-seventh, and thirty-eighth chapters of Isaiah, which unquestionably were written by him, are almost exactly the same as the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth chapters of the Second Book of Kings. Apply, then, these remarks to the books mentioned in the Bible which are not now found under the same names by which they are there referred to. As to the books (or as in the Hebrew, "the words") of Gad and Iddo, and Nathan, and Shemaiah, and Jehu, and Abijah, all of which are referred to in the Old Testament, they all might have been contained in, and may still be parts of, the books of Samuel, and Kings, and Chronicles. And that this was and is the case, is highly probable; for this was the common opinion of the Jews, who would be likely to know, and the things which seem to be referred to when they are mentioned are spoken of at length

in these books. As to the book of Jasher (*i. e.*, the book of justice or rectitude), which is twice mentioned, the Jewish writers all agree that this was a name given to the law of God as contained in the Pentateuch. They also tell us that the "Book of the Wars of the Lord" is the same as the book of Numbers which is chiefly occupied with the military concerns of the Jewish nation. If this explanation is not deemed satisfactory, that is, if we do not admit the supposition that the books specified are now incorporated with and form part of the Old Testament under other names, then it is sufficient to reply to the objection, that there is no evidence whatever that such books were even inspired, much less canonical books; and they are to be regarded as having been merely political annals, or books of public records which have long ago been lost. We are at perfect liberty to adopt either of these explanations, or to reject them both, and then to resort to a third supposition, *viz.*: that such books may have been inspired for some particular purpose, without ever having been intended to form part of the sacred canon, and that when this purpose was answered they were permitted to perish.

III.—The third general subject for inquiry is the question as to what are called the Apocryphal books. This question is highly interesting and important, both in itself and in its bearings on the doctrines of the Romish church and the Protestant controversy with them. The word Apocrypha signifies "hidden," "concealed," "obscure," and in reference to the Bible it is used to designate those spurious books which though sometimes bound up with the sacred volume are properly no part of it. These books are fourteen in number, including the First and Second Books of Esdras, Tobit, Judith, what is called the Remainder of Esther, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, the Song of the three Children, the Story of Susannah, Bel and the Dragon, the Prayer of Manasses, and the First and Second Books of Maccabees. These books, which were first declared canonical by the Romish Council of Trent, which met about the middle of the sixteenth century, are regarded by all classes of Protestants as apocryphal or spurious. And as proving that they are so, we remark:

1. That none of these books are found in the Hebrew Bible. They were originally written, not in the Hebrew, but in the Greek language, which was not known to the

Jews until long after inspiration had ceased among them, and the canon of the Old Testament had long been closed. It is plain, therefore, that they never could have formed a part of the Old Testament.

2. These books have never been received as canonical by the Jews, either in ancient or modern times. Josephus expressly declares, that they were never received as inspired by his nation. Philo, a celebrated Jewish writer, who often refers to the Old Testament, never mentions them. They are not recognized as canonical in the Talmud. And not only so, but the Jewish rabbins expressly reject them as utterly unworthy of belief, and as rejected by the entire nation. But it might be asked, "What has the opinion of the Jews to do with this question?" In this case it has everything to do with it; for, as already shown, Christ and his apostles expressly recognize and sanction as canonical the Scriptures of the Old Testament which in their day were received by the Jews, and therefore it follows, that as the apocryphal books never formed part of the Jewish Scriptures, they were regarded by Christ and his apostles as spurious.

3. The third argument against the apocryphal books is founded on the entire silence of the New Testament concerning them. Every book of the Old Testament, except Esther, is either directly quoted, or indirectly referred to in the New Testament, and some of them sixty, eighty, and even ninety or more times. But the apocryphal books are never quoted, and never even mentioned or alluded to, either directly or indirectly, in a solitary instance. From this it is plain, that in the time of Christ these books were entirely unknown or utterly disregarded.

4. A fourth argument against the apocryphal books is, that they were never received as canonical by the early Christian fathers; but, on the contrary, were expressly declared to be spurious. Augustine is the only Christian writer within four hundred years of the time of Christ who even seems to be an exception to this remark. For a time he was inclined to regard six of these books as possibly belonging to the canon, but afterward, on more careful and mature investigation, he expressly retracted this opinion, and has left the retraction recorded in his writings, rejecting in his later years, all the apocryphal books. The same was the opinion of the great body of the Christian church for centuries after Christ; and some of the most distinguished even of the Rom-

ish divines, in every age down to the sixteenth century, have united in condemning these books as spurious, and in rejecting them from the sacred canon. From this successive and almost unbroken testimony, then, it is evident that the books in question have no rightful place in the canon, and that the Council of Trent acted against all history in decreeing that the Romish church should receive them as of Divine authority. Their decree was in the very face of the testimony of Christ and his apostles, and against the explicit historical testimony of ages. In declaring that Tobit or Judith should be regarded as part of the sacred canon, they acted as absurdly as if they had endeavored by a mere vote to render Shakspeare or "Don Quixote" canonical—to make them a part of the Divine word!

5. Another argument for the spuriousness of the apocryphal books is that from their own internal evidence. Books that contain manifest falsehoods, or which are filled with silly and ridiculous stories, or which contradict the plain and uniform doctrine of the real word of God, cannot be canonical. Now, most or all of the books in question are condemned by this rule. In the book of Tobit, an angel is made to tell a palpable falsehood,—in one breath declaring he is Azarias the Jew, and in another that he is the angel Raphael. In the next book, Judith is represented as telling falsehoods repeatedly, and then as impiously praying God to bless them to the accomplishment of her purpose; and for all this she is commended; and of the whole book it is true, that many of its statements cannot be reconciled with authentic profane history. Between the first and second books of Maccabees there is a palpable contradiction; for in the former, Judas is said to have died in his one hundred and fifty-second year, while in the latter he is said to be alive in his one hundred and eighty-eighth—thirty-six years after his own death! In the first book, an entirely false account is given of the civil government of the Romans; and in the second, a man is commended for committing suicide. Baruch, in the book bearing his name, is said to have read his book to Jeremiah in Babylon at the very time when we know from the canonical Scriptures that Jeremiah was a captive in Egypt. In the additions to the book of Esther, the conspiracy against the king's life is said to have been before the marriage of Esther, which is contradicted in the canonical book; and it is also said that

Mordecai was rewarded for detecting this conspiracy, while in the book of Esther we are told it was for detecting another. These are but a few of the many examples of inconsistency, and falsehood, and contradiction of the real word of God, with which the apocryphal books abound. And it would be easy to quote at length from all of them to show conclusively, from the foolish and absurd stories they contain, that they are clearly spurious works. And though some of them, especially the book of Ecclesiasticus, contain many sound and useful maxims, still they are but uninspired and human compositions.

One inquiry still remains. It has reference,—

IV. To the Jewish Oral Law.—Jews, Protestants, and Romanists all agree in receiving as canonical the books of our Old Testament. But as the Romanists would add to these the apocryphal books, so the Jews insist on adding their oral law. They say that when the written law was given to Moses, inscribed on two tables of stone, God also gave another and verbal law explanatory of the first, which he was commanded not to commit to writing, but to deliver down by oral tradition. When Moses came down from the mount, they tell us that he first repeated this oral law to Aaron and his sons, and then to the seventy, and finally to all the people, each of whom was obliged to repeat it in his hearing, to insure its correct remembrance. Just before his death, they say, he spent a month and six days in repeating it to them again; and then, they assert, he committed it in a special manner to Joshua, through whom it was imparted to Phineas, and so on through the long line of prophets, and afterward of teachers, down to the time of Judah the Holy, who lived in the second century, by whom it was committed to writing lest it should be lost. This work, consisting of six books, is the famous Mishna of the Jews, which, with its Gemara, or commentaries, constitutes their celebrated Talmud, in which is comprehended all their learning and much of their religion as a people. The whole work is held by them in far higher esteem than the Bible, so much so, that they say the Bible is water, but the Talmud is wine; and they even declare that he who studies the Bible when he might read the Talmud does but waste his time; and that to sin against the latter is far worse than to sin against the former. So implicit is their confidence in this oral law, that it is almost

useless to reason with a Jew out of the Old Testament; for he is ever ready with an answer from the Talmud, with the authority of which he is fully satisfied.

Now, it is possible that Moses might have received some explanation of the written law at the time it was given, though there is no proof that he did. But if he did, it was never intended to form, and never did form, a second distinct law. And it was not the same as the oral law of the Jews, contained in the Talmud; and it was not received by Moses in a form distinct from the written law, and with a prohibition against committing it to writing; for—

1. There is not the slightest mention of any such law in the sacred records. On the other hand, it is a well-known historical fact, that what the Jews pretend was this law was not known among themselves till more than two thousand years after they say it was given.

2. Moses was commanded explicitly to write "all the words of the law," and we are repeatedly told not only that he did this, but that he "wrote all the words of the Lord." It is plain, then, that he knew nothing of this pretended oral law, for he has not written a syllable respecting it.

3. The Jews themselves admit that the only reason for giving this oral law is founded in the imperfection of the written law. But God himself declares that his law—evidently referring to the written law—"is perfect" (Psalms xix. 7), and he expressly commands the Jews (Deut. iv. 2): "Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you." And we are everywhere taught that he requires nothing that is not written in his word.

4. God everywhere sends us to the written law of his word as the only rule of our duty, and never to any kind of traditions. And not only so, but our Savior expressly condemns the traditions of the Jews as contrary to the written word of God. And it is of these very traditions that the oral law is composed.

5. This oral law, finally, was not recognized by many even of the Jews themselves. At the time of our Savior, the traditions which composed it were utterly rejected by the Sadducees and Essenes,—two of the

three great divisions of the Jewish nation. And, as we have seen, it was never committed to writing till the second century. From these facts, as well as from the nature and contents of the oral law itself, it is plain it was never heard of till long after the Old Testament canon was closed; and that so far from being derived by tradition from Moses, it consists merely of the traditions of the later Jewish rabbins; that it has no more claim to inspiration than "Don Quixote" or the Waverly Novels; and though, as a mere human production, it throws light on Jewish manners and customs, it contains a vast amount of nonsense and falsehood.

Thus we have gone over the four great questions connected with the query, so far as the Old Testament is concerned, "How do I know what is the Bible?" The New Testament rests, in some important respects, on a different kind of evidence, demanding a separate examination. Reversing the order of discussion, we have seen: 1. That the Jewish oral law, as contained in the Tabernacle, is a mere human production, inconsistent with itself and with the Bible, and having no claim to divine authority. 2. That the apocryphal books are spurious, having no claim to admission into the canon of Scripture. 3. That no canonical book has ever been lost. And therefore: 4. That the Old Testament, as received by us, contains the only canonical books belonging to that part of the word of God; and that in all respects, except so far as it is abrogated by the New Testament, it is the competent, and safe, and perfect rule, both of our faith and practice,—our guide to every duty here, and to a blessed immortality hereafter.

The subject, as already said, is not one of mere theory, but is in the highest degree practical; one of not only religious but also literary interest. It is connected with all our views of morals and civil rule, and social and business life, of the family and of the state. Received, as the Old Testament is, by Jew and Christian, by Romanist and Protestant, as of Divine origin and authority, it is well that all should know what the Old Testament is, and why we receive as the Old Testament the thirty-nine, and only the thirty-nine, books it contains.

THE MICROSCOPE AMONG THE FLOWERS.

THE ideal type of cell life, illustrated by the first article of this series,* is adhered to no less strictly in the higher forms of vegetable existence than we have found it to be in the lower. As we ascend in the scale of being we find a greater modification in the forms of the cells, which answers to a greater specialization of organs. The mode of life becomes more complicated, and the tissues become, in proportion, more highly differentiated; and yet, whatever may be the modifications, the structure is composed of what are, in the strictest sense, cells.

The delicate and beautiful gradations by which this complex form of life is developed beneath our eyes is something more than wonderful. Each new physiological fact breaks gently on us like the dawn; the pre-ludings have long ago given us the clue to the coming harmony. There is nothing in all the manifestations of the Divine mind through nature which seems so essentially divine as this orderly sequence in creation. Only to Him in "whose sight a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years" is possible the infinite patience which has held the ideal of perfected life through the ages of a past eternity, and has been working toward it through millions of forms, each more and more closely approximating to it; each exquisite and wonderful in itself, but finding its full significance only in its prophetic meaning. In the very beginning of life, studied as they have been of late years, suggestions full of meaning may be found; prophecies that, in the light of fulfillment, vindicate the eternal existence of an unchangeable divine purpose.

By way of illustration, we find the lower forms to be utterly lacking in an organ which is so essential to life in the higher forms of vegetable existence as the root.

Yet even among the lowest there are found, here and there, organs of attachment, by which it is faintly shadowed forth. As we rise in the scale of being, the approximation becomes more and more close, the resemblance more and more pronounced. The hepaticæ, as we have seen, send from the lower epidermal system of their flat, clinging leaves, prolongations of the surface cells which perform the office of roots by drawing up moisture if not nourishment for their maintenance. Mosses send out root hairs in the same way and for the same purpose, but these are utterly unlike roots in their development and physical characteristics.

After passing the earlier cryptogams, we come to the group of vascular cryptogams, to which the ferns belong. These, it has already been said, are allied to the lower

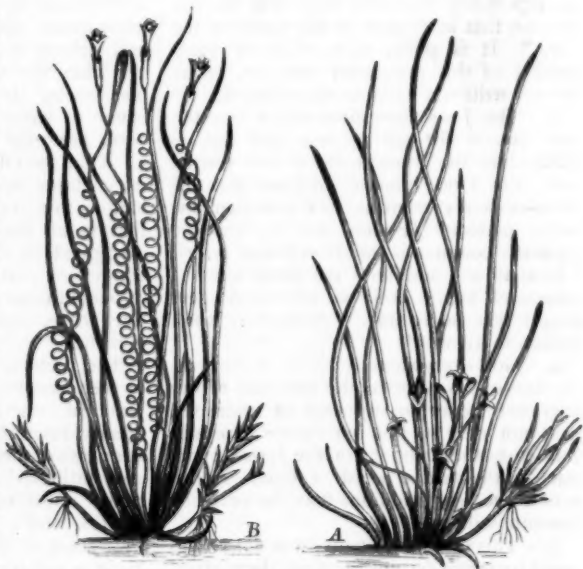


FIG 2. VALISNERIA SPIRALIS.

forms by their mode of reproduction, and to the higher by the differentiation of tissues. In them first appear the fibro-vascular bundles, and with this development are invariably associated true roots. But the roots do not seem even yet quite to have found their place, for in some varieties of tree-ferns the entire stem is found to be

* SCRIBNER for November, 1876.

clothed with root fibers. The full and perfect development of the root is reached only in the highest group of the vegetable world. The phanerogams, speaking generally, include the conifers, palms, forest and fruit trees, shrubs, and flowering plants. Because these all show a distinct development of pistil and stamen,—the essential parts of a flower,—they are all included, by botanists, under the general definitions of flowering plants.

Stems and leaves and flowers are morphologically the same—that is, they are mere modifications of the same form of cellular aggregation. There is also a striking resemblance between the stem, the ascending, and the root, the descending, axis of the plant. The systems of fibro-vascular bundles, the cellular and intercellular systems of fluid-conducting vessels, the mode of branching and growth by cell division, are closely analogous in them both. The root, morphologically defined, is only such an outgrowth of the substance of a plant as is clothed with a peculiar layer of tissue called the root-cap. It

FIG. 2. STAMEN OF CY-
PRESS VINE, WITH AN-
THERS OPEN EMIT-
TING POLLEN.
[FROM NATURE.]

is an endogenous growth, and is thus distinguished from all vegetable hairs and leaves, and from most lateral shoots which are exogenous. The root is, when first formed, generally clothed with a number of thick layers of tissue through which the growing apex breaks its way.

The modifications of cells both in regard to form and function have already been fully illustrated in Article I., and will not be here repeated. There are, however, a few points which cannot be omitted, points belonging to the life of the plant rather than to its physical organization.

There are two causes always at work within the living tissues of a plant which occasion the upward flow of water. The process of growth and assimilation—the first of these two causes—demands a constant supply of moisture. Such cells or organs as need water supply themselves from the adjacent cells; they, in their turn, making a demand upon the cells beyond and behind them, till finally the extreme fibrillæ of the roots are reached, when the

necessary water must be supplied from without or the plant will wither and die. These currents proceed slowly, as does the growth itself. The second cause of this upward flow of water is the enormous evaporation which takes place from foliage leaves. An immense surface, in proportion to its volume, is presented to the dry air in every ordinary plant. There is a constant exhalation of moisture, in consequence of a vital process akin to animal perspiration as well as from mere evaporation. A single sun-flower, it has been determined by careful experiment, yields up twenty ounces of water in the course of twelve hours. The leaves of the wild cornel have been known to exhale twice their own weight of water in twenty-four hours. Some idea of the demand from above upon the water supply below may be gained from these facts. Besides the vital process, by which water is conveyed from cell to cell, the moisture is drawn up from the earth through the tissues of the plant, just as the oil of a burning lamp is drawn up by capillary attraction. So long as the supply equals the demand, the plant remains fresh, or turgid; when evaporation ceases in consequence of the extreme moisture of the surrounding air, the current of water also ceases to flow. It is found that those trees which put out only a definite number of leaves in the spring, and do not increase their foliage in summer, transpire most rapidly during that time; and if every other

portion of the tree be destroyed, the current will still maintain a steady flow through the woody fiber; it is therefore inferred that the current of water induced by evaporation has no immediate and necessary connection with the processes of growth and nutrition. In many plants, possessed of a thick cuticle, all the evaporation takes place through the stomata; its amount then depends upon their number and character. The stomata developed upon the vegetation of our

high and arid Western plains are so formed as to retain most of the moisture received from below; in this way certain forms of life are possible, even



FIG. 3. SECTION THROUGH
STIGMA, STYLE AND
Ovary OF PANSY.

st, mouth of pistil; st, lip; pl,
placenta; O, ovary; ov, ovules;
st, style; p, pollen grains, emit-
ting tubes. [After Sachs.]

under the unfavorable condition there found.

In evaporation, not only the moisture of the woody fiber is dispersed, but also a large quantity of the vital fluid—the cell sap—is given off. In order to determine the peculiar cellular tissue which performs the office of conveying water, branches of white iris and deutzia may be placed in a dark aqueous solution of aniline. In a little time the stems have taken up the colored liquid and conveyed it to the petals, and every delicate white leaf is veined with deep blue, the woody fiber alone having taken up the coloring matter. This beautiful effect lasts only for a few moments, for the aniline poisons the petals, and immediately destroys the tissue.

There are many movements of plants which bear a close relation to the processes of reproduction that will be mentioned later; but a few may be noticed here. There are many spontaneous movements of plants which are merely due to growth, or the change, in shape and size, of the walls of their constituent cells. Those of which we shall here speak are the movements of fully developed plants, due to irritation. A large number of these are familiar to all in the opening and shutting of flowers, and take place under the influence of light, or heat, or both. All organs which show this capacity for motion are leaves—either foliage leaves or their modifications in the different portions of flowers; and the cause seems always to be the access, or loss, of water.

In a few familiar instances vegetable struc-

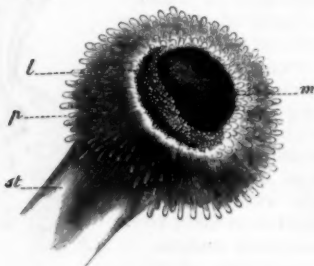


FIG. 4. STIGMA PANSY.

m, mouth; l, lip; p, papilliform growth; st, style. [From nature.]

ures are sensitive to touch; most of these can be seen to bear a close relation to reproduction, but there is no physiological significance to others so far as is now known. The opening and closing of flowers is akin to our waking and sleeping; and this change

is generally dependent upon the action of light, either one way or the other. At night the leaves of the bean rise up, while the robinias hang down. Sleep, whether it be by day or night, is as essential to vegetable as it is to animal life, and plants as well as animals may be tortured to death by depriving them of their necessary repose. The

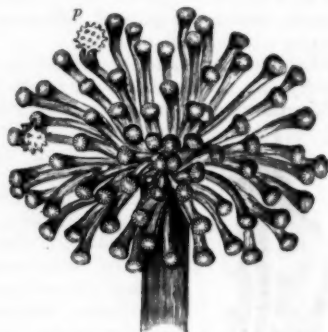


FIG. 5. BUSH HONEYSUCKLE. POLLINATION OF PISTIL. (80 DIAMS.)

P, pollen sending tube into a portion of pistil. [From nature.]

sensitive plant, *Le Maout* tells us, faints, rather than sleeps, at a touch.

Leaves constantly turn one side toward and the other away from the sun; if they are twisted into the reverse position, they turn themselves back if this can be done, and if it cannot, they die. When a branch is artificially reversed and secured, the petiole (or stem) of each leaf twists itself till the normal position is regained. This movement of the leaf is found to be independent of its need of light, as it takes place with equal certainty under water and in the darkness.

About one-half the dry weight of plants is carbon, and this is all obtained from the carbon dioxide—or carbonic acid—of the air, which constitutes only .0004, or $\frac{1}{2500}$ of its volume. It was once scientifically, and is still popularly, believed that plants, in respiration, reverse the process of animals,—that is, that they inhale carbonic acid and exhale oxygen. It is quite true that vegetation, as a result of its processes of life, does evolve oxygen and absorb carbon dioxide; but this is not in consequence of respiration. Plants, like animals, inhale oxygen, and yield up to the air a nearly equal volume of carbon dioxide: this chemical decomposition is performed by all the growing cells, and at all times alike. In addition to this, the chlorophyl cells have

the property, under the controlling power of sunlight, of absorbing carbon dioxide from the outside air, of decomposing it into its constituent elements, of appropriating the carbon for the building up of tissue, and of liberating the now free oxygen. This is a process of assimilation rather than of respiration. The formation of carbon dioxide at the expense of the atmospheric oxygen, like our breathing, goes on continuously and



FIG. 6. POLLINATION OF THE PISTIL OF BUSH HONEYSUCKLE. (950 DIAMS.) [FROM NATURE.]

gently, while the reverse process, analogous to the feeding of animal life, though continuous and powerful under the influence of light, ceases instantly when that is withdrawn. During the day, the assimilative process by which carbon is absorbed and oxygen liberated is so powerful as to mask completely the gentler process of breathing; but at night, when assimilation ceases, respiration may be easily detected. For this reason plants by day purify, and by night vitiate, the air. A number of experiments made by the French scientist, Boussingault, prove that, as a final result of vegetation, far more oxygen is liberated than is consumed.

All the intercellular cavities, the air-vessels and the open woody fiber, together form a continuous system throughout the plant; the root ends of all the ramifications of this system are closed; the opposite ends open out by means of the stomata. Throughout this system the gases necessary to plant-life continually circulate.

It is considered probable that all vegetable cells, at some stage of development, manifest a curious circulation of their protoplasmic contents known as cyclosis. This consists in the steady flow of one or more currents of protoplasm over the inner surface of the cellulose envelope. The most striking case of this movement is probably to be found in the *Valisneria spiralis*, a submerged water-plant growing abundantly in the south of Europe, and in some portions of this country. [See Fig. 1.] In order to observe the circulation, it is necessary to scrape or slice away the outer layer of epidermal cells. The movement is sometimes checked by the shock of the operation, but it may be induced almost immediately by the application of gentle warmth, and it sometimes continues in the separated fragment for weeks or even months. The cur-

rent in another water-plant, *Anacharis alismastrum*, has been estimated to be no more than $\frac{1}{25000}$ of an inch in depth, yet in this tiny current ripples have been distinctly seen. Cyclosis takes place in stems, in leaves (which are generally a mere spreading out of the fibro-vascular bundles of the stem from which they spring, with a development of flat cellular plates of tissue between), and even more strikingly in the surface hairs of leaves, which belong to their epidermal system.

The flower, as we have already said, consists generally of the reproductive organs,—the pistils and stamens,—and the axial structure which bears them. When the pistils and stamens make their appearance, the floral axis ceases to grow,—development by growth and development by reproduction being commonly reciprocal. The calyx,—the outer green cap in which the flower rests,—the corolla,—the row, or rows of white or colored petals,—the stamens, and the pistils are usually arranged in concentric whorls, or in a close coiled spiral, thus producing the rosette effect so characteristic among flowers. In many flowers the development of certain leaves obscures the concentric arrangement of the petals. In some varieties one, and in some another, of the separate whorls may be absent, or reduced to a single representation, and in extreme cases the flower may be reduced to a single organ, staminate or pistillate. When the corolla consists of a single whorl of petals, they often cohere and form a bell-shaped flower. In some of the higher forms of flowering plants, the stamens branch very extensively, and occasionally constitute what is called the flower. The castor-oil plant is an instance of this,—the so-called flower being only the branching filaments of the stamens with their anther lobes. The pistils and stamens which occupy the center of the rosette are merely leaves modified so as to fulfill their functions. Like the sporangia of the ferns, [from nature.] which are borne upon the under surfaces of their fertile leaves, the pollen sacs of these higher plants are borne upon staminal leaves. There have been a few instances brought forward by Magnus, Kaufmann, and Rohebach, where this does not seem quite true, where, in fact, the pollen sac develops upon the end of the floral axis, but even



FIG. 7. PART OF PISTIL, AND POLLEN GRAIN OF CYPRESS VINE. [FROM NATURE.]

here, it seems probable that the anther lobes are themselves abortive staminal leaves.

The stamen generally consists of a long slender stem—the filament—which bears the anther upon its extremity. The anther is usually in the form of two lobes, springing side by side, either from the anterior or posterior side of a staminal leaf (never from both); each anther lobe being in its turn composed of two pollen sacs so closely adherent as to form a single lobe; in this case it is called quadrilocular; occasionally each anther lobe contains but one pollen sac, when it is bilocular. [See Fig. 2.]

The pistil, or more properly the gynoecium [Fig. 3], which contains all the pistillate portions of the flower, consists of one or more closed chambers. The lower, hollow portion [O] is called the ovary, the mass of tissue from which the ovules [o, o] spring, the placenta [p]. Above the ovary, the carpillary leaf or leaves which form its walls narrow into one or more stalk-like structures [st]. The number of styles depends upon the number of carpillary leaves which form the walls of the ovary, each leaf sending up a separate style, though they are sometimes adherent through a part, and sometimes through the whole of their length. Upon the apex of each style is borne the stigma; this is usually a glandular swelling, excreting a viscid substance, which retains the pollen, and by its moisture induces the emission of the pollen tubes. The style is either a hollow tube, as in Figs. 3, 4, or a mass of loose-celled tissue [Figs. 5, 6] through which the pollen tube easily penetrates. The ovules [Fig. 3, o, o] are borne upon the margins of the carpillary leaves, or over their whole surface; with an occasional occurrence upon the floral axis, in which case the leaves are sterile.

When the ovules of a plant are ready for fertilization, the stigma sends out a delicate papillæform growth, and excretes, upon its surface, a viscid substance. [Figs. 4, 6, 7.] The stamens, in self-fertilizing plants, at the same time, and in those which require foreign fertilization either earlier or later, as the case may be, develop their pollen grains. The two lobes of the stamen then open, disclosing the mature pollen grains [Fig. 2] which are dispersed. The anther lobes open in various ways, generally, however, by the more violent contraction of one series of cells forming the anther walls, which causes rupture. But however the anther lobes may be opened, it is always intimately connected with the contrivances by which pollination is effected.

The pollen falls upon the stigmatic surface, is there held fast by the viscid secretion, and is made, by its moisture, to send out a pollen tube. Most pollen grains have definite places in their cellulose walls at which

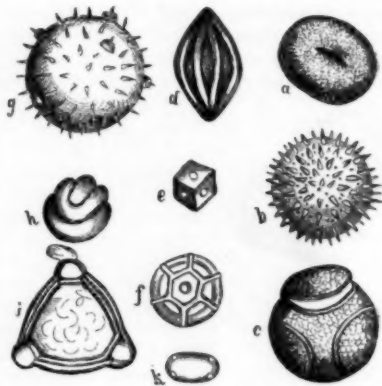


FIG. 8. POLLEN GRAINS.

g, of *Cucurbita Pepo* (in water); *d*, *Paspalum aquilegifolia*; *a*, *Pelargonium speciosum*; *h*, *Mimulus moschatius*; *e*, *Eschscholus*; *b*, *Rubus trivialis*; *i*, *Epilobium montanum*; *f*, *Chorizanthe inflybus*; *h*, *Impatiens noli me tangere*; *c*, *Paspalum caruleum*. [After Hensley.]

the tube is emitted. [Fig. 8.] More than one of these frequently begin to emit tubes at the same time, but only one reaches the ovule and fertilizes it. The ripe pollen grain, as we have already seen, is a single cell; it remains unicellular throughout its existence, the pollen tube is developed immediately upon the stigma, as a protuberance of the intine (or contents of the cell) which perforates the extine. When a pollen grain bursts in water, the contents escape often in long vermiform threads, which might seem to indicate some sort of modification of the cell contents with reference to pollination. In some cases, as in Fig. 3, the pollen grains may be seen in the hollow of the stigma sending their tubes down the channel of the style; but more frequently they penetrate the loose cellular tissue, as in Figs. 5 and 6. The tubes increase by a process of true growth, which takes, in some cases, not more than twenty-four hours, but sometimes as long as several months for completion. The ovules in many plants lie in such a position that the tube penetrates at once the micropyle, or opening into the ovule; in others it is guided by various contrivances to the opening: papillose projections of the walls, tufts of trichomes, or even a funnel-shaped termination to the style itself effects the purpose. Every ovule in the ovary

requires one pollen tube for its fertilization. A larger number of tubes usually enter the stigma than are needed, and in some of the orchids they may be detected with the naked eye, looking like a bunch of white silk threads depending from the stigma. The deposit of the pollen grain upon the stigmatic surface must be distinguished from the penetration of the ovule itself; the first is pollination [Fig. 8]; the second, fertilization [Fig. 9]. Pollen tubes are generally thin-walled and very slender while growing; after entering the micropyle, the wall thickens; the tube seems to be filled with granular protoplasm, generally mixed with starch grains.

The ovule [Fig. 9] is a rounded cellular mass, inclosed in one or two envelopes which grow up and around the nucleus from its base [B], and form—at its apex [A], where they greatly overtop it—a canal-like opening [A], called the micropyle. Through this channel the pollen tube enters, reaches the embryo sac, *e*, and fertilizes it. The embryo sac itself results from the enlargement of one of the inner cells of the nucleus. After pollination takes place, but before the ovule has been reached by the tube, immediate change takes place in the flower, especially in the pistillate portions: the stigma, style, and even the corolla wither, and the ovary enlarges. In some of the orchids, where the progress of pollination is very slow, the ovules are never developed at all until the grains send out their tubes, and their formation appears to be a direct consequence of pollination. The changes which occur when fertilization takes place are even more striking, the ovary in some plants increasing to several thousand times its original volume.

In the lower forms of this group the flowers are typically unisexual, in the higher, hermaphrodite, "although monœcious and

processes of pollination and fertilization, are so different, as well as the means by which they are effected, that the simpler way

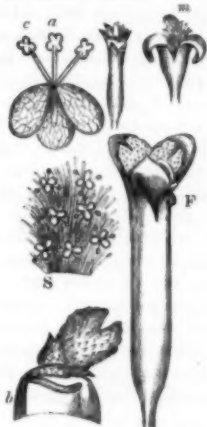


FIG. 10. VALISNERIA SPIRALIS.

m, male flower magnified twice; s, its spadix or central portion magnified; c, part of same still more enlarged; f, female flower magnified; d, stigmatic portion still more magnified.

will be to illustrate each by characteristic examples.

Pollination—so the best authorities tell us, in contradiction of the popular belief—is rarely effected by the wind alone. Where this agency is used, as in Indian corn, for the conveyance of pollen from anther to stigma, there is an enormous development of pollen; and it is also found that no honey is secreted by wind-fertilized flowers, and that their pollen grains are dry. The spontaneous movements of flowers, already alluded to, have generally a very close connection with pollination. Rue is a remarkable instance of this: the flower has four or five petals and eight or ten stamens (so Le Maout tells us); one stamen, instead of spreading horizontally over one, or between two petals, which would seem to be the normal position, bends over the pistil. If watched patiently, the anther will be seen to burst open, to emit its pollen upon the stigma, and, having fulfilled its function, to fall back; another stamen then rises, sheds its pollen and retires, and so on, till every stamen has discharged its pollen upon the stigma, and thus insured the fertilization of all the ovules. A still more remarkable instance is found in the *Valisneria spiralis*, already mentioned. [Fig. 1.] This is a diœcious plant, but the staminate, or male plant, A, always grows near the pistillate, or female, B. The latter—of which the



FIG. 9. OVULE BEING FERTILIZED.

B, base; A, apex; F, pollen tube entering *e*, embryo sac; *a* and *b*, envelopes; *p*, placenta. [After Sachs.]

diœcious families and genera are not uncommon." The forms of the staminate and pistillate portions of various plants, and the

essential portions may be seen in Fig. 10, C, b—is surrounded by a spathe [Fig. 10, F], and is borne at the end of a long, twisted peduncle, which springs from a tuft of radical leaves; it bears three forked stigmas, *b*, two of which *in situ* are exposed in F by the removal of part of the spathe. The male flowers [Fig. 1, A] are sessile, on a conical axis, also enveloped in a spathe; the flower, *m*, is twice the natural size, its central spadix, *s*, is still more magnified, and at *c* may be seen a portion under a yet higher power of the microscope. At flowering time, the peduncle, on which the female flower grows, uncoils itself, so that the flower may float upon the surface of the water. The male flower, hitherto submerged, detaches itself from its stem and rises to the surface. A number of them may be seen surrounding the female flower, upon whose stigma their anthers elastically discharge an abundance of pollen.

The commonest and most perfect mode of fertilization is, however, effected by the agency of insects. The contrivances which are found in various plants to lure the insects at the right time to the right place, are more than wonderful. The pollen is ripe and the ovules ready for fructification just when the flower has blossomed out, when the petals have on their most brilliant color, when the fragrance is most delicious, when the honey is most largely secreted. The nectarium lies deep in the heart of the flower, and the stamens and pistils are so arranged that, in order to reach the honey, the body of the insect must, in one position, burst the adhesive pollen grains out of the anther, and collect them upon itself—and, in another, deposit them upon the viscid stigmatic surface. Where cross fertilization is desirable, the modes of insuring this are many and marvelous.

The commonest of these contrivances—so-called by Darwin himself, though he utterly denies the existence of a contriver—is called dichogamy, which, being interpreted, means merely that the pollen and ovules reach maturity at different periods, so that self-fertilization is impossible; in some cases the anther, in others the stigma, is developed first. The second of these methods for insuring cross fertilization is the relative position of stamens and pistils, which makes it almost impossible that the pollen of a certain flower should fall upon its own stigma. The third method is the impotence of the pollen of certain plants when placed upon their own stigmas. (Fritz Muller says

that in some varieties it is even poisonous, though this is not proved.) The fourth and last is dimorphism, or a different relative development of the reproductive organs in different flowers of the same species. This is very well illustrated by the flax and the English primrose. In the flax the stamens and pistils are so placed that an insect entering a flower in quest of honey cannot fail to load itself with pollen, which it deposits upon the next flower visited. The well-known habit of insects—especially bees—of visiting only one kind of flower on each excursion, aids greatly in disseminating pollen where it will fructify. The pollen of a flax blossom, when artificially placed upon its own stigma, fails to fertilize, though it is potent on other flowers precisely similar.

Darwin found two varieties of blossoms on the primroses, which he has observed with that exquisite minuteness and accuracy characteristic of all his naturalizing. One of these flowers possesses long styles and short



FIG. 11. ANTHER OF PANSY WITH ADHERENT POLLEN GRAINS. [FROM NATURE.]

filaments, the other long filaments and short styles, so situated that cross fertilization by insect agency is secured. The pollen of the same flower, however, in this case, is capable of fertilizing its own ovules, though fewer and less perfect seeds were found to be the result of self than of cross fertilization. In

connection with these facts, it is very curious to note that there are a number of plants among the higher genera which develop two kinds of flowers, the one for cross, the other for self fertilization. In the sweet violet, for instance, the ordinary flowers are often infertile, while there are small, inconspicuous flowers near the ground which never open, the pollen tubes of whose anthers, without leaving the lobes in which

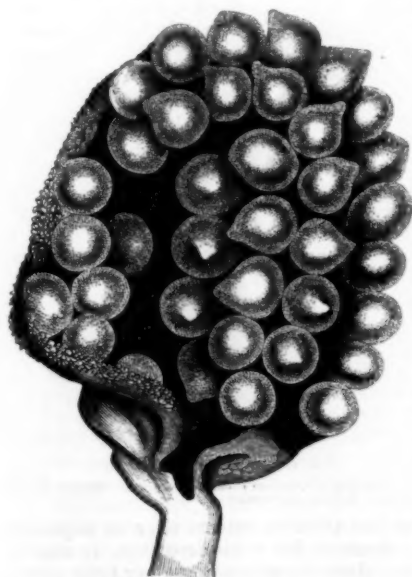


FIG. 12. SECTION OF OVARY OF PANSY. [FROM NATURE.]

they have developed, penetrate and fertilize the ovules: all this takes place within the corolla. In the orchids, where perhaps the contrivances to prevent self-fertilization are the most wonderful and the most beautiful, some striking exceptions are found. Darwin discovered, in one instance, an orchid in which the pollen tubes were emitted from the anther lobes and had penetrated the stigma of the same flower.

In Darwin's charming little volume upon the fertilization of orchids some observations are recorded almost too wonderful for belief. The briefest statement of a few of these points may be made here. The orchids are generally known as air-plants, clinging to bits of detached bark and limbs of trees in our conservatories, sending out their lovely butterfly wings, and displaying wonderful simulation of insect forms. One could almost

fancy these sirens trying to charm their unwary victims by an assumption of a form not belonging by rights to them. However that may be, they certainly look as much like the insects they woo as a flower could well manage to do; but, unlike the sirens of fable, they bestow more than they exact, and then let their sometime captives go their way. At the time when the stigma is ready for the reception of pollen, the flower opens, the deep nectary secretes its honey, and the insects—especially the lepidoptera—frequent the plant. In the anterior and lower portion of the flower, a long leaf curves downward, which forms the natural alighting-place and path to the nectary. In some varieties, where the breadth of the leaf is sufficient to allow the insect to go astray, a groove directs it to the proper place. As it enters the flower its proboscis comes in contact with the base of the pollinia, the walls start back, as if a secret spring had been touched, and reveal a viscid mass from which the filaments, crowned with their anther lobes, spring up. While the insect is sucking the honey, its proboscis is in such a position that this viscid mass closes over it, and when the insect retreats from the flower the stamen stands erect firmly cemented to its proboscis. A contraction of the cells on the anterior or foremost side of the filament—which takes place in a few seconds—causes it to lose its erect position, and to incline forward at an angle of 45° . The anther laden with pollen is in the exact position to strike against the stigma, and insure pollination in the next flower visited. The pollinia fall off after a time, but their viscid bases adhere to the insect's trunk; and Darwin states that he has a preserved specimen in his possession with eleven of these adherent masses clinging to the proboscis.

The *Viola tricolor*, our common pansy, or heart's-ease, is beautifully contrived to insure cross fertilization. Many a sweet bright morning I have spent in trying to penetrate the mysteries of the fertilization of our common garden flowers. The pistil [Fig. 4], anther [Fig. 11], and ovary [Fig. 12], were taken from the same pansy. It was difficult, in dissecting the flower, to understand from the position of the different organs how pollen developed in the anthers which were wrapped about the ovary down in the heart of the flower could reach the stigma so far above. Though I was quite familiar with all the wonders of the orchids, for some reason, cross fertilization by insect agency did not suggest itself. Pansy after pansy was de-

voted to dissection, but all told the same story, that at last found its explanation in Sachs' wonderful "Handbuch," which seems to have everything in it, and which certainly answered every one of the thousand questions raised during the many hours of close examination given to the subject some summers ago. The cavity of the corolla is filled by the anthers, with the exception of a narrow space which leads to the nectaries. As the insect enters, it is forced to pass close to the open, hollow, and lipped stigma, which may be seen in section in Fig. 3; in extracting the honey, it is closely pressed against the anthers, and becomes covered with the pollen dust. As it retreats, the lower lip of the stigma guards its entrance from a deposit of pollen. The next flower entered, however, receives the pollen collected in the previous one, for the lip which guarded the stigma against the reception of its own pollen as the insect backed out of the flower, scrapes it off as it enters the new one.

One of the most remarkable instances is found in the *Aristolochia clematidis*,—the Dutchman's pipe of the vernacular. [See Fig. 13, A.] The stigma *s*, ripens first, the flower is then in its full beauty and the honey is plentiful; for the sake of brevity, we will suppose an insect which comes to it loaded with pollen from another blossom of the same plant. It enters the flower by the calla-like mouth (this representation, it must be remembered, is much smaller than natural size), the throat is lined with a quan-



FIG. 13. *ARISTOLOCHIA CLEMATIDIS*. [AFTER SACHS.]

tity of vegetable hairs inclining downward. These yield readily under the weight of the insect, but when it reaches the cavity about the

reproductive organs and has satisfied itself with honey, an exit is found to be impossible; the inclined hairs which yielded so gracefully



FIG. 14. PISTIL OF FISH GERANIUM.
s, stigma; *a*, *a'*, crimson points from which the anthers had disappeared; *b*, hairs. [From nature.]

as the prisoner entered offer an impossible *chevaux de frise* to his departure. In wandering about his prison-house our little captive comes in contact with the viscid stigmatic surface, and deposits upon it the pollen with which it was loaded. As soon as pollination takes place the stamen starts up—the anther opens and discloses the pollen. The captive takes on another load, and lo! his prison bars have melted away and he is free. The tiny hairs have withered away to their roots and the passage is clear. After his escape, the leaf of the flower drops over the throat and the door is shut against future visitors. Sometimes six or seven insects may be found shut up in the cavity of a single flower, but they are all released after they have done their work and received their wages.

The ordinary scarlet geranium—the fish geranium, as it is generally called—is a good illustration of dichogamy. On dissecting a multitude of the flowers which grew in the open air, and subjecting them to microscopic scrutiny, not a single anther could be found.

The pistil [Fig. 14] stood up like a lovely rosy lily springing from a pale emerald base tipped with carmine, but where were the anthers? At last, in laying open younger and younger flowers, the anthers were found sessile upon the crimson points *a, a*: they are so like the stamens of the cypress vine in form that it did not seem worth while to draw them. [See Fig. 2.] When the first flower opens, the curving leaves of the lily-

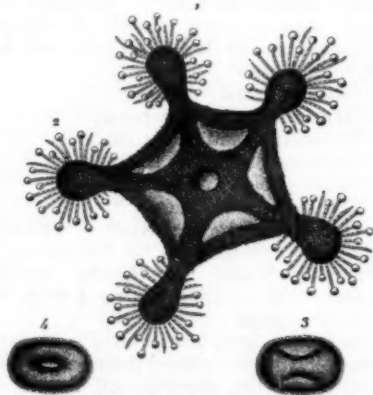


FIG. 15. CROSS SECTION OF OVARY OF ISH GERANIUM. 1, 2, hairs; 3, pollen grain; 4, same in another position. [From nature.]

like pistil are all curled in; the pollen which is ripe is then conveyed away by insects, and when all probability of self-fertilization is over, the pistil unfolds to receive the pollen of some younger flower. A cross section of the ovary, with ovules yet undeveloped [Fig. 15], gives no idea of its beauty as seen under the glass.

So far only, the fertilizing power of the

pollen of one flower upon the stigma of another of its own variety, has been alluded to. There are many instances, however, where a hybrid is produced by the fertilization of one variety, species, or—even in rare and exceptional cases—genus, by the pollen of another. Many beautiful variations in cultivated plants have been produced in this way. The degree of affinity which permits hybridization is known as a matter of fact, though the theory is yet very imperfect; and without further knowledge no predictions can be made, and each phenomenon must be observed for itself. Many curious and anomalous facts have been observed in this connection. Professor Asa Gray gives a case in which an apple was found which was half Spitzenberg and half russet. It was produced upon a Spitzenberg tree, though a russet grew not two hundred yards off.

This whole subject is, in fact, full of a beauty which is indescribable. There is nothing more exquisite in all microscopy than flowers,—especially the pistillate and staminate portions of them. The coloring and texture are so exquisite, that it seems almost a pity to try to represent them in black and white. The stamen of the common cypress vine, for instance, which is given, as far as mere form is concerned, in Fig. 2, looks under a moderate power like a delicate shell, carved out of a single ruby, in which are nestling treasures of shimmering pearls of the purest white. An enthusiastic admirer looking at it, said: "This gives one a new idea of Venus rising out of her jeweled shell;" and, indeed, the beauty of form and color demands analogies which are always rejected in the end as unworthy.

FARRAGUT IN MOBILE BAY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ONE WHO TOOK PART IN THE BATTLE.

MISINFORMATION and the love of ideality in preference to truth are still responsible for a great variety of statements received as veritable history. Even such an undeniable occurrence as the great naval battle in Mobile Bay, on the morning of the 5th of August, 1864, has become, in nearly twelve years, fairly embroidered with unjust poetic fancies. The dignity of that event, as reviewed in the past year of memorials, has induced the writer of this paper to point out some of the errors and misrepresentations which he

himself has read and re-read in various publications, since the memorable fight occurred, of which he was an eye-witness. Believing that, a generation hence, or after a hundred years from the date of the battle in Mobile Bay, statements known to be true will by that time have been disentangled from imaginative historical writings, the writer also confidently submits these personal observations of that engagement to the confirmation of all clear-eyed survivors of the fight who, like himself, have no other earthly

motive in thus testifying than to write truthfully of a great event. In this connection, it is only necessary to add that, when participating in the engagement named, the writer's station was that of signal officer on an elevated position of his vessel,—the United States steamer "Port Royal," the third ship in line,—and directly astern of the flagship "Hartford." Standing then and there by the side of Lieutenant-Commander Bancroft Gherardi, though overblown with "clouds of war in progress," who shall deny—from his opportunity—his right to point out flaws in the "facts" furnished by historians and others, at long and safe distances from the scene, and fashioned in the beautiful sunlight of peace?

The account given by Mr. Lossing in his history of "The Civil War in America" is correct only in part; the errors in his statement outweigh the facts. He is correct in giving the names of the vessels which participated in the action, with one exception, namely: where he speaks of the "Lancaster" butting the "Tennessee:"—*the "Lancaster" was not there!* He also fails to state how the vessels were stationed in line-of-battle previous to passing the forts,—a very important item for an historian to omit.

Mr. William Page, the artist who painted the picture of "Farragut lashed to the rigging of the 'Hartford' in Mobile Bay," has also been misinformed concerning the true position occupied by the admiral on that day—at least so far as the lashing is concerned; and, therefore, his masterly work of art has been justly criticised by many officers and men of that fleet who unite in considering it an overdrawn picture.

Nor has Mr. Brownell been either exact or accurate in his beautiful poem of "The Bay Fight," in locating his hero "high in the mizzen-shroud." All this, however, *as it was*, shall be given further on. For the benefit of Mr. Lossing, in case he should ever conclude to revise and republish his history of "The Civil War in America," and of all others who were "not there," and who yet may desire to recount the Mobile Bay fight, we propose herewith to give some of the preliminary arrangements made by the admiral and subordinates of the squadron, preparatory to passing the forts and batteries which guarded the approaches to Mobile Bay.

For several days previous to the time appointed for making the attack on the enemy, the vessels lying on the blockade off Mobile Bay had been ordered to the

Pensacola Navy Yard, one or two at a time, with orders to "send down yards and top-masts," and land them with all surplus spars and rigging at that station, then to coal up to the fullest capacity and return to Mobile Bar without delay. This work accomplished, the iron-clads having arrived, and all things being in readiness, at about 5.30 on the morning of the 5th of August, 1864, signal was given on the flag-ship for the fleet to "Prepare for battle!" The following named ships promptly obeyed the signal, and got under way, lashed together side by side, in this order:

"Brooklyn" and "Octorora;"
 "Hartford" and "Metacomet;"
 "Richmond" and "Port Royal;"
 "Lackawanna" and "Itasca;"
 "Monongahela" and "Seminole;"
 "Ossipee" and "Galena;"
 "Oneida" and "Kennebec;" with the iron-clads "Manhattan," "Tecumseh," "Winnebago" and "Chickasaw," in the advance, and covering the right flank of the wooden ships.

The next signal made on the "Hartford:" "Advance toward the enemy," was answered by the above-named vessels, as they slowly steamed up the main ship-channel toward Fort Morgan and the Confederate flotilla. At about half-past six o'clock, and when about a mile and a quarter distant from the enemy, our iron-clads opened fire on the fort, but the Confederate gunners did not reply for several minutes, during which interval the enemy's fleet steamed out from behind the fort, and took positions across the channel to dispute our further progress. They then opened a rapid and terrific fire upon the Union ships, raking them fore and aft. Fort Morgan, with her hundred guns, belched forth torrents of iron hail at the same moment. The first three or four volleys from the fort passed high over the Union vessels, and struck the water at least a mile below us and down the channel.

By this time the fight had become general. The flag-ship had made signal to "Carry all steam possible," in order to engage the fort and the enemy's fleet at close range with grape and canister shot. At a few minutes after seven, when the head vessels of the line were engaging the enemy hotly, and all meantime were running with full heads of steam, and within a few hundred yards of the fort, the "Brooklyn" and her consort, the "Octorora"—head ships of the line—slowed down, for the iron-clad "Tecumseh,"

just ahead on the right flank, had been blown up by a torpedo and was tragically going down! In that exciting moment, Admiral Farragut endeavored to have her move forward, but she failing to do so, signal was made for the vessels in the rear to "Follow the 'Hartford.'" The flag-ship then passed the "Brooklyn," steamed along the west bank of the channel, and was followed by the remainder of the fleet over a sheet of water strewn with more than a hundred torpedoes.

Broadside after broadside of grape and canister was poured into the fort and water batteries by the several ships, as they passed, while cheers hearty and loud from the Union gunners rent the air as each vessel passed the objective point.

The Confederate ram "Tennessee" made a number of vain attempts to strike the "Hartford," but was fortunately prevented from reaching its "shining mark" by the monitor "Manhattan." Other gun-boats of the enemy, the "Gaines," the "Selma," and the "Morgan," also fought desperately with the wooden steamers. The "Hartford," as it goaded to desperation by the annoyance and damage, received from the "Gaines," turned suddenly and gave the latter a broadside which sent her ashore under the guns of Fort Morgan, where she burned down to the water's edge before noon. The "Morgan" also took refuge under the guns of the fort, and during the night succeeded in escaping up the bay to the city of Mobile. The "Selma" was chased about eight miles up the bay by the "Metacomet" and the "Port Royal" (not by the former alone, as Mr. Lossing has it), and after an engagement of about ten minutes, at short range, she surrendered to the fire of those two vessels. Meantime, sixteen men had been killed and wounded on the decks of the "Selma," and a number of her guns were also dismounted, and considerable other damage was sustained before she surrendered.

Immediately, she was boarded by the crews of the two Union vessels, her officers and men taken prisoners, and placed on board the "Port Royal" and the "Metacomet;" a crew of Union officers and seamen was assigned to duty on board, and the three steamers, in company, proceeded down the bay to the upper anchorage. There the heavy wooden ships and iron-clads were attacking the ram "Tennessee," which had steamed up from Fort Morgan for the purpose of destroying them.

This terrible encounter began about nine o'clock, A. M., one hour (or thereabouts) after the Union vessels had passed the forts. Our fleet had now anchored, and the work of clearing the decks of the killed and wounded was in progress, when it was discovered that the "Tennessee" was under way and shaping her course directly for the "Hartford."

But Farragut did not wait for the ram to come nearer than half a mile, before signaling the monitors and heavy wooden ships to "Get under way and close in upon the Confederate monster and destroy it." The superior speed of the unarmored vessels enabled them to be the first to come in close contact with the enemy. The "Monongahela," commanded by Commander J. H. Strong, was the first of the wooden ships to strike the "Tennessee." She was particularly adapted for this encounter,—several feet of her bow being constructed of solid oak timber and surrounded by an iron prow of great weight. She gave the enemy a heavy blow on the starboard side amidships, and, at the same instant, fired a heavy chase-gun at the ram—a 200-pound Parrott rifle—without any perceptible effect upon its armor!

The "Hartford," the "Lackawanna," the "Ossipee," and other vessels, in turn, also fought the ram at close quarters, striking its sides with violent force, and greatly to the injury of the wooden ships. The shots hurled from the 9-inch and 10-inch guns of these ships produced no more damaging effects than the conical-shaped bolt from the rifle of the "Monongahela." In this stress the monitor "Manhattan," commanded by Commander T. W. A. Nicholson, and under the executive management of Lieutenant-Commander C. M. Schoonmaker, arrived upon the scene, and immediately gave close battle to the "Tennessee."

Up to this moment the ram was uninjured, and its crew but slightly demoralized by the shocks received in contact with the heavy wooden ships. This state of security was, however, soon to be broken. The "Manhattan" had brought into the conflict weapons not possessed by any other ship in the fleet, namely, 15-inch Dahlgren guns. While thus closely engaged, the enemy received four blows of solid shot from these guns; the charges of powder used ranging from 35 to 60 pounds. At that time no charge heavier than that last named had ever been used with these guns. A fourth shot from the "Manhattan," with the

daring charge of 60 pounds of powder, *penetrated the armor of the "Tennessee,"* passed through her double two-inch iron plating, and eight inches of solid oak backing, lodging in the latter; but hurling splinters nearly as long as fence-rails in various directions across the deck of the ram, and which severely wounded the Confederate Admiral Buchanan, besides killing several of his crew. Meanwhile, the steering apparatus of the ram had been badly damaged, in consequence of attacks made in the stern by the monitor "Chickasaw;" the "Hartford" had also shot away the enemy's smoke-stack close down to the plating, which caused the vessel to fill with smoke and gas. Under such circumstances, Buchanan deemed it prudent to surrender.

During the engagement the "Manhattan's" boats were shot away; Captain Nicholson was therefore unable to get on board to receive the surrender so bravely earned. A boat from the "Lackawanna" soon boarded the ram, received the surrender of Admiral Buchanan, and carried it to the "Hartford." Fleet-captain Johnson of the "Tennessee" afterward stated that he "wished to surrender to Commander Nicholson of the 'Manhattan,'" as the latter vessel had conquered him. While the entire fleet behaved well, and did good service in this desperate struggle, the admirable conduct of Commander Nicholson in the management of the "Manhattan," and the execution done by her guns, should have brought him more prominent mention in the official report of the Commander-in-chief than was there given.

The concurring opinion of many officers, both of the regular and the volunteer navy, is that, had it not been for the 15-inch guns on our side, and the skillful manner in which they were handled by the men in the turret under charge of Lieutenant-Commander Schoonmaker, the Federal fleet would have been driven out of Mobile Bay, or sunk beneath its waters!

Without other digression, we may now turn to the station of Admiral Farragut in the rigging of the "Hartford," while passing the forts. We entirely agree with Captain Thornton A. Jenkins, of the "Richmond," and with others who were near the flag-ship in the battle, that the admiral *was not lashed to the rigging.*

When the fleet had crossed the bar and was inside of Sand Island, and had approached to within about one mile and a quarter of Fort Morgan, Admiral Farragut

coolly and deliberately ascended the star-board main rigging and halted just beneath the top. Passing his arm up through the "lubber's hole," he seized the foot of the pilot, Martin Freeman by name, who was standing in the maintop, giving orders to the helmsman. The signal quartermaster, in obedience to the orders of Captain Drayton, took up a hammock-lashing to secure the admiral to the shrouds, so that in case he should be killed, his body would not fall overboard or on the deck; but, by Freeman's advice, the admiral would not allow it to be passed around him. The quartermaster returned with his lashing to the deck; and Farragut, the brave, passed the long line of torpedoes and the Confederate forts and fleet unscathed,—while still clinging to the foot of his trusty old pilot, Martin Freeman.

This is the truth which the historian should receive and record, if he chooses to make note of what was but an incident in that terrible action. Many survivors of that day will vouch for the above account. As for Martin Freeman, he still lives in the immediate vicinity of the bay where the battle was fought—being the principal keeper of Horn Island light-house, in Mississippi Sound. Should any one chance to question this writer's assertion in regard to the above matter, he is respectfully referred to Mr. Freeman, who was probably better acquainted, at the time, with the movements of Admiral Farragut than any other individual in the fleet,—Captain Percival Drayton, perhaps, excepted,—and he is known as the heroic and loyal son of South Carolina, and fleet-captain of the West Gulf Squadron.

The philosophy of Admiral Farragut's chosen position is easily explained.

During the noise of the battle, he naturally desired to be so stationed that when no human voice could be heard aloft, should it be necessary for him to communicate with the pilot, by tightly grasping the foot of that person the signal would be noticed; and, as a fact, Mr. Freeman did respond, and, by bending down, lent his ear to the "lubbers' hole" for such orders as the admiral wished to give him.

To this day, "old salts" smile over the poetical rendering of Farragut's position, as given by that worthy non-combatant, Ensign Brownell.

At the date of the action, the writer was told by Lieutenant-Commander L. P. Adams, who commanded a division of guns on the

"Hartford," and who was slightly wounded in the engagement, that Admiral Farragut occupied the quarter-deck during the fight with the "Tennessee." If this is true, what becomes of Brownell's historical poem and Mr. Page's historical painting? In one case the beautiful language of words, and in the other the equally expressive language of lines and colors, may, indeed, survive, but their highest glory—the language of truth—has certainly departed from both alike.

To revert again to Mr. Lossing, it is to be seen that he gives the total number of killed and wounded on the Union side during the engagement with the forts and the Confederate fleet, as 335—165 killed, and 170 wounded. Where he procured his figures, it is difficult to understand; the following is the correct table, compiled by the writer, at the time, from the official report of commanders:

Names of Vessels.	Armament.	Killed.	Wounded.
Hartford, Flag-ship.....	28 guns.	19	23
Metacomet	10 "	1	2
Brooklyn.....	26 "	9	22
Octorara	10 "	—	2
Richmond	24 "	—	—
Port Royal	10 "	—	—
Ossipee.....	13 "	—	—
Itasca	4 "	—	—
Lackawanna.....	14 "	4	2
Seminole	9 "	—	—
Monongahela	12 "	—	6
Kennebec.....	5 "	—	—
Oneida	10 "	7	23
Galena	14 "	—	1
Manhattan (Iron-clad).....	3 "	—	—
Tecumseh " ".....	2 "	115*	—
Winnebago " ".....	4 "	—	—
Chickasaw " ".....	4 "	—	—
Total.....	201	155	81

* Drowned.

Immediately after the capture of the "Tennessee," the admiral turned his attention toward Forts Gaines and Powell, the former located on Dauphin Island, and the latter at Grant's Pass, the inlet to the bay from Mississippi Sound. A bombardment of the latter work was begun and continued through the greater part of the day. The fort returned a feeble fire, and at night, nearly the whole garrison, after arranging to blow up the fortification, fled to the main-land on the west side of the bay. The expected explosion took place at about eleven o'clock, P. M., and was successfully accomplished.

On the morning of the 6th, the iron-clads "Winnebago" and "Chickasaw" steamed

down to within short range of Fort Gaines, and opened fire on the enemy.

This fort was garrisoned by 856 men and officers, under the command of Colonel C. D. Anderson, of the Confederate Army. The soldiery was composed principally of young high-toned aristocrats from the city of Mobile and vicinity, who had no relish for field-service at the front in a more northern clime, and who also considered themselves perfectly safe at Fort Gaines, while the Union fleet was blockading the fort outside the bar. They were unprepared, however, to receive this sudden and unexpected attack from the rear; and after enduring the bombardment long enough to satisfy them that it was dangerous business, and that Farragut's monitors were in earnest, they urged their commander to surrender without further loss of life. Consequently, on the morning of the 7th, a flag of truce boat from the shore was sent alongside the flagship "Hartford," and Confederate Major M. R. Browne stepping on board, delivered the following proposal to surrender to Admiral Farragut:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, FORT GAINES,
August 7th, 1864.

TO ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, COMMANDING NAVAL
FORCES OFF DAUPHIN ISLAND:

Feeling my inability to maintain my present position longer than you may see fit to open upon me with your fleet, and feeling also the uselessness of entailing upon ourselves further destruction of life, I have the honor to propose the surrender of Fort Gaines, its garrison, stores, etc. I trust to your magnanimity for obtaining honorable terms, which I respectfully request that you will transmit to me, and allow me sufficient time to consider them and return an answer. This communication will be handed you by Major M. R. Browne.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
C. D. ANDERSON,
Colonel Commanding."

At ten o'clock, A. M., a small naval force was landed at the fort, and the terms of surrender completed. The fort, garrison, stores, etc., were surrendered to the navy, amid the shouts and cheers of the men in the squadron, and which reverberated for miles over the bay. The Confederate prisoners were sent to New Orleans, and soon afterward the fort was garrisoned by troops detailed for that purpose. This act ended the Mobile Bay fight, in which the navy only took part, and the admiral thereupon issued the following order, which was read on the quarter-deck of each vessel:

"U. S. FLAG-SHIP 'HARTFORD,'
MOBILE BAY, August 7th, 1864.

The admiral returns thanks to the officers and crews of the vessels of the fleet for their gallant conduct during the fight.

It has never been his good fortune to see men do their duty with more cheerfulness; for although they knew that the enemy was prepared with all devilish means for our destruction, and witnessed the almost instantaneous annihilation of our gallant companions in the 'Tecumseh,' and the slaughter of their own friends and messmates and gun-mates,—still there was not the slightest evidence of hesitation to follow your commander-in-chief through the line of torpedoes and obstructions, of which we knew nothing except from the exaggerations of the enemy,—'that we must all be blown up as certainly as we attempted to enter Mobile Bay.' For this blind confidence in your leader, he thanks you.

D. G. FARRAGUT,
Rear-Admiral."

In this connection, the subsequent arrangements made for holding the position thus valiantly gained will bear brief repetition here.

On the morning of the 8th, the Union General Granger, with five thousand troops, arrived from New Orleans, through Mississippi Sound; and under cover of the squadron, and by use of its boats, landed his army about two and a half miles to the eastward of Fort Morgan, and at once constructed earth-works entirely across the peninsula,—thereby cutting off the retreat of the Confederates from the fort, and also preventing the arrival of re-enforcements. Within three days after landing, the Union sharpshooters were lying within one hundred yards of the fort, greatly to the annoyance of the Confederates. Batteries were then planted by the army and navy at distances ranging from two hundred and fifty to eight hundred yards, and bearing upon the fort.

While constructing these batteries the men were protected, in the day-time, by the sharpshooters, and at night the fleet shelled the fort to prevent the enemy from strengthening his position, and also from interrupt-

ing the troops and seamen at work in the trenches.

By this arrangement, the Union forces were prepared by the 22d of August, to commence a general bombardment.

On this day, at four o'clock, A. M., the fleet formed in line of battle, and firing commenced from the ships and shore batteries. The fort was completely silenced before noon; but the flag which had been shot away, and raised again several times during the day, still floated defiantly, and the Union fire was kept up until five P. M. During this time the Union shore batteries fired over one thousand shells, and the fleet about thirty-five hundred.

On the morning of the 23d, a white flag was discovered flying from the fort, and consequently the bombardment was not renewed. At 10 A. M., the Confederate General Paige surrendered the fort, garrison, etc., after destroying all the powder by submerging it in cisterns, and spiking most of the guns. General Granger's troops then marched in and took possession. Six hundred and fifty persons were captured, including one major-general and thirty-seven commissioned officers. They were immediately sent as prisoners of war to New Orleans.

The total number of prisoners captured in the forts and fleet of the enemy between the 5th and 22d of August was 1,693; and the total number of guns captured was 208, being seven more than the admiral had in the vessels which passed the forts.

The foregoing facts of the fight in Mobile Bay are written simply and plainly in order that all who read may understand them. For twelve long years the writer and many of his naval friends have felt aggrieved at the misrepresentations of Lossing and other writers upon this and other naval exploits.

If these pages disenchant any readers of the Mobile Bay affair, as it has been written for them by Lossing, painted by Page, sung by Brownell, the charge can be entered against H. D. Baldwin, of Kingston, New York—Late Volunteer Officer U. S. N.

TRADITIONAL MUSIC OF THE FRENCH PYRENEES.

THERE are two varieties of Pyrenean music,—the songs of the French side of the mountains and those of the Basque provinces and the Spanish Pyrenees. Some few years ago, an enterprising Frenchman collected and printed in book form about twenty songs which were supposed to be sung by the peasantry of Béarn. But the unpublished songs, which are actually sung by the women at their spinning-wheels and babies' cradles, and by the men in the fields and at their fêtes, it is almost impossible to get, taught as they are by ear and by the constant singing of the mother to the child. The latter are by far the prettiest songs of the country.

For some unknown reason the Béarnais people are very loth to sing their national airs to strangers; perhaps because they think them too simple; perhaps because they guard them jealously. But whatever the reason, I noticed that the peasants invariably sang French songs, with as many *rondeaux* and turns as possible, instead of their own pretty patois airs.

It was my happy lot to spend a couple of years or so in the Pyrenees, about four or five years ago, and I learned the patois in order to converse easily with the people, and, if possible, to collect some of the very pleasing little songs with which their land abounds.

The Béarnais dialect, or old language of Navarre, seems to be a mixture of French and bad Spanish, and is spoken by the people almost exclusively,—French being taught them only as an accomplishment, much as it is taught in America. The dialect is very easily acquired, and is not nearly so difficult

to pronounce as the Bordelais or Provençal.

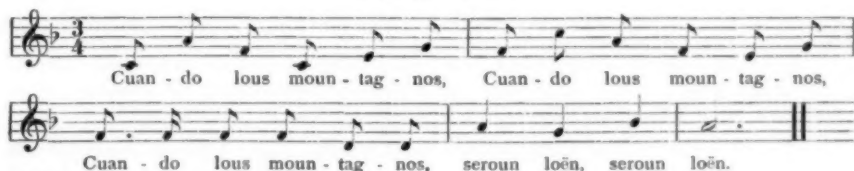
By constantly attending little peasant festivities and dances, and seeing the people often in their own houses, I managed to pick up by ear many of the melodies so common among them; and I propose to give a few of the prettiest of the traditional songs of the Béarnais and Pyrenean type. The reader will soon perceive what kind of music it is that keeps the people of Navarre so constantly cheerful and kindly.

The peasants differ much in character from the ordinary French type. They are less volatile than the Parisian, less shrewd than the Breton, more practical than the Provençal, and perhaps more stolid than the generality of Frenchmen. But there is a kindliness and a child-like simplicity about the Navarrais peasant which were very attractive to me.

The summer of 1870, the year of the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, I spent in Bigorre, in the Upper Pyrenees. The drafting of the men to re-enforce the army at Metz was in progress. As each of the companies was formed and sent off, the drafted men would walk around the village, the evening before their departure, singing the following pathetic adieu to Navarre, as a kind of trio. It sounded peculiarly touching as they went through the mountain passes, perhaps to death, the echoes catching the melody and returning it from time to time.

The music of these songs is generally in thirds and fifths. The rhythm is almost always even, and has not the throbbing cadence of that of the Spanish Pyrenees.

ADIEU TO NAVARRE.



Cuando lous mountagnos seroun loën.
Ho lou cor attendri, Therèse, Therèse.
Rosa de mi bodro, adious, adious!
Ah! Ma belle Béarn, adious, adious.

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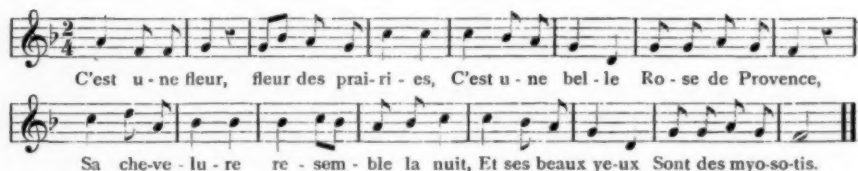
When the mountains are far away,
My heart will be heavy, Theresa, Theresa.
Rose of my soul, adieu! adieu!
To my beautiful Navarre, farewell! farewell!

Almost throughout these mountains the spindle and distaff are used for spinning in preference to the wheel, the women being able to walk and gossip in the balmy air with the former, while the latter confines them to the house, and the noise is too great to allow of much talking. But occasionally, in some of the remoter villages of the Higher Pyrenees, such as Argeles and Luz, the wheel is still to be seen and heard, and forms a pretty accompaniment to the songs which are shouted out into the still air.

At Argeles, when I was there, I saw two

sisters named Jeanne and Gracieuse, who lived as nearly "al fresco" as was possible. They sang from morning till night, sometimes alone, sometimes in duet, and sometimes alternately, as they kept time with their wheels. My windows were just near enough to allow me to catch the whir of the wheel as a mild and subdued accompaniment, while their voices rang out sweet and clear as bells in the air of the quiet village. The prettiest songs they sang were "La Rose de Provence," and a patois song called "Lous Beroyas" (The pretty girls) both of which are reproduced below.

LA ROSE DE PROVENCE.



2

3

Quand du village,
Elle se promène
C'est un plaisir
De la voir marcher;
Sa jolie taille
Ronde et gracieuse
Semble une vague
Souple et mystérieuse.

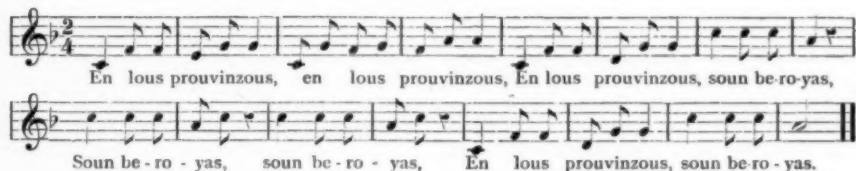
Oh! sa voix douce,
Douce comme une flute!
Oh, elle chante
Mieux qu'un serin;
Fraiche comme une rose,
Blanche comme la neige,
Pure comme une sainte
Est ma Rose de Provence.

She is a flower, flower of the prairie,
She is a fairy, sweet Rose of Provence,
Ah, she is lovely—her hair is black as jet,
Dark blue her eyes are, like the violet.

When she goes out in the village walking,
Ah, 'tis a pleasure to see her pretty feet!
Her graceful figure moves like a rippling wave,
Full of a soft charm, ah, she is so sweet.

Soft is her voice, tender and flute-like,
Sweetly she sings, and lightly she can dance;
Fresh as a rose-bud, white as the driven snow,
Pure as a saint, is my Rose of Provence.

BEROYAS.



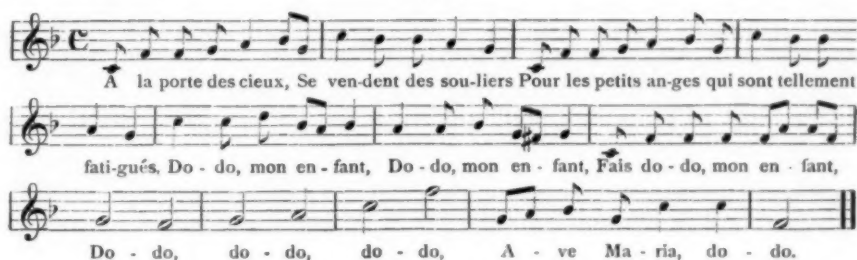
En lous prouvinzous, soun beroyas.
En lous mountagnos soun des echos.

In the provinces are pretty girls.
In the mountains are echoes.

Each place in the Pyrenees has its favorite song, and at Cauterets, as M. Taine mentioned in his book on the Pyrenees, the "Paloumettos" is the popular one. The tune, however, is not as pretty as many others.

The following is a little cradle song, which has soothed many a baby to sleep, and is universally sung in the Pyrenees. There are patois as well as French and Spanish words, but I give the French as being more easily understood:

DO-DO.



Aux enfants qui dorment
Dieu les bénisse.
Aux mères qui chantent
Dieu les assiste:
Do-do, mon enfant, Fais do-do mon enfant,
Do-do, Ave Maria, do-do.

Little shoes are sold at the door-way of Heaven,
And to all the tattered little angels are given,
Slumber my darling, slumber my darling,
Slumber, my darling baby.
Do-do, do-do, Ave Maria, do-do.

God shall bless the children so peacefully sleeping,
God shall help the mothers, their long watches
Slumber, etc. [keeping.

This little nursery song would, I am sure, be as great a favorite among American children as with Spanish ones. I should like at some future time to give some specimens of the

traditional music of the Spanish Pyrenees, which is very different in character, and, having the throbbing cadence I spoke of before, is perhaps more fascinating and attractive.

HOW MR. STORM MET HIS DESTINY.

I.

Hüt' dich vor Mägdelein,
Söhnelein, Söhnelein.—HEINE.

I do not know why people always spoke of my friend Edmund Storm as a confirmed bachelor, considering the fact that he was not far on the shady side of thirty. It is true, he looked considerably older, and had to all appearances entered that bloomless and sapless period which with women is called "uncertain age." Nevertheless, I had a private conviction that Storm might some fine day shed this dry and shrunken chrysalis, and emerge in some brilliant and unexpected form. I cannot imagine what ground I had for such a belief; I only know that I always felt called upon to combat the common illusion that he was by nature and temperament set apart for eternal celibacy, or even that he had ceased to be agitated by matrimonial aspirations. I dimly felt that there was a sort of refined cruelty in thus excluding a

man from the common lot of the race; men often have pity but seldom love for those who either from eccentricity or peculiar excellence separate themselves from the broad, warm current of human life, having no part in the errors, ideals and aspirations of their more commonplace brethren. Even a slight deviation from the physical type of common manhood and womanhood, as for instance, the possession of a sixth toe or finger, would in the eyes of the multitude go far toward making a man morally objectionable. It was, perhaps, because I wished to save my friend Storm from this unenviable lot that I always contended that he was yet a promising candidate for matrimony.

Edmund Storm was a Norseman by birth, but had emigrated some five or six years before I made his acquaintance. Our first meeting was brought about in rather a singular manner. I had written an article in one of our leading newspapers, commenting upon the characteristics of our Scandinavian

immigrants and indulging some fine theories, highly eulogistic of the women of my native land. A few days after the publication of this article, my pride was seriously shocked by the receipt of a letter which told me in almost so many words that I was a conceited fool, with opinions worthy of a bedlam. The writer, who professed to be better informed, added his name and address, and invited me to call upon him at a specified hour, promising to furnish me with valuable material for future treatises on the same subject. My curiosity was naturally piqued, and, swallowing my humiliation, I determined to obey the summons. I found some satisfaction in the thought that my unknown critic resided in a very unfashionable neighborhood, and mentally put him down as one of those half-civilized boors whom the first breath of our republican air had inflated a good deal beyond their natural dimensions. I was therefore somewhat disconcerted when, after having climbed half a dozen long staircases, I was confronted with a pale, thin man, of calm, gentlemanly bearing, with the unmistakable stamp of culture upon his brow. He shook my hand with grave politeness, and pointing to a huge arm-chair of antediluvian make, invited me to be seated. The large, low-ceiled room was filled with furniture of the most fantastic styles;—tables and chairs with twisted legs and scrolls of tarnished gilt; a solid-looking, elaborately carved *chiffonier* exhibiting Adam and Eve in airy dishabille, sowing the seeds of mischief for an unborn world; a long mirror in broad gilt frame of the most deliciously quaint rococo, calling up the images of slim, long-waisted ladies and powdered gentlemen with wristbands of ancient lace, silk stockings and gorgeous coats, *à la* Louis XV. The very air seemed to be filled with the vague musty odor of by-gone times, and the impression grew upon me that I had unawares stepped into a lumber-room, where the eighteenth century was stowed away for safe keeping.

"You see I have a weakness for old furniture," explained my host, while his rigid features labored for an instant to adjust themselves into something resembling a smile. I imagined I could hear them creaking faintly in the effort like old tissue paper when crumpled by an unwary hand. I almost regretted my rudeness in having subjected him to the effort. I noticed that he spoke with a slow, laborious enunciation, as if he were fashioning the words carefully in his mouth before making up his mind to

emit them. His thin, flexible lips seemed admirably adapted for this purpose.

"It is the only luxury I allow myself," he continued, seeing that I was yet ill at ease. "My assortment, as you will observe, is as yet a very miscellaneous one, and I do not know that I ever shall be able to complete it."

"You are a fortunate man," remarked I, "who can afford to indulge such expensive tastes."

"Expensive," he repeated musingly, as if that idea had never until then occurred to him. "You are quite mistaken. Expensive, as I understand the term, is not that which has a high intrinsic worth, but that which can only be procured at a price considerably above its real value. In this sense, a hobby is not an expensive thing. It is, as I regard it, one of the safest investments life has to offer. An unambitious man like myself, without a hobby, would necessarily be either an idler or a knave. And I am neither the one nor the other. The truth is, my life was very poorly furnished at the start, and I have been laboring ever since to supply the deficiency. I am one of those crude, colorless, superfluous products which Nature throws off with listless ease in her leisure moments when her thoughts are wandering and her strength has been exhausted by some great and noble effort."

Mr. Storm uttered these extraordinary sentiments, not with a careless toss of the head, and loud demonstrative ardor, but with a grave, measured intonation, as if he were reciting from some tedious moral book recommended by ministers of the gospel and fathers of families. His long, dry face with its perpendicular wrinkles, and the whole absurd proportion between his longitude and latitude, suggested to me the idea that Nature had originally made him short and stout, and then, having suddenly changed her mind, had subjected him to a prolonged process of stretching in order to adapt him to the altered type. I had no doubt that if I could see those parts of his body which were now covered, they would show by longitudinal wrinkles the effects of this hypothetical stretching. His features in their original shape may have been handsome, although I am inclined to doubt it; there were glimpses of fine intentions in them, but as a whole, he was right in pronouncing them rather a second-rate piece of workmanship. His nose was thin, sharp and aquiline, and the bone seemed to exert a severe strain upon the epidermis, which

was stretched over the projecting bridge with the tensely of a drum-head. I will not reveal what an unpleasant possibility this niggardliness on Nature's part suggested to me. His eyes (the only feature in him which was distinctly Norse) were of a warm gray tint, and expressed frank severity. You saw at once that, whatever his eccentricities might be, here was a Norseman in whom there was no guile. It was these fine Norse eyes which at once prepossessed me in Storm's favor. They furnished me approximately with the key-note to his character; I knew that God did not expend such eyes upon any but the rarest natures. Storm's taste for old furniture was no longer a mystery; in fact, I began to suspect that there lurked a fantastic streak of some warm, deep-tinged hue somewhere in his bony composition, and my fingers began to itch with the desire to make a psychological autopsy.

"Apropos of crude workmanship," began my host after a pause, during which he had been examining his long fingers with an air of criticism and doubtful approbation. "You know why I wrote to you?"

I confessed that I was unable to guess his motive.

"Well, then, listen to me. Your article was written with a good deal of youthful power; but it was thoroughly false. You spoke of what you did not know. I thought it was my duty to guard you from future errors, especially as I felt that you were a young man standing upon the threshold of life, about to enter upon a career of great mischief or great usefulness. Then you are of my own blood—but there is no need of apologies. You have come, as I thought you would."

"It was especially my sentiments regarding Norsewomen, I believe, that you objected to," I said hesitatingly; for in spite of his fine eyes, my friend still impressed me as an unknown quantity, and I mentally labeled him x , and determined by slow degrees to solve his equation.

"Yes," he answered; "your sentiments about Norsewomen, or rather about women in general. They are made very much of the same stuff the world over. I do not mind telling you that I speak from bitter experience, and my words ought, therefore, to have the more weight."

"Your experience must have been very wide," I answered by way of pleasantry, "since, as you hint, it includes the whole world."

He stared for a moment, did not respond to my smile, but continued in the same imperturbable monotone:

"When God abstracted that seventh or ninth rib from Adam, and fashioned a woman of it, the result was, *entre nous*, nothing to boast of. I have never ceased to regret that Adam did not wake up in time to thwart that hazardous experiment. It may have been necessary to introduce some tragic element into our lives, and if that was the intention, I admit that the means were ingenious. To my mind the only hope of salvation for the human race lies in its gradual emancipation from that baleful passion which draws men and women so irresistibly to each other. Love and reason in a well-regulated human being, form at best an armed neutrality, but can never cordially co-operate. But few men arrive in this life at this ideal state, and women never. As it is now, our best energies are wasted in vain endeavors to solve the matrimonial problem at the very time when our vitality is greatest and our strength might be expended with the best effect in the service of the race, for the advancement of science, art, or industry."

"But would you then abolish marriage?" I ventured to ask. "That would mean, as I understand it, to abolish the race itself."

"No," he answered calmly. "In my ideal state, marriage should be tolerated; but it should be regulated by the government, with a total disregard of individual preferences, and with a sole view to the physical and intellectual improvement of the race. There should be a permanent government commission appointed, say one in each State, consisting of the most prominent scientists and moral teachers. No marriage should be legal without being approved and confirmed by them. Marriage, as it is at present, is, in nine cases out of ten, an unqualified evil; as Schopenhauer puts it, it halves our joys and doubles our sorrows—"

"And triples our expenses," I prompted, laughing.

"And triples our expenses," he repeated gravely. "Talk about finding your affinity and all that sort of stuff! Supposing the world to be a huge bag, as in reality it is; then take several hundred million blocks, representing human beings, and label each one by pairs, giving them a corresponding mark and color. Then shake the whole bag violently, and you will admit that the chances of an encounter between the two with the same label are extremely slim. It

is just so with marriage. It is all chance—a heartless, aimless, and cruel lottery. There are more valuable human lives wrecked every hour of the day in this dangerous game than by all the vices that barbarism or civilization has ever invented."

I hazarded some feeble remonstrance against these revolutionary heresies (as I conceived them to be), but my opponent met me on all sides with his inflexible logic. We spent several hours together without at all approaching an agreement, and finally parted with the promise to dine together and resume the discussion the next day.

This was the beginning of my acquaintance with the pessimist, Edmund Storm.

II.

"Freundschaft, Liebe, Stein der Weisen,
Diese Dreie hört' ich preisen,
Und ich pries und suchte sie,
Aber ach! ich fand sie nie."

—HEINE.

DURING the next two years there was never a week, and seldom a day, when I did not see Storm. We lunched together at a much-frequented restaurant not far from Wall street, and my friend's sarcastic epigrams would do much to reconcile me to my temperance habits by supplying in a more ethereal form the stimulants with which others strove to facilitate or ruin their digestions.

"Existence is even at best a doubtful boon," he would say while he dissected his beefsteak with the seriousness of a scientific observer. "A man's philosophy is regulated by his stomach. No amount of stoicism can reconcile a man to dyspepsia. If our nationality were not by nature endowed with the digestion of a boa constrictor, I should seriously consider the propriety of vanishing into the Nirvana."

I often wondered what could be the secret of Storm's liking for me; for that he liked me, in his own lugubrious fashion, there could be no doubt. As for myself, I never could determine how far I reciprocated his feeling. I should hardly say that I loved him, but his talk fascinated me, and it always irritated me to hear any one speak ill of him. He was the very opposite of what the world calls "a good fellow;" he did not slap you on the shoulder and salute you with a "Hallo, old boy!" and I am inclined to think that he would have promptly resented any undue familiarity. He was a man of the most exact habits, painfully conscientious in all his dealings, and absolutely

devoid of vices, unless, indeed, his extravagance in the purchase of old furniture might be classed under that head. To people of slipshod habits, his painstaking exactness was of course highly exasperating, and I often myself felt that he was in need of a redeeming vice. If I could have induced him to smoke, take snuff, or indulge in a little innocent gambling, I believe it would have given me a good deal of satisfaction. Once, I remember, I exerted myself to the utmost to beguile him into taking a humorous view of a mendacious tramp, who, after having treated us to a highly pathetic autobiography, importuned us for a quarter. But no, Storm could see nothing but the moral hideousness of the man, lectured him severely, and would have sent him away unrewarded, if I had not temporarily suspended my principles.

During our continued intercourse, I naturally learned a good deal about my friend's previous life and occupation. He was of very good family, had enjoyed an excellent university education, and had the finest prospects of a prosperous career at home, when, as far as I could ascertain, he took a sudden freak to emigrate. He had inherited a modest fortune, and now maintained himself as cashier in a large tea importing house in the city. He read the newspapers diligently, apparently with a view to convincing himself of the universal wretchedness of mankind in general and the American people in particular, had a profound contempt for ambition of every sort, believed nothing that life could offer worthy of an effort, except—old furniture.

In the autumn of 187—, he was taken violently ill with inflammation of the lungs, and I naturally devoted every evening to him that I could spare from my work. He suffered acutely, but was perfectly calm and hardly ever moved a muscle.

"I seldom indulge in the luxury of whining," he said to me once, as I was seated at his bedside. "But, if I should die, as I believe I shall, it would be a pity if the lesson of my life should be lost to humanity. It is the only valuable thing I leave behind me, except, perhaps, my furniture, which I bequeath to you."

He lay for a while looking with grave criticism at his long, lean fingers, and then told me the following story of which I shall give a brief *resumé*.

Some ten years ago, while he was yet in the university, he had made the acquaint-

ance of a young girl, Emily Gerstad, the daughter of a widow in whose house he lived. She was a wild, unruly thing, full of coquettish airs, frivolous as a kitten, but for all that, a phenomenon of most absorbing interest. She was a blonde of the purest Northern type, with a magnificent wealth of thick curly hair and a pair of blue eyes, which seemed capable of expressing the very finest things that God ever deposited in a woman's nature. It was useless to disapprove of her, and to argue with her on the error of her ways was a waste of breath: her moral nature was too fatally flexible. She could assume with astonishing facility a hundred different attitudes on the same question, and acted the penitent, the indifferent, the defiant, with such a perfection of art as really to deceive herself. And in spite of all this, poor Storm soon found that she had wound herself so closely about his heart, that the process of unwinding, as he expressed it, would require greater strength and a sterner philosophy than he believed himself to possess. He had always been shy of women, not because he distrusted them, but because he was painfully conscious of being in point of physical finish a second-rate article, a bungling piece of work, and naturally felt his disadvantages more keenly in the presence of those upon whom Nature had expended all her best art. He was, according to his own assertion, an idealist by temperament, and had kept a sacred chamber in his heart where the vestal fire burned with a pure flame. Now the deepest strata of his being were stirred, and he loved with an overwhelming fervor and intensity which fairly frightened him. In a moment of abject despair he proposed to Emily, and to his surprise was accepted. And what was more, it was no comedy on her part; he even now believed that she really loved him. All the turbulent forces of her being were toned down to a beautiful, womanly tenderness. She clung to him with a passionate devotion which seemed to be no less of a surprise to herself than it was to him—clung to his stronger self, perhaps, as a refuge from her own waywardness, listened with a sweet, shame-faced happiness to his bright plans for their common future, and shared his pleasures and his light disappointments with an ardor and an ever ready sympathy, as if her whole previous life had been an education for this one end—to be a perfect wife and to be his wife.

But alas, their happiness was of brief du-

ration. At the end of a year, he had finished his legal studies, and passed a brilliant examination. An excellent situation was obtained for him in a small town on the sea-coast, whither he removed and began to prepare for the foundation of his home. It was here he contracted his taste for quaint furniture, all that was now left to him of his happiness—nay, of his life. Suddenly, at the end of eight months, she ceased writing to him—a fact which, after all, argued well for her sincerity; full of apprehension, he hastened to the capital and found her engaged to a young lieutenant,—a dashing, hare-brained fellow, covered all over with gilt embroidery, undeniably handsome, but otherwise of very little worth. At least that was Storm's impression of him; he may have done him injustice, he added, with his usual conscientiousness. A man who sees the whole structure of his life tumbling down over his head is not apt to take a charitable view of the author of the ruin. A week later, Storm was on his way to America,—that was the end of the story.

Yes, if my friend had died, according to his promise, the story would have ended here; but, as for once, he broke his word, I am obliged to add the sequel. I noticed that for some time after his recovery he kept shy of me. As he afterward plainly told me, he felt as if I had purloined a piece of his most precious private property, in sharing a grief which had hitherto been his own exclusive treasure.

III.

Fürcht' dich nicht, du liebes Kindchen,
Vor der bösen Geister Macht;
Tag und Nacht, du liebes Kindchen,
Halten Engel bei dir Wacht.

—HEINE.

ONCE, on a warm moonlight night in September, Storm and I took a walk in the Park. The night always turned him into a gentle mood, and I even suspect that he had some sentiment about it. The currents of life, he said, then ran more serenely, with a slower and healthier pulse-beat; the unfathomable mysteries of life crowded in upon us; our shallow individualities were quenched, and our larger human traits rose nearer to the surface. The best test of sympathy was a night walk; two persons who then jarred upon each other might safely conclude that they were constitutionally unsympathetic. He had known silly girls who in moonlight were sublime; but it was dangerous to build one's hopes of happiness upon this moonlight sublimity.

Just as all complexions, except positive black, were fair when touched by the radiance of the night, so all shades of character, except downright wickedness, borrowed a finer human tinge under this illusory illumination. Thus ran his talk, I throwing in the necessary expletives, and as I am neither black nor absolutely wicked, I have reason to believe that I appeared to good advantage.

"It is very curious about women," he broke forth after a long meditative pause. "In spite of all my pondering on the subject, I never quite could understand the secret of their fascination. Their goodness, if they are good, is usually of the quality of oatmeal, and when they are bad —"

"They are horrid," I quoted promptly.

"Amen," he added with a contented chuckle. "I never could see the appropriateness of the Bible precept about coveting your neighbor's wife," he resumed after another brief silence. "I, for my part, never found my neighbor's wife worth coveting. But I will admit that I have, in a few instances, felt inclined to covet my neighbor's child. No amount of pessimism can quite fortify a man against the desire to have children. A child is not always a 'thing of beauty,' nor is it apt to be 'a joy for ever'; but I never yet met the man who would not be willing to take his chances. It is a confounded thing that the paternal instinct is so deeply implanted, even in such a piece of dried-up parchment as myself. It is like discovering a warm, live vein of throbbing blood under the shriveled skin of an Egyptian mummy."

We sauntered on for more than an hour, now plunging into dense masses of shadow, now again emerging into cool pathways of light. The conversation turned on various topics, all of which Storm touched with a kindlier humor than was his wont. The world was a failure, but for all that, it was the part of a wise man to make the best of it as it was. The clock in some neighboring tower struck ten; we took a street-car and rode home. As we were about to alight (I first, and Storm following closely after me), I noticed a woman with a wild, frightened face hurrying away from the street-lamp right in front of us. My friend, owing either to his near-sightedness, or his preoccupation, had evidently not observed her. We climbed the long dimly lighted stairs to his room, and both stumbled at the door against a large basket.

"That detestable washwoman!" he mut-

tered. "How often have I told her not to place her basket where everybody is sure to run into it!"

He opened the door and I carried the basket into the room, while he struck a match and lighted the drop-light on the table.

"Excuse me for a moment," he went on, stooping to lift the cloth which covered the basket. "I want to count — Gracious heavens! what is this?" he cried suddenly, springing up as if he had stepped on something alive; then he sank down into an arm-chair, and sat staring vacantly before him. In the basket lay a sleeping infant, apparently about eight months old. As soon as I had recovered from my first astonishment, I bent down over it and regarded it attentively. It was a beautiful, healthy looking child,—not a mere formless mass of fat with hastily sketched features, as babes of that age are apt to be. Its face was of exquisite finish, a straight, well-modeled little nose, a softly defined dimpled little chin, and a fresh, finely curved mouth, through which the even breath came and went with a quiet, hardly perceptible rhythm. It was all as sweet, harmonious and artistically perfect as a Tennysonian stanza. The little waif won my heart at once, and it was a severe test of my self-denial that I had to repress my desire to kiss it. I somehow felt that my friend ought to be the first to recognize it as a member of his household.

"Storm," I said, looking up at his pale, vacant face. "It is a dangerous thing to covet one's neighbor's child. But, if you don't adopt this little dumb suppliant, I fear you will tempt me too to break the tenth commandment. I believe there is a clause there about coveting children."

Storm opened his eyes wide, and with an effort to rouse himself, pushed back the chair and knelt down at the side of the basket. With a gentle movement he drew off the cover under which the child slept, and discovered on its bosom a letter which he eagerly seized. As he glanced at the direction on the envelope, his face underwent a marvelous change; it was as if a mask had suddenly been removed, revealing a new type of warmer, purer and tenderer manhood.

The letter read as follows:

"Dearest Edmund:

It has gone all wrong with me. You know I would not come to you, if there was any other hope left. As for myself, I do not care what becomes of me, but you will not forsake my little girl. Will

you, dear Edmund? I know you will not. I promise you, I shall never claim her back. She shall be yours always. Her name is Ragna; she was born February 25th, and was christened two months later. I have prayed to God that she may bring happiness into your life, that she may expiate the wrong her mother did you.

"I was not married until five years after you left me. It is a great sin to say it, but I always hoped that you would come back to me. I did not know then how great my wrong was. Now I know it and I have ceased to hope. Do not try to find me. It will be useless. I shall never willingly cross your path, dear Edmund. I have learned that happiness never comes where I am; and I would not darken your life again,—no I would not, so help me God! Only forgive me, if you can, and do not say anything bad about me to my child—ah! what a horrible thought! I did not mean to ask you that, because I know how good you are. I am so wild with strange thoughts, so dazed and bewildered that I do not know what I am saying. Farewell, dear Edmund.—Your,

EMILY.

"If you should decide not to keep my little girl (as I do not think you will), send a line addressed E. H. H., to the personal column in the 'N. Y. Herald.' But do not try to find me. I shall answer you in the same way and tell you where to send the child. E. H."

This letter was not shown to me until several years after, but even then the half illegible words, evidently traced with a trembling hand, the pathetic abruptness of the sentences, sounding like the grief-stricken cries of a living voice, and the still visible marks of tears upon the paper, made an impression upon me which is not easily forgotten.

In the meanwhile Storm, having read and reread the letter, was lifting his strangely illumined eyes to the ceiling.

"God be praised," he said in a trembling whisper. "I have wronged her, too, and I did not know it. I will be a father to her child."

The little girl, who had awaked, without signaling the fact in the usual manner, fixed her large, fawn-like eyes upon him in peaceful wonder. He knelt down once more, took her in his arms, and kissed her gravely and solemnly. It was charming to see with what tender awkwardness he held her, as if she were some precious thing made of frail stuff that might easily be broken. My curiosity had already prompted me to examine the basket, which contained a variety of clean, tiny articles,—linen, stockings, a rattle with the distinct impress of its nationality, and several neatly folded dresses, among which a long, white, elaborately embroidered one marked by a slip of paper as "Baby's Christening Gown."

I will not reproduce the long and serious

consultation which followed; be it sufficient to chronicle the result. I hastened homeward, and had my landlady, Mrs. Harrison, roused from her midnight slumbers; she was, as I knew, a woman of strong maternal instincts, who was fond of referring to her experience in that line,—a woman to whom your thought would naturally revert in embarrassing circumstances. She responded promptly and eagerly to my appeal; the situation evidently roused all the latent romance of her nature, and afforded her no small satisfaction. She spent a half hour in privacy with the baby, who re-appeared fresh and beaming in a sort of sacerdotal Norse night-habit which was a miracle of neatness.

"Bless her little heart," ejaculated Mrs. Harrison, as the small fat hands persisted in pulling her already demoralized side curls. "She certainly knows me;" then in an aside to Storm: "The mother, whoever she may be, sir, is a lady. I never seed finer linen as long as I lived; and every single blessed piece is embroidered with two letters which I reckon means the name of the child."

Storm bowed his head silently and sighed. But when the baby, after having rather indifferently submitted to a caress from me, stretched out its arms to him and consented with great good humor to a final good-night kiss, large tears rolled down over his cheeks, while he smiled, as I thought only the angels could smile.

I am obliged to add before the curtain is dropped upon this nocturnal drama, that my friend was guilty of an astonishing piece of Vandalism. When my landlady had deposited the sleeping child in his large, exquisitely carved and canopied bed (which, as he declared, made him feel as if a hundred departed grandees were his bed-fellows), we both went in to have a final view of our little foundling. As we stood there, clasping each other's hands in silence, Storm suddenly fixed his eyes with a savage glare at one of the bed-posts, which contained a tile of porcelain, representing Joseph leaving his garment in the hand of Potiphar's wife; on the post opposite was seen Samson sheared of his glory and Delilah fleeing through the opened door with his seven locks in her hand; a third represented Jezebel being precipitated from a third-story window, and the subject of the fourth I have forgotten. It was a remnant of the not always delicate humor of the seventeenth century. My friend, with a fierce disgust,

strangely out of keeping with his former mood, pulled a knife from his pocket, and deliberately proceeded to demolish the precious tiles. When he had succeeded in breaking out the last, he turned to me and said:

"I have been an atrocious fool. It is high time I should get to know it."

A week later I found four new tiles with designs of Fra Angelico's angels installed in the places of the reprobate Biblical women.

IV.

"Wer zum ersten Male liebt,
Sei es auch glücklos ist ein Gott."

—HEINE.

DURING the following week, Storm and I, with the aid of the police, searched New York from one end to the other; but Emily must have foreseen the event, and covered up her tracks carefully. Our seeking was all in vain. In the meanwhile the baby was not neglected; my friend's third room, which had hitherto done service as a sort of state parlor, was consecrated as a nursery, a stout German nurse was procured, and much time was devoted to the designing of a cradle (an odd mixture of the Pompeian and the Eastlake style), which was well calculated to stimulate whatever artistic sense our baby must have been endowed with. If it had been heir to a throne, its wants could not have been more carefully studied. Storm was as flexible as wax in its tiny hand. Life had suddenly acquired a very definite meaning to him; he had discovered that he had a valuable stake in it. Strange as it may seem, the whole gigantic world, with its manifold and complicated institutions, began to re-adjust itself in his mind with sole reference to its possible influence upon the baby's fate. Political questions were no longer convenient pegs to hang pessimistic epigrams on, but became matters of vital interest because they affected the moral condition of the country in which the baby was to grow up. Socialistic agitations which a dispassionate bachelor could afford to regard with philosophic indifference now presented themselves as diabolical plots to undermine the baby's happiness, and deprive her of whatever earthly goods Providence might see fit to bestow upon her, and so on, *ad infinitum*. From a radical, with revolutionary sympathies, my friend in the course of a year blossomed out into a conservative Philistine with a decided streak of optimism, and all for the sake of the baby. It was very amusing to listen to his

solemn consultations with the nurse every morning before he betook himself to the office, and to watch the lively, almost child-like interest with which, on returning in the evening, he listened to her long-winded report of the baby's wonderful doings during the day. On Sundays, when he always spent the whole afternoon at home, I often surprised him in the most undignified attitudes, creeping about on the floor with the little girl riding on his back, or stretched out full length with his head in her lap, while she was gracious enough to interest herself in his hair, and even laughed and prattled with much inarticulate contentment. At such times, when, perhaps, through the disordered locks, I caught a glimpse of a beaming happy face (for my visits were never of sufficient account to interfere with baby's pleasures), I would pay my respectful tribute to the baby, acknowledging that she possessed a power, the secret of which I did not know.

But in spite of all this, I did not fail to detect that Storm's life was not even now without its sorrow. At our luncheons, I often saw a sad and thoughtful gloom settling upon his features; it was no longer the bitter reviling grief of former years, but a deep and mellow sadness, a regretful dwelling on mental images which were hard to contemplate and harder still to banish.

"Do you know," he exclaimed once, as he felt that I had divined his thoughts, "her face haunts me night and day! I feel as if my happiness in possessing the child were a daily robbery from her. I have continued my search for her up to this hour, but I have found no trace of her. Perhaps if you help me, I shall not always be seeking in vain."

I gave him my hand silently across the table; he shook it heartily, and we parted.

It was about a month after this occurrence that I happened to be sitting on one of the benches near the entrance to Central Park. That restless spring feeling which always attacks me somewhat prematurely with the early May sunshine, had beguiled me into taking a holiday, and with a book, which had been sent me for review, lying open upon my knees, I was watching the occupants of the baby carriages which were being wheeled up and down on the pavement in front of me. Presently I discovered Storm's nurse seated on a bench near by in eager converse with a male personage of her own nationality. The baby, who was safely strapped in the carriage at the road-

side, was pleasantly occupied in venting her destructive instincts upon a linen edition of "Mother Goose." As I arose to get a nearer view of the child, I saw a slender, simply dressed lady, with a beautiful but care-worn face, evidently approaching with the same intention. At the sight of me she suddenly paused; a look of recognition seemed to be vaguely struggling in her features,—she turned around, and walked rapidly away. The thought immediately flashed through me that it was the same face I had seen under the gas-lamp on the evening when the child was found. Moreover, the type, although not glaringly Norse, corresponded in its general outline to Storm's description. Fearing to excite her suspicion, I forced my face into the most neutral expression, stooped down to converse with the baby, and then sauntered off with a leisurely air toward "Ward's Indian Hunter." I had no doubt that if the lady were the child's mother, she would soon re-appear; and I need not add that my expectations proved correct. After having waited some fifteen minutes, I saw her returning with swift, wary steps and watchful eyes, like some lithe wild thing that scents danger in the air. As she came up to the nurse, she dropped down into the seat with a fine affectation of weariness, and began to chat with an attempt at indifference which was truly pathetic. Her eyes seemed all the while to be devouring the child with a wild, hungry tenderness. Suddenly she pounced upon it, hugged it tightly in her arms, and quite forgetting her *rôle*, strove no more to smother her sobs. The nurse was greatly alarmed; I heard her expostulating, but could not distinguish the words. The child cried. Suddenly the lady rose, explained briefly, as I afterward heard, that she had herself lately lost a child, and hurried away. At a safe distance I followed her, and succeeded in tracking her nearly a mile down Broadway, where she vanished into what appeared to be a genteel dress-making establishment. By the aid of a friend of mine, a dealer in furnishing goods, whom I thought it prudent to take into my confidence, I ascertained that she called herself Mrs. Helm (an ineffectual disguise of the Norwegian Hjelm), that she was a widow of quiet demeanor and most exemplary habits, and that she had worked as a seamstress in the establishment during the past four months. My friend elicited these important facts under the pretense of wishing to employ her himself in the shirt-making

department of his own business. Having through the same agency obtained the street and number of her boarding-place, I visited her landlady, who dispelled my last doubts, and, moreover, informed me (perhaps under the impression that I was a possible suitor), that Mrs. Helm was as fine a lady as ever trod God's earth, and a fit wife for any man. The same evening, I conveyed to Storm the result of my investigations.

He sat listening to me with a grave intensity of expression, which at first I hardly knew how to interpret. Now and then I saw his lips quivering, and as I described the little scene with the child in the park, he rose abruptly and began to walk up and down on the floor. As I had finished, he again dropped down into the chair, raised his eyes devoutly to the ceiling and murmured:

"Thank God!"

Thus he sat for a long while, sometimes moving his lips inaudibly, and seemingly unconscious of my presence. Then suddenly he sprang up and seized his hat and cane.

"It was number 532?" he said, laying hold of the door-knob.

"Yes," I answered, "but you surely do not intend to see her to-night."

"Yes, I do."

"But it is after nine o'clock and she may —"

But he was already half way down the stairs.

Through a dense drizzling rain which made the gas-lights across the street look like moons set in misty aureoles, Storm hastened on until he reached the unaristocratic locality of Emily's dwelling. He rang the door-bell, and after some slight expostulation with the servant was permitted to enter. Gropping his way through a long dimly lit hall, he stumbled upon a staircase, which he mounted, and paused at the door which had been pointed out to him. A slender ray of light stole out through the key-hole, piercing the darkness without dispelling it. Storm hesitated long at the door before making up his mind to knock; a strange quivering agitation had come upon him, as if he were about to do something wrong. All sorts of wild imaginings rushed in upon him, and in his effort to rid himself of them he made an unconscious gesture, and seized hold of the door-knob. A hasty fluttering motion was heard from within, and presently the door was opened. A fair and slender lady with a sweet pale

face stood before him; in one hand she held a needle, and in the other a bright-colored garment which resembled a baby's jacket. He felt rather than saw that he was in Emily's presence. His head and his heart seemed equally turbulent. A hundred memories from the buried past rose dimly into sight, and he could not chase them away. It was so difficult, too, to identify this grave and worn, though still young face, with that soft, dimpled, kitten-like Emily, who had conquered his youth and made his life hers. Ah! poor little dimpled Emily; yes, he feared she would never return to him. And he sighed at the thought that she had probably lost now all that charming naughtiness which he had once spent so much time in disapproving of. He was suddenly roused from these reflections by a vague, half whispered cry; Emily had fled to the other end of the room, thrown herself on the bed, and pressed her face hard down among the pillows. It was an act which immediately recalled the Emily of former days, a childish and still natural motion like that of some shy and foolish animal which believes itself safe when its head is hidden. Storm closed the door, walked up to the bed and seated himself on a hard, wooden chair.

"Emily," he said at last.

She raised herself abruptly on her arms and gazed at him over her shoulder with large, tearless, frightened eyes.

"Edmund," she whispered doubtfully. "Edmund."

"Yes, Emily," he answered in a soothing voice, as one speaks to a frightened child. "I have come to see you and to speak with you."

"You have come to see me, Edmund," she repeated mechanically. Then as if the situation were gradually dawning upon her, "You have come to see *me*."

His rôle had appeared so easy as he had hastily sketched it on the way,—gratitude on her part, forgiveness on his, and then a speedy reconciliation. But it was the exquisite delicacy of Storm's nature which made him shrink from appearing in any way to condescend, to patronize, to forgive, where perhaps he needed rather to be forgiven. A strange awkwardness had come over him. He felt himself suddenly to be beyond his depth. How unpardonably blunt and masculinely obtuse he had been in dealing with this beautiful and tender thing, which God had once, for a short time, intrusted to his keeping! How cruel

and wooden that moral code of his by which he had relentlessly measured her, and often found her wanting! What an effort it must have cost her finer-grained organism to assimilate his crude youthful maxims, what suffering to her tiny feet to be plodding wearily in his footsteps over the thorny moral wastes which he had laid behind him! All this came to him as by revelation as he sat gazing at Emily's face, which looked very pathetic just then with its vague bewilderment and its child-like surrender of any attempt to explain what there was puzzling in the situation. Storm was deeply touched. He would fain have spoken to her out of the fullness of his heart; but here again that awkward morality of his restrained him. There were unfortunately some disagreeable questions to be asked first.

Storm stared for a while with a pondering look at the floor; then he carefully knocked a speck of dust from the sleeve of his coat.

"Emily," he said at last, solemnly. "Is your husband still alive?"

It was the bluntest way he could possibly have put it, and he bit his lip angrily at the thought of his awkwardness.

"My husband," answered Emily, suddenly recovering her usual flute-like voice (and it vibrated through him like an electric shock)—"is he alive! No, he is dead—was killed in the Danish war."

"And were you very happy with him, Emily? Was he very good to you?"

It was a brutish question to ask, and his ears burned uncomfortably; but there was no help for it.

"I was not happy," answered she simply, and with an unthinking directness, as if the answer were nothing but his due; "because I was not good to him. I did not love him, and I never would have married him, if mother had not died. But then, there was no one left who cared for me."

A blessed sense of rest stole over him; he lifted his grave eyes to hers, took her listless hand and held it close in his. She did not withdraw it, nor did she return his pressure.

"Emily, my darling," he said, while his voice shook with repressed feeling (the old affectionate names rose as of themselves to his lips, and it seemed an inconceivable joy to speak them once more); "you must have suffered much."

"I think I have deserved it, Edmund," she answered with a little pant and a little quiver of her upper lip. "After all, the worst was that I had to lose my baby. But

you are very good to her, Edmund, are you not?"

Her eyes now filled with tears and they began to fall slowly, one by one, down over her cheeks.

"Yes, darling," he broke forth,—the impulse of tenderness now overmastering all other thoughts. "And I will be good to you also, Emily, if you will only let me."

He had risen and drawn her lithe, unresisting form to his bosom. She wept silently, a little convulsive sob now and then breaking the stillness.

"You will not leave me again, Edmund, will you?" she queried, with a sweet distressed look, as if the very thought of being once more alone made her shudder.

"No, Emily dear, I will never leave you."

"Can you believe me, Edmund?" she began suddenly after a long pause. "I have always been true to you."

He clasped her face between his palms, drew it back to gaze at it, and then kissed her tenderly.

"God bless you, darling!" he whispered, folding her closer in his arms, as if he feared that some one might take her away from him.

How he would love and keep and protect her—this poor bruised little creature, whom

he had once so selfishly abandoned at the very first suspicion of disloyalty! As she stood there nestling so confidently against his bosom, his heart went out to her with a great yearning pity, and he thanked God even for the long suffering and separation which had made their love the more abiding and sacred.

The next day, Storm and Emily were quietly married, and the baby and I were present as witnesses. They now live in a charming little cottage on the Jersey side, which is to me a wonder of taste and comfort. Out of my friend's miscellaneous assortment of ancient furniture, his wife has succeeded in creating a series of the quaintest, most fascinating boudoirs and parlors and bedrooms—everything, as Storm assures me, historically correct and in perfect style and keeping; so that in walking through the house, you get a whiff of at least three distinct centuries. To quote Storm once more, he sleeps in the sober religious atmosphere of the German Reformation with its rational wood-tints and solid oaken carvings, dines amid the pagan splendors of the Italian Renaissance, and receives company among the florid conventionalities of the French rococo period.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

"Protestant Vaticanism."

A HEN long past laying, and possessed of a chronic *penchant* for sitting on porcelain eggs, should never cackle, under the gleeful impression that she has furnished a new and reliable evidence of her productive vitality. She is sure to be mistaken, every time. It will always appear, on examination, that some outside party has tucked another porcelain fraud under her wing, to be warmed.

"The New York Observer" has cackled lately—lately as we write, though the word will be a little out of date when we publish. It seems that the Dutch Reformed Classis of Kingston has deposed, or suspended, Rev. Dr. Blauvelt from his ministerial office, in consequence of heresy. Hence this joyful outcry from "The Observer." Our readers will remember Dr. Blauvelt's article in the September "SCRIBNER," on the topic which we have placed at the head of the present editorial. In writing and publishing this article, our contributor understood, of course, that he surrendered his ecclesiastical head. It was practically the laying of that head upon the block, and a challenge to the executioner to do the work to which he

was compelled by his obligations and his office. Now, if "The Observer" had not attempted to place Dr. Blauvelt in a false position, anything it might have said upon the matter could have been suffered to pass without a word of notice. It is understood, as a matter of course, that that paper would rejoice in any event which would place the heretic under professional ostracism. He had been loyal to his convictions, and bold and self-sacrificing in their expression, and these convictions made against "The Observer's" dogmatic opinions. To shut such a man's mouth opens the gates of Paradise to the great conservator of orthodoxy. It would prefer having a knife run into him to arguing with him. The first could be done by somebody else; the other would involve work and unaccustomed study. "Off with his head! So much for" Blauvelt! We say that it is perfectly understood that "The Observer" would rejoice in Dr. Blauvelt's decapitation; and that journal makes no effort to disguise its satisfaction. It even praises the "short and easy method" of the Dutch Reformed Church, at the expense of the more leisurely policy of its own Presbyterian body. In short, "The Observer" is delighted, and gratuitously appears as a witness, in

the establishment of the truth of Dr. Blauvelt's accusation of "Protestant Vaticanism." He made his charge, the Classis of Kingston indorsed it, and "The Observer" effusively confirmed it. Who has "come to grief" in this matter,—Dr. Blauvelt or "The Observer?" It strikes the present somewhat interested writer that if one may cackle, the other may clear his throat with a "crow."

But we were to speak of the false position in which "The Observer" has attempted to place Dr. Blauvelt before the public. Will the reader kindly peruse the following scandalous arraignment:—

"If he [Dr. Blauvelt] has not sense to perceive that his views are contrary to his professional faith, he ought to be silenced as incompetent to teach. If he knows that his views are incompatible with his creed, he ought, as an honest man, to quit his place. *The meanest kind of a man is one who eats another's bread while doing him a wrong; and of all men we hold him in most contempt who remains within a church to disparage its doctrines.*"

Before exposing the dastardly of the charge conveyed in these words, it will be well to show how thoroughly "The Observer" and Dr. Blauvelt agree on the general proposition which they cover. As early as October, 1875, he distinctly said in these pages:—

"If, therefore, it should ever become a case of conscience with any professional theologian to denounce this Christian [i.e. denominational] dogma as uncertain, and that Christian [i.e. denominational] dogma as mistaken, by all means let him keep his conscience clean. But while he does this, let him not . . . continue to claim either the position or the perquisites of a loyal teacher of the very dogmas he is denouncing. Let him suffer deposition from his office; let him resort to some honest secular pursuit to secure his livelihood, or even let him beg his food from door to door, if that be necessary; but let him evermore jealously guard himself from such a breach of fealty and trust."

So "The Observer" and Dr. Blauvelt agree on the general proposition, and the latter is self-condemned if he is guilty of the criminal indiscretion which the former charges upon him. What are the facts of the case? When a man receives a commission in the army, he can resign it at will. The relation thus established has two sides to it, and equivalent rights and privileges. He can be dismissed for cause, or he can resign for what may seem to him to be good and sufficient reasons. When a man takes a commission as a teacher in the Dutch Reformed Church, he cannot resign his office. The policy of the Church seems to be that of permitting no man to leave the body of its ministry, unless he leaves it in disgrace. He is, in no circumstances, at liberty to lay down his commission. He is to receive the parting kick of the body to which he belongs. So long as he holds his tongue, he can think what he chooses, and bear the humiliation and the loss of the sense of manhood and Christian liberty which such a slavery imposes; but he cannot untie the knot at will which binds him to the ministry. That may only be untied by the constituting or controlling body. So, when "The Observer" states, or insinuates, that Dr. Blauvelt could quit his office at will, and that he has merely clung to it for its emoluments when no longer able to indorse or preach its doctrines, it does him a foul wrong for which it ought humbly to apologize. It

has accused him of conduct not only unbecoming a Christian, but unbecoming a gentleman. Was "The Observer" ignorant? Has it any excuse for ignorance? Was "The Observer" malicious? Has it any justification for malice?

Dr. Blauvelt has, from the outset, been open and aboveboard in this whole matter. In his concluding paper on "Modern Skepticism," he not only proclaimed that a fundamental distinction exists between Christianity and all the so-called Christian theology; but he also proclaimed that, on his personal part, there should thereafter be no handling of theological questions subject to any dogmatical limits or restraints. Nor is this all; but it is now nearly two years since he formally placed himself at the disposal of his Classis. They have known, or been in a position to know, during this whole period, that he was radically at variance with their creed and the creed which he had, on entering the ministry, professed. If he was not cut off, whose fault was it? Whose duty was it that was neglected? Some step had to be taken to compel the Classis to do its duty, and give him the release which "The Observer" says he ought to have taken for himself. There was no way by which he could rid himself of his connection except that which he has taken, and "The Observer" blames him for not taking the very step he has taken, in the only way possible to him. We assume, of course, that his appeal from the decision of the Classis is without the expectation or desire to reverse that decision, but for the purpose of discussing important questions related to it. "The Observer" has been guilty of a personal outrage which no gentleman, professedly Christian, can perpetrate toward another without the obligation of making a humble apology. Can it be that it is without the sensibility to apprehend the nature of its insult? We shall see.

We cannot leave the matter without a few plain words upon it, in a general way. It will be remembered that, in Dr. Blauvelt's three articles on "Modern Skepticism," he argued that clergymen were incompetent, by reason of their creeds, and the obligations of their office, to investigate truth freely, and that the questions now up for adjustment must be settled among those who started them. And now we beg to submit that his own personal history, since that time, has established his position. They can sit within their creeds and defend; but they cannot go outside of them to investigate. Holding firmly the essential doctrines of the Christian faith, but passing beyond the confines of denominational orthodoxy in his studies and conclusions, going freely wherever his convictions led him, he has arrived at the personal results which await every minister who follows in his tracks. Inside of the creed, there were bread and butter, and clothing, and shelter for him. Outside of it, there is professional ostracism, and all that may come of it. How few ministers there are, in this weak world, who are willing for truth's sake, or for what they believe to be the truth,—which to them is the same thing,—to engage in investigations which can only bring them disaster! Every temporal interest, the

love of wives and children, and the desire for a sweet reputation among professional brethren, and in the world, conspire to hold them loyally to the creed which, as young men, they took mainly through inculcation and upon trust. Personal loss may be an expensive mode of proving one's honest declarations; but Dr. Blauvelt will undoubtedly find his consolation in it. The Classis of Kingston has done more for him than it knew, greatly at his expense, and partly at its own. "The headless horseman" is a specter quite at home upon the Hudson River, and Ichabod Crane, courting the Everlasting Truth and Beauty within the four walls of a Dutchman's shanty, will have sad and exciting work when he gets out of it. Yet Washington Irving is not once named among the prophets!

As for ourselves, we neither indorse nor condemn what Dr. Blauvelt has written, any more than we do what other contributors write. We have simply endeavored to give an honest Christian investigator, who writes on behalf of the faith which he so honestly and heroically cherishes, a fair hearing. He has preached to the heathen abroad, at the expense of long years of sickness and an endangered life. He has most unambitiously preached at home, and gathered from his ministry many grateful fruits. He has bravely endeavored to rouse the Christian world to a sense of the dangers that menace its faith, and to instruct it in the nature of those dangers. He has constructed and published arguments on the Christian miracles, and on the Resurrection, more satisfactory than we have ever read from other pens. He has been a brave, heroic, cheerful worker, in the great cause which he has so profoundly at heart; and it is a sad comment on the denominational policy of this late period of Christian history that this honest, pure-minded, courageous Christian man should be dishonored, kicked aside and publicly traduced by those who are not his betters in any respects, and who are his equals in few. He can afford it; can the rest of us?

When will the world understand that theology is not Christianity? One is human, the other divine. When will the world understand that nothing is truer than truth; and that truth is no more sacred when it comes to us through verbal revelation than when established upon unimpeachable evidence? Again and again, in the history of the world, have theological dogmas gone down before a truth of science. That which men have believed through their interpretation of revealed truth, has not been able to stand a moment before the scientific demonstration of its falsity. Theologians have fought against it, and they have invariably been driven to the wall. Truth, wherever found, is sacred, because it is truth, and had its birth in God. Man's opinions of truth are never sacred, because they have their birth in his imperfect and fallible reason. We know of no reason why a theological dogma is any more sacred than a political dogma. We cannot understand why, in the interest of Christianity, it may not be as freely discussed and examined and controverted, as a dogma in political economy. At any rate, we propose to do it whenever we have

occasion. We are happy to believe that the world is beginning to apprehend that, after all our disputes and discussions upon dogmatic Christianity, religion consists of love to God and love to man, and has its final result and grand consummation in character.

So we can very well understand and appreciate the words of the Kingston Classis in decreeing Dr. Blauvelt's suspension from the ministry. "With sorrow for being compelled to take such action,"—the record reads. We sorrow with them. It is an occasion of sorrow, so far as they and Christianity are concerned. When a man of unblamable Christian character is publicly condemned as a Christian teacher,—as one unfit to preach the religion which his life exemplifies,—in obedience partly to a rule which "compels" it, and partly to the cry of heresy-hunters, who make up in orthodoxy what they lack in piety and brotherly good-will, it is truly an occasion of "sorrow." In that "church of the future" which our contributor foresees, and eloquently foretells, there will be no occasion for this sort of sorrow. The Christian investigator will then be free in his opinions. No premium will then be offered for self-stultification; no fetter will then be fastened to the foot that marches outside the boundary of creeds for the discovery of truth. For the sake of the world, and of the cause we all have at heart,—however blind and mistaken we may be in its support,—we trust that that church is not far away from us, and that in it all our religious teachers may be crowned with the liberty which the Great Teacher of us all came to bestow.

Our National Pride.

As a nation, we have been accused of vanity and self-glorification, as all nations have been, and are, that abound with vitality and possess great resources. If America is more proud of herself than England or France, we fail to see it. The pride of the Englishman has been such that he can hardly recognize America as a nation at all, or as a nation that holds equal importance with his own. A Frenchman's national pride is almost unique in its intensity. To a Frenchman, there is nothing outside of France that is worth notice. The nation is content with itself and its home; and comparatively few Frenchmen emigrate or wander. The German's "Vaterland" is the theme of his most inspiring song. The Swiss, the Swede, the Norwegian, all pet themselves. If Americans possess national pride, and are somewhat abounding in its manifestations, they are not peculiar; and a survey of the subjects of their pride will show their sin, if sin it be, to be venial.

America is already great in numbers. Forty-four millions of people make a great nation. The American territory is immense, touching two oceans a thousand leagues apart, and stretching through all the productive degrees of latitude. We can grow every product of the temperate and the torrid zones. There is nothing that enters into the consumptions of civilized life that is not producible on American

soil. We can raise wheat enough to feed the world; maize enough to supply the wants of the world; cotton enough to clothe the world; cattle enough to furnish it with meat. We have coal-fields sufficient to warm the world,—broader than all the rest of the world put together,—and reservoirs of petroleum sufficient to light the world. Our immense fields of timber are laid under universal tribute. Our mines of gold and silver and copper and iron are practically inexhaustible. Our fisheries swarm with food for ourselves and others. We can grow not only a better apple but a better orange than can be found in all Europe.

It is, therefore, not a matter of wonder that the American is proud of his country's material resources; and when he looks around and sees how much has been done in a hundred years of national life in the development of these resources, he may, at least, be permitted to indulge in emotions of astonishment. He finds that his country has laid almost as many miles of railroad, and stretched as many miles of telegraphic wire as all the rest of the world put together. He finds a system of internal commerce, upon American lakes and rivers and canals, quite unexampled. He can count fifteen hundred steamers on the Mississippi and its tributaries alone. His great lakes are dotted all over with the largest craft, loaded with the products of the Western forests and prairies. There are factories in operation which can spin and weave all the cotton his nation can wear; flocks that can produce and mills that can fabricate all his woollens; shops that make all his shoes; furnaces that can smelt, and forges that can roll, all his iron.

Take the single article of machinery: there is nothing that he cannot make as well as any other nation in the world, from the tiniest watch to the magnificent Corliss engine. What a contribution to the practical agriculture of the world has his reaping and mowing machine proved to be! How has he helped the universal woman by his sewing-machine! How has he augmented and facilitated the commerce of the world by his steam-boat! How has he stimulated commerce and civilization, and improved personal, national and international communication, by his telegraph! How, in ten thousand ways, has he lifted the burden from labor, and multiplied the comforts of life, by the invention of labor-saving machinery! Stimulated by necessity, and unhindered by habit and convention and prejudice, his inventive genius has had free rein and range, until his machinery, in every department of production, has outstripped the world. How, whenever he has tried to do anything has he done it, and improved not only the modes of doing but the thing produced! This magazine, in its paper, its printing, its artistic designs, and its wonderful engravings, is a witness to what he can do when he tries, in the practice of arts which other nations have supposed they held in a secure monopoly. We suppose that it is not possible for such a magazine as this to be produced in any other country, for the price at which it is sold. None, at least, is attempted. Our sewing-silks are already the best

produced anywhere; and, so far as we have tried upon silk fabrics, we have succeeded.

All this the nations that have visited our Centennial Exhibition have seen, and are now commenting upon. We have said nothing of the almost incalculable sums we have expended upon colleges, schools and churches, through which the American people receive their intellectual and moral culture. The sum of material investment, and the aggregate of enterprise, sacrifice, labor and learning which they represent, are astounding. Almost literally, the nation has been born in a day.

And now what are we going to do with all this, and with ourselves? We may well be proud of what we have done; but if we cannot govern ourselves,—if we cannot give to every man his rights,—if we cannot operate the machinery of the free popular government which has been our principal boast,—all this goes for nothing in the establishment of the national honor. We can be the richest, most comfortable, most prosperous, most intelligent and beneficent people of the world, if we will. There is no limit to our wealth or our influence, but such as our weak passions and selfish demagogism may build before us. If we cannot be proud of our government, of its justice, its aggregated and consolidated power, its easy and safe adjustment to circumstances, its stability and its purity of administration, it will be well to put boasting far away from us, and to acknowledge with shame, rather than proclaim with pride, that we are Americans. If we are to drift into revolution, or even into the danger of it, with every difficulty, we may well hang our heads before the disgrace of the Englishman's scornful laugh, and the greater disgrace of the Frenchman's fraternal sympathy.

The Romance and Retribution of Crime.

THE vulgar straits to which the members of what was called "The New York Ring" have been reduced by the public reprobation and by legal prosecution, are already hiding from the public eye the fact that there has been enacted within its vision one of the most remarkable romances of vice and crime that the history of the world has recorded. We are apt to think of America as exceedingly barren in all the elements of romance. History has been ransacked for skeletons of tragedy upon which to hang the poet's and the novelist's creations; but there is now passing into American history a mass of material, as remarkable for dramatic interest, for guilty intrigue, for the splendid successes of vice, and for the retributive visitations of justice and public revenge, as the world has ever known. For the future moralist, as well as for the future literary artist, a mine of wealth has been prepared, which, a century hence,—perhaps ten centuries hence,—will be explored through every vein, to excite the popular wonder, until the principal character will stand out like a Mephistopheles—the impersonation of malign power and superhuman guile.

The history of William M. Tweed, in its more salient incidents and aspects, is so remarkable, that

even now, when he lies prostrate before the power of the law, he engages a degree of the popular sympathy. He has been so high, and he has sunk so low; he has had so many things and so many men at command, and he is now so thoroughly stripped of all power and privilege, that, in many generous hearts, pity disputes with indignation the supreme place.

It seems but a few months—it is but a few years—since he was the most powerful man in the State which has just cast its million votes. Thousands of men stood ready to do his bidding, and receive his patronage. He sat as a power behind the Governor of the State. He shaped the course of legislation. He dictated appointments. He controlled public contracts. He held the purse-strings of the metropolis, and enriched himself and his instruments at will, from taxes wrung from the earnings of a long-suffering people. He scattered his largess among the poor, who blessed him for giving that to which he had no right, except the right of might. Everything that could minister to his more splendid than regal pleasures was laid under tribute. Steam-boats, sea-side chateaux, banquets and resorts of sensual delight,—all helped to illuminate a career of despotism, such as no other American ever dreamed of achieving. His associates were his tools; his tools were his beneficiaries, and his power of reward lay in his immunity of gigantic theft. There has been nothing like it in the history of any country.

Then came the onset of a free press. Had it not been for this, it is doubtful whether anything but death, natural or violent, would have rid the people of his power. His dark deeds were brought to light. The hiding-places of his power were exposed. The pencil of the caricaturist kept his personality before the popular attention in every base aspect and association. The Committee of Seventy was established. Legal proceedings were instituted. The "Ring," which seemed to be made of triple steel, burst, and one after another, the men who composed it ran away and hid themselves. The chief conspirator remained, courageous and confident to the last, to meet and boldly battle with the law, aided by the best counsel his stolen money could command. He went to prison, but not to prison fare. He was an imprisoned prince, with dainty viands on his table, served in fine apartments. Then, when clouds that seemed impenetrable gathered above him, and staves that he had leaned upon snapped in his hands, and hope of victory and release died out of his heart, he availed himself of the liberty which the executors of the law had weakly accorded to him to flee. A yacht awaited him in the harbor, and, while we were all wondering, he was making his way in his little vessel to Cuba, far from the possibility of successful pursuit. He landed at last, but none of us knew where he was. Then the island became too strait for him, and he

left it to learn that the world was too small for him and the secrecy of his crimes. Landing at Vigo, in Spain, he found that his face had preceded him, and that his person could not be disguised. He was arrested, and then a government vessel was detailed to bring him home. After tossing on the Atlantic through weary weeks of slow sailing, and days and nights of terrific storm, he comes back into New York harbor, and drops anchor for himself in Ludlow street jail.

Everything is in keeping and complete. The nature of the man was gigantic, or he never could have achieved the power over men that he did. His crimes were gigantic, in keeping with his nature and the opportunities which he made for himself. His command of the most skillful counsel, and of luxuries and liberties while in prison, accorded with his whole history. His escape upon the open sea in a frail boat, his wanderings for a year, his arrest by a foreign government, and his return in one of the proudest vessels of the American navy, all harmonize with the events of his previous life. And now he sinks into the helpless pigmy that the reprobation of forty-four millions of people and the irresistible power of the law which he has evaded and defied, can make of the most powerful man. Thus far the drama is complete in all its details and all its relations.

We have more than once alluded to the lesson of this remarkable life and career. To public men, it is a lesson which was needed. There are many among them who had ceased to believe, in the baleful light of Mr. Tweed's example, that honesty is the best policy. They had seen him mount from one step to another, trampling all the moralities under his feet; they had seen him successfully throw up the intrenchments of his power, and sit in apparent triumph and security behind them; they had seen him wrapped in luxury, with a thousand pleasures at his command; they had seen him make and unmake men; and all these successes appeared as the result of conduct that took no counsel of conscience, and a policy which left honesty out of the question. And, now, they have learned exactly where such a course leads. The confirmation of this lesson may be found in the revelations of personal character made in the last presidential campaign. Nothing is hid that shall not be revealed. The dictates of selfishness, no less than the demands of common morality, make it necessary for every man to keep his hands scrupulously clean, and his record untarnished.

If the men in public life, and the young men who are soon to take their places, have learned the lesson which the career we have passed in brief review is so well calculated to convey, Tweed may be of some use to his country yet. The tale is sufficiently illuminated with dramatic interest; the moral which it points is unmistakable.

THE OLD CABINET.

It is advanced as one of the proofs of Shakspeare's greatness and humanity that, unlike some others of the dramatists, he never despises his own characters. That is a point in which Dickens sometimes fails; he does not do it very often, but now and then he loses his head and falls to abusing his villains remorselessly. This is very coarse art. In Dickens's case it may partly be accounted for by the fact that his characters are so often drawn directly from life, and the author is availing himself of the chance either to pay off old scores or to chastise the guilty. It is, of course, an unfair proceeding, a sort of hitting below the belt or from behind, and it is moreover another evidence of the extreme difficulty of using fact in fiction. Unskilful writers are constantly coming to grief over this stumbling-block, and the greatest writers find it one of their greatest dangers.

But what we were going to say is that in the play of life, of which each of us is the author, it behooves us not to despise our own characters,—for the people who move before us on the world's stage are to us what we make them. We were thinking of this the other night as we sat in the balcony listening to Thomas's orchestra. In the midst of Beethoven's "Symphony No. 4, in B flat major," our eyes fell upon J. K. Now, J. K. is a chipper, voluble, feeble-minded, worldly wise, educated ignoramus, with a touch of condescension in his manner—in a word, a particularly unpleasant kind of a bore. The very sight of this person turned the symphony into sound and fury signifying nothing. It was at this moment that our mind recurred to Shakspeare, and that we invented the application to the play of life, given above. Why, we said to ourselves, should we not be amused by this vivacious person? he is human after all; instead of allowing ourselves to be bored by him, let us interest ourselves in him; let us study his absurd conceits, his droll sycophancy; let us derive merriment from his chirpy manners, his pattering talk.

We were writing last month about savage life in the city, that is—the resemblance of human beings to creatures of the wood. But, on the other hand, human beings have an interest of their own. Here, for instance, is our friend J. K. And those old birds up there in the orchestra—have you not watched them often, somewhat as Burroughs is supposed to look at a bird? How dapper and alert the violins in the first row—and in the second and third rows, how interesting to see the shading off through middle-age carelessness of mien and attire to the languid stoicism of old age! How much interest in life, how much of the fire of youth is left in these old rosin-scrappers? See—they do not all go out when the piece is over; some are too lazy, and others, of the second row—they will hear this *débutant*, this young fellow who has gone so far past them all into the region of stars. He plays; they listen to some difficult passage performed with

a cleverness that none can so well appreciate; one beery old chap moves his hand instinctively as if he too were playing the difficult passage; they look into each others eyes, nod their heads approvingly, and then gently clap their hands, while the audience stamps and cries *bravo!*

One day, our attention was attracted on Fourth avenue by two foreign gentlemen, who stood in the street, a little way out from the sidewalk, and talked to each other with the peculiar animation of Europeans. One was a very short and the other a very tall gentleman. The tall gentleman was calm, but intense; he seemed to be pleading with the little gentleman with all the fervor of his large nature. The little gentleman was peppery and violent,—no, not quite violent, for with all his gesticulation, he never forgot to be graceful. The little gentleman was not to be overcome by the tall one's earnest, but dignified persuasions; he turned away with a quick gesture of contempt, and walked six paces, then stopped, just the other side of the car-track. The tall gentleman followed closely, with a curious air of hovering; as they stood there he curved over the little man as a long-armed willow might curve over an angry little brook. His admonitions, his gently swaying exhortations, all tended perpendicularly downward. Again the peppery little gentleman broke away, and this time, walked rapidly along Twelfth street toward Broadway, followed and hovered over as before. They stop again,—what eloquence! We cannot hear, but we note clearly every act of the drama. They both talk at once, the little one so full of action, so quick, so scornful; the tall one so slow, so magnificent, so persuasive. Ah, he has succeeded; they turn; they come back—no—they wheel again, and hurry toward Broadway—one with short, snappy steps; the other with the long swing of the pendulum. More and more intense becomes the action on each side; the play is approaching its climax; again they turn, they cross the street; they come back toward Fourth avenue. It grows exciting. Will the tall gentleman knock the little gentleman flat with one strong movement of the eloquent right arm? Will the little gentleman run a poniard into the heart of his friend? We turn away our eyes, and walk down the street; we do not wish to be caught watching—and besides, we may be called upon as a—but, we must give one more look over our shoulder. What do we behold! The two foreign gentlemen are standing with locked arms in front of Ulrich's print shop, lost with admiration before a photograph of Meissonier's "1807."

THE public, even the critical public, were dazzled, not many years ago, by several long poems of the brilliant kind. Bailey's "Festus," Alexander Smith's "Life Drama," carried everything by storm. They were poems which came out strong in a review. The book, when read in his closet by the

reviewer, seemed to bristle with quotations, and so the review itself bristled with fine lines and passages. But after awhile, the public and the critics began to suspect that this kind of brilliancy was not a very costly affair; that there was a good deal of shine and very little gold; and there came a reaction from the brilliant, quotable and intense poetry—a reaction that, it may be, carried us a little too far in the other direction. At least, we have noticed that in reviewing some of the long poems by new writers, the critics are apt to say that the work is so even and sustained that quotation does not do it justice. This is, doubtless, often very true; but, on the other hand, we are inclined to think that the best poems in our language, both ancient and modern, do not suffer greatly in quotation. They are even and sustained, no doubt, but at times there comes a flash of lightning. Sentimental and bogus intensity is one thing, and the fire of genius is another. If we recollect correctly, there are some passages in such long and sustained poems as the "Faerie Queen" and "Paradise Lost," which would have a very striking effect if they should appear for the first time in a review of "some recent poetry" in to-morrow morning's "Tribune." In fact, we like to come across a few good strong lines strung together even in so short a poem as Browning's "Protus,"—like these, for instance:

"And if he quickened breath there, 'twould like fire
Pantingly through the dim vast realm transpire,
A fame that he was missing, spread afar—
The world, from its four corners, rose in war."

A PRIVATE reception was given the other evening, at the Art Students' League, No. 108 Fifth avenue, on which occasion were displayed a number of oil and water-color paintings, sketches from life, drawings from the nude, etc., by members and ex-members, and by the instructor, Professor Wilmarth, N. A. One wall was, moreover, devoted to sketches and pictures loaned for the occasion by some of the leading members of the Academy. To the guests of the evening, however, the principal interest was in the work of the Leaguers. This was certainly of a very encouraging character; showing, as it did, careful training, some enthusiasm, and, in the case of four or five of the students, a quality suggestive of genius. It is very evident that these young people are in earnest. They have in their ranks some of the most promising young artists in the country; and there is an air of fellowship and hospitality about the place that is delightful to outsiders, and must have in it no little encouragement and inspiration for the students themselves.

WHEN a person prefaces his opinion of a picture or of a piece of music, with this formula,—*"I don't profess to know anything about art (or music), but I know what I like,"*—then look out for dogmatism of the most flagrant sort. If *"what I like"* is different from what you like, your liking is set down forthwith as either affectation, or the result of some kind of personal and temporary influence. The

man who confesses, or rather proclaims, with a perverted pride, that he knows nothing about art, but knows what he likes, and who says or implies that your well-considered liking for the work of a certain painter, or composer, is affectation, because in his opinion, that work is utterly and irredeemably bad—to that man's culture the god of bounds has come in his fatal rounds. For the one thing necessary to the education of the taste is the receptive mind and mood. When the mind loses its curiosity, teachableness, humility,—then its education is at an end.

A PICTURE in the Johnston collection, Delacroix's "Virgil and Dante crossing the Styx," suggests some reflections on the typical quality in art, and the imaginative and typical presentation of the human form.

By the typical quality in art, we mean that element in a picture, a statue, a piece of music, a poem, which makes it stand during all time for the thing, for the thought, which it was the artist's intention to represent. We are really attempting, it will be seen, to define something which is indefinable, namely, that which constitutes greatness—genius—in a work of art. Still we think the reader will understand our allusion. For we all know what it is to associate with certain sights in nature, certain moods of mind, certain events and phases of life—as a marriage, a death, childhood, old age—with familiar passages of poetry, or with certain statues or pictures. Now, while some of these lines of poetry, or graphic effects which recur to our mind in association with our experiences,—while some of these may be mere stray pieces of our desultory reading, or sight-seeing, others are a part of "the intellectual furniture" of the race. The very passage in Homer which you recall in connection with some modern event is by the same event recalled to the minds of thousands. Thus originates the book of "Familiar Quotations." The Bible is full of the typical quality, and therefore has itself come to be a book of familiar quotations. How often is the Apollo Belvedere named when it is desired to make a comparison which will carry a sense of the aristocracy of manly youth and health and beauty. Raphael's "Madonna of St. Sixtus" is perhaps the most familiar symbol of motherhood. To those who are sensitive to musical impression, Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," and Chopin's "Marche Funèbre" are perpetually recurring symbols. The writer of this remembers a solitary walk through a gorge in the Berkshire hills, taken one morning, summer before last, for the prosaic purpose of catching an early train. The walk was made memorable by the fresh and powerful suggestion of that tritest of "familiar quotations"—

— "and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

Have any words that refer to love and marriage been more frequently in the minds of English-speaking people of this generation than these from Tennyson's "Day-Dream"?

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old."

This representative, symbolical character is, indeed, the deepest and most saving quality in every work of art. But it was especially of graphic art that we intended to speak, and particularly of the presentation of the human form.

The imaginative and typical presentation of the human form in painting is generally conceded to be the highest art. If the painting of the old Greeks (of which the accidents of time have left few examples) was like their sculpture—then it was of this kind, and the greatest painting since that day has been of this kind. This is the way that Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Albert Dürer, and many others, used men, women, and children in their pictures. A model comes into Raphael's studio, he makes her sit on a box and hold a jug on her knee,—a rapid sketch, and there is the "Madonna of the Fish." There might have been in the same room the Frenchman, Gérôme, and twenty young men who have "studied with Gérôme." They would each have made a clever "drawing from life;" Gérôme's would have more of the permanent quality of which we speak than would the sketches of his young men, but it would lack the imaginative grasp of Raphael's firm and rapid lines. The imaginative and typical presentation of the human form may or may not go with what is called "correct drawing." Haydon drew with extraordinary skill, and in what is called the classic manner; but his figures, though anatomically "correct," are uninteresting. His outlines seem to run as they should,—anatomically,—but one cannot escape the feeling that the curves are not the curves of muscle, but of stuffed leather, or of India rubber; and the complete figure does not give the satisfying, living impression of high art. Among the English, has there been any man, except William Blake, who could handle the human form in the large and imaginative way? The present English schools, though they make much of the figure, and often use it poetically and with effect,—yet have not one man among them, so far as we know, who understands the great method. Compared with the work of the true masters of the figure, the figures of these Englishmen, when they do attempt something above *genre*, have a sentimental, or else a posed look. In France, who is there to-day? There are men like Cabanel and Bouguereau, both "correct" and industrious draughtsmen of the figure; Gérôme, with his power of composition, and with much more imagination and force in dealing with the figure,—but yet not great; and Couture, with his rich and glowing color, added to knowledge in drawing, and a not unpleasant sentimentality,—yet without the firm and ideal touch of a master. But that modern France has had its great men, we are reminded by the picture of Delacroix's, which has served as a text for this discourse.* Here was an artist who brought

into our own times the antique mastery of the highest art. Modern France has had other men with much of this interest in and mastery of the figure,—men as great as Ingres, Delaroche, Decamps, Meissonier and Millet,—though, in the peculiar quality now in view, we take it that Delacroix was pre-eminent.

Has any one in America shown a mastery like this, in kind? Such a claim, we believe, may rightfully be made for Washington Allston. Among living American painters, we believe that none have it in anything like the degree of John La Farge. His figures are not of equal strength,—they are not always pleasing,—but they always have something of the high typical quality; they are drawn under the guidance of an eye which, like Raphael's, Dürer's, Delacroix's, not only sees, but imagines.

WHAT we most like about these stories of Boyesen's† is, that they are worth while. Many of the cleverest magazine stories of the day, by the cleverest of our writers, cannot have this said of them. They amuse, they excite admiration, but you never care to turn to them again; you feel some wonder that their authors, considering that they can do so well, do not do better; they are without substance; they are not worth while. It is very seldom that Boyesen puts forth a story which you suspect was written merely for the purpose of writing a story. These "Tales from Two Hemispheres," all have sufficient motive and impulse. And as for other virtues, they are written with great purity and directness of style, reminding one at times of Hawthorne's clear and unaffected method; they are free from every morbid taint; they are artistic in construction, and they have some of the salt of humor. There is not a story in this book which has not a distinct poetical and philosophic value, and in this respect also these "Tales" make us think of Hawthorne. They very naturally remind the reader also of Björnson, and there is something in them that suggests a greater than Björnson, namely, Tourguéneff; but this is not to say that Boyesen is not original in the truest sense. That a young writer should take such artists as Björnson and Tourguéneff for his masters, is no reproach. As an example of Boyesen's style, we quote this from "Asathor's Vengeance:" (Why did not the author retain the old title of "The Mountain-Taken Maid"?)

"Not the hind herself could be lighter on her foot than Asa was; and even in the spring-flood it was her wont to cross and recross the brook, and to sit dreaming on a large stone against which the water broke incessantly, rushing in white torrents over its edges.

"Here she sat one fair summer day,—the day after Vigfusson's departure. It was noon, and the sun stood high over the forest. The water murmured and murmured, babbled and

babbled of its being a copy by some able hand of Delacroix's large painting of the same name, rather than, as reputed, the original study for the "Virgil and Dante."

†Tales from Two Hemispheres. (Including "The Man who Lost His Name," "The Story of an Outcast," "A Good-for-Nothing," "A Scientific Vagabond," "Truth, the Nameless," and "Asathor's Vengeance.") By Hjalmar Hjorth Eoyesen, author of "Gunnar" and "A Norseman's Pilgrimage." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

*Let us hope that the comparatively insignificant price (\$750) brought by this picture at the auction was owing not to lack of appreciation of the artist, but to a suspected possi-

whispered, until at length there came a sudden unceasing tone into its murmur, then another, and it sounded like a faint whispering song of small airy beings. And as she tried to listen, to fix the air in her mind, it all ceased again, and she heard but the monotonous murmuring of the brook. Everything seemed so empty and worthless, as if that faint melody had been the world of the moment. But there it was again; it rustled and sung, and the birch overhead took up the melody and rustled it with its leaves, and the grasshopper over in the grass caught it and whirled it with her wings. The water, the trees, the air, were full of it. What a strange melody!"

"The Story of an Outcast" goes deeper, perhaps, in places than any of the stories now collected. The scene of the parting of Brita and Halvard (pages 107-8) leaves an impression on the mind, such as is produced by the work of a master; that dramatic touch of Brita lifting the child in her arms and pointing to the vacant seat at her side, shows a knowledge of the nature of a woman which, we think, is rare among men who write stories.

Boyesen is a born *conteur*; he tells stories not because the story happens to be the most convenient form of expression, but because it is to him a natural form of expression. He is in some danger from a tendency toward George Eliot-like sententiousness; but this, it may be supposed, he will outlive. He is in danger, also, as is every young author, of falling away from his own high ideal. And he, too, should do better, considering that he can do so well.

A FRIEND wants to know whether "Gwen-dolen" is Welsh for "beautiful curve," and whether George Eliot meant it. You remember her first appearance: "Yes; she has got herself up as a sort of serpent, now, all green and silver, and winds her neck about a little more than usual."

DEAR AND VENERABLE ESCRITOIRE: The Irish legend embodied in the new English poem "Deirdre," of which much notice has been lately taken, has many ramifications and variations among the Irish peasantry. The exact story, as we get it in the poem issued in the "No Name Series," is retained without a break or change; for Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady, in his Introduction to the legend called "The Pursuit after Diarmuid O'Duibhne and Grainne," informs me that he has heard a man who never possessed a manuscript, nor heard of a publication of the story, relate at the fireside the death of the sons of Uisneach, without omitting one adventure, and in great part retaining the very words of the written versions. But that there are independent legends existing side by side with the story of "Deirdre," and possessing in the remotest antiquity a common origin, this very "Pursuit" above-mentioned sufficiently proves. It lies before me in one of the rare publications of the Ossianic Society, which begins with that sober and delightful prelude common to fairy stories and heroic legends:

"Now, upon a certain day Fionn mac Chumhaill rose up in Almuinn, the broadly-great of Laighean, and sat there on the grass-green plain without, sans boy, sans attendant in his presence. And there followed him two of his vassals,—that is to say, Oisín mac Phinn, and Dorráing mac Dhobair Uí Bhaoigáin."

It soon turns out that the aged Fionn has quit his bed because he is witless; or, as he puts it, 'he is not wont to have slumber nor sweet sleep who happens to be without a wife;—and *that* is the cause of my early rising, O, Oisín.' Now this restless old widower must of course turn his thoughts to the

youngest and loveliest princess in Ireland and a daughter of a man he has injured. But his suit is well received, and all goes finely until, at the mutual feast, the princess herself, Grainne by name, begins to ask questions and look about her in a most alarming way. There is a Druid sitting over against Grainne at the board, and he must inform her of the names and quality of the young chiefs with Fionn.—Who is he, and he? "Who is that freckled, sweet-worded man, upon whom is the curling dusky-black hair, and the two red, ruddy cheeks?" "That is Diarmuid, the grandson of Duibhne, the white-toothed, of the lightsome countenance; that is the best lover of women and of maidens that is in the whole world."

Need I tell you that Diarmuid is the one whom Grainne selects to save her from the frosty embraces of the old king? It was Deirdre who bedeviled Naisi in the story of "The Sons of Usnach," only Dr. Joyce made her out more sinned against than sinning, in accordance with modern ideas of what is fitting in a heroine. So Grainne lays a ban on Diarmuid, unless he carries her off; and that Diarmuid at once accomplishes. The old king summons a number of clans and follows their track with his greyhounds. Time and again are they besieged in their retreats at different localities throughout Ireland, but either by his supreme sword-craft, Grainne's magic, the assistance of his dear friends in the king's following, or, when at the worst pinch, by the help of a supernatural foster-father, Diarmuid succeeds in baffling Fionn at every point. I have read somewhere that the *cranníochs* that strew the western shores of Ireland are considered by the peasantry the beds which these fugitive lovers occupied during the pursuit. A truce is made, and the two live happily a number of years; but at length Fionn mac Chumhaill arranges a hunt to kill an enchanted boar, fated to be the death of Diarmuid. The latter is lured out, and meets his end from the tusks of the goblin beast. Fionn mac Chumhaill now approaches Grainne, and by blandishments and tact wins her over to become his wife.

So you see the two stories are the same in their general outlines, when you compare the originals together; for Deirdre not only compels Naisi to insult and defy his king, but becomes that king's wife after all. But Deirdre is nevertheless so far superior in character to Grainne, that I have no hesitation in considering the version in which the latter appears much more modern.

There is a curious field to be explored, in a comparison between the various ways of looking at the same sort of subject on the part of Tennyson, Morris, and this latest Irish singer. Tennyson, who has used the Welsh and ancient British legends, owes the idealism of his Arthurian poems as much to the sources from which he draws them as to his own temperament. The plane is a lofty one; and although now and then he descends to the realistic, it strikes a reader as incongruous with the general spirit of his work. Morris is much more realistic; but still treads a sphere which is not the earth,—a kind of earthly paradise, as he himself names it. Dr. Joyce, on the other hand, is modern and realistic, notwithstanding that his figures move in the same remote and very indefinite past. His results, like Tennyson's, arise not so much from temperament, or, let us say, the influence of a realistic age that does not leave even poets unharmed, but from the source out of which he draws his legends,—peasants and commoners of comparatively recent times, instead of the nobles and mediæval historians, whose chronicles Tennyson rehabilitates with such genius and consummate art.

ONCE, looking from a window on a land
That lay in silence underneath the sun:
A land of wide green meadows, through which ran
Two rivers, slowly broadening to the sea,—
Thus, as I looked, I know not how or whence,
Was borne into my unexpected soul
That thought, late learned by anxious-witted mar:
The infinite patience of the Eternal Mind.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Letters to a Young Mother: IV

HINTS ON EDUCATION.

MY DEAR —: I am going to write you to-day about the education of your little boy, something which, perhaps, you have scarcely thought of. I imagine I can hear your tone of amazement as you say: "The education of a two-year-old baby? Why, he is too young to learn his letters, even." Certainly he is, and I hope he won't know them for at least three years to come. But learning the alphabet, important as it is, is very far from being the first step in a child's education. Education, you know, is a leading out of our faculties, a kind of mental getting our tools in order in such a way that we can use ourselves to the very best advantage. Now, these little people come into the world, developed, in some respects, but little better than jelly-fishes, which, somebody says, consist of a mouth and a stomach; but every year, or month I might say, different and higher sets of faculties are developed. How much a child has to learn the first three years of his life! First, the eye must be taught to see, and in seeing, it learns, unconsciously, many things about the laws of color, size, and distance; then the muscles and sinews must be trained to act in obedience to the will, and the body must learn the art of balancing itself (by no means an easy task—if it seem so, learn to skate). Later comes the learning to talk, which is something like learning German or Greek, with organs unaccustomed to utter intelligible sounds.

The busy handling and tasting which little babies do are not mere idle amusements, but the efforts of the senses to carry impressions of this strange world to the rapidly developing brain. First, the child sees an object, then he reaches to take it,—in other words, to feel of it,—then into his mouth it goes, to be tasted. Compare this process with the way you make the acquaintance of a strange object;—a new dish at the table, for instance;—at first you look at it rather critically (if it don't look nice, you think you "don't care for any, thank you"), but if you are of an inquiring turn of mind, and also courageous, you take a little on your plate, and then "poke" at it with your spoon, because you're too well-bred to take it in your fingers; but the impulse is to find out how it feels,—whether it is hard or soft, rough or smooth. If you are with other people, you delicately inhale its fragrance; but if you are by yourself, you get a good sniff at it, to see what it smells like,—then you are ready to taste it. In other words, you learn about new things just as the baby does.

You must take your baby just where he is now, not much more than a little animal, and educate his physical nature, so rapidly developing. For instance, he has just reached the climbing age: every chair and stool is a worry to you, and a pair of stairs is a perpetual terror. Now show him how to get up and down the stairs, how to place his feet in climb-

ing up into chairs. Let him tumble a little; it will only make him more careful. It is but a foretaste of the hard schooling which experience gives us all our lives. Better a little fall with you close by to stop it at the right place, than a great one when you are "off guard" some day. (Remember that too, when he is in his teens.) But, I beg of you, if you want to see him grow up active, strong-limbed and agile, do not keep his white dresses too clean, nor tie his sashes after the present uncomfortable fashion, so that he isn't conscious of any legs above his knees. Then, let him feed himself. He'll make a miserable mess of it at first, but protect him well with bib and tin tray, and he'll soon teach his spoon the way to his mouth. Let him burn his fingers a little some day when the stove is not very hot; he won't touch it when it would be dangerous.

As he grows older, and his intellectual nature begins to wake up, his endless "why?" and "what for?" are the keys with which he unlocks the hidden treasures of the strange world he has come to live in. As Tennyson says:

"In children a great curiosity is well
Who have themselves to learn, and all the world."

I doubt if we always think of that when their irrepressible curiosity drives us almost distracted. When he comes running to you with some queer thing or other he has found, or asks you why you do this or don't do that, you may be sure that his perceptive faculties are beginning to stir themselves. Tiresome as his questions are, they show that his mind is wide-awake and ready to receive on that subject at least. A question he asks you, all eagerness to hear your answer, is worth twenty you ask him sometime when he doesn't care a fig about it. Parents often persistently snub their children and "shut them up" for six or eight years, and then wonder why teachers never can get them to "open out" again. "Such teachers!" they say. "The children don't take the least interest in their lessons," never thinking that they did their best to take all the edge off their minds before they sent them to school to be "sharpened up." Even if the subject is one quite beyond your boy, and he can't understand your answer very well, the fact that he knows something about it will prepare his mind for a clearer understanding of it the next time he meets it. Of course, it is of the first importance that your explanation shall be correct as far as it goes. Besides this, it is a source of great comfort to a child to feel that his parents care enough about what interests him to talk with him about it. May not the decrease of confidence which parents complain of in their grown-up children have its beginning in the days of childhood, when neither father nor mother could spend time to answer their questions, and other people did?

In addition to teaching him about the things he naturally notices himself, you wish to show him how to keep his eyes and ears open to everything about

him. His senses are his teachers, and the things he sees and touches are what interest him first. If his senses can be trained to accurate and constant observation, he has the elements of education in himself, whether he has the advantages of the schools or not. He will always

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks."

This can be done in a great many ways, varying according to the tastes and mental capacity of the children as well as the different circumstances and talents of the mother. For instance, a mother is out with her children for a walk in the country, wheeling the baby's carriage. The children spy some flowers growing by the road-side, and ask in eager child-fashion: "Oh! what's that, mamma?" It is very natural and easy to say, "Oh! don't touch it, it's nothing but a horrid weed—perhaps it's poisonous." The children's interest is dulled at once, and they run on, presently finding something else. The answer this time is, "That's a thistle; don't try to pick it, you'll prick your fingers." And so the mother trudges along, wearily thinking over her plans for to-morrow's breakfast, or wondering if her last year's traveling suit would "make over" for a school dress for Susie, while the children go frolicking here and there getting into mischief, and, very likely, having a scolding before they get home, and all gaining nothing from their walk except the freshness which physical exercise and pure air bring to us in spite of ourselves. Now, suppose she says, as the children bring her the flower: "Why, that's a Scotch thistle; how did you manage to get it without pricking your fingers?"—an implied commendation of the child's skill which he likes as well as you the praise of your canned strawberries ("Hardly any one succeeds in keeping the real fruit flavor, you know"). The mother goes on to say, "See the pretty soft purple color, with all those 'prickers' around it, like soldiers guarding a beautiful queen. Do you notice how each flower, as you call it, is made of a great many little flowers? And there's one gone to seed. Get it, Charlie, if you can, and let's look at it." Now, the children's interest is wide-awake, and they ask a whole bookful of questions. Baby, in her carriage, begins to be impatient at the interruption of her ride. "Let's walk along, and I'll tell you a story about it." So, the mother tells how once when the English army was creeping up at night to surprise the sleeping Scotch, a barefooted soldier stepping on a thistle alarmed the camp with his cry of pain, and the enemy were driven back in defeat, and how the Scotch, in memory of the event, adopted the thistle as their national emblem. The children enjoy the mother's interest in what has interested them; she in her turn, is refreshed by the change of thought from her ordinary cares; and they all come home invigorated mentally as well as bodily.

Perhaps some day, in years to come, bending wearily over school-books, the child reads the incident of the thistle in his history, and as a flash of lightning illuminates a room at midnight, the whole scene stands out in his memory, the green-bordered

road-side, the warm, level rays of the late afternoon sun touching the spires and roofs of the distant city, his little sister in her carriage, his mother's smile and voice; and the whole lesson is brightened by this reflection from his boyhood. In ways like these, you can bind yourself with silken cords about his future. From what wrong and wickedness in his restless youth and early manhood, little memories like these may beguile him, you cannot tell.

To advance a step farther from the realm of simple sight and touch, there are many historical stories which are as fascinating as fairy tales; for instance, King Alfred and the burnt cakes, Columbus seeing the light on the shore after his three weary days of watching, or Washington crossing the Delaware. These things, once committed to a child's memory, are never "dropped out" as so much later acquirement is, and they will serve as pegs to hang historical knowledge on hereafter, or as centers around which he will naturally group other facts. One such story will make a whole reign or epoch seem real to him. You ought so to instruct your child that he will find when he begins to study, that he knows a great many things about history, geography and the physical sciences even, which he never can remember not to have known, nor where he learned them; but there they are—a fertile subsoil for other seeds to grow in.

I meant to say something about the cultivation of your boy's literary taste, but I see that I must reserve that until another letter.

Affectionately yours,
MARY BLAKE.

Rural Topics.

PROTECTING PEAR-TREES.—A correspondent from Pittsford, New York, asks: "Would it be advisable to thatch young pear-trees during the winter? I have some choice dwarfs that were put out last spring, and are now about 3½ feet high. They are located on a knoll or plateau where they get the full force of north-west winds, which, blowing off our lakes, are quite severe during the winter." In case the trees have started an early growth, and the young wood is fully matured, there is no necessity for protecting the pear-trees by thatching. A late succulent growth of wood is often winter-killed; but when the wood is ripened, there is no danger from this cause in Monroe County. It would be good policy to plant some rapidly growing evergreens the coming spring, such as Norway spruce or white pine, in a line ten or fifteen feet apart on the west side of the orchard. By the time the pear-trees come into bearing, this row of evergreens will be large enough to break the force of the wind, and save the fruit from being whipped off the trees. Thatching young pear-trees in that locality seems an uncalled-for labor and expense.

ORNAMENTAL-LEAVED PLANTS AND FLOWERS.—A reader of the magazine makes inquiry about a list of ornamental-leaved plants and flowers for winter decorations. In the following brief list are some of the choicest and most reliable for winter decorations:

Ornamental-leaved Plants.

Cyperus papyrus,	Pandanus utilis,
Dracena terminalis,	Yucca tricolor,
“ marginata,	“ gloriosa,
“ australis,	“ recurva pendula,
“ brasiliensis,	Latania corbonica (Fan
“ indivisa,	palm),
“ fragrans,	Corypha australis,
Hibiscus cooperii,	Caladium arboreum,
Croton pictum,	Peperomia maculosa,
Maranta zebrina,	Phormium tenax,
“ coccinea, and	“ “ variegata,
other sorts,	

And ferns in many varieties.

Winter Flowering Plants.

Azaleas in sorts,	Sterea elegans,
Camellias in sorts,	Jasminum grandiflorum,
Begonias (flowering),	Calla lilies,
Bouvardias in sorts,	Echeveria metallica,
Chinias primroses (double and single),	“ retusa splendens.
Cyclamen persicum,	Monthly carnations in
Lobster cactus,	sorts,
Ericas (heath),	Violets—Neapolitan and
Heliotropes,	Marie Louise
Libonia floribunda,	Tea Roses (pot-grown)—
Eupatorium mexicanum,	Safrano, Bon Silene,
“ riparium,	Isa Sprunt, Duchess
	of Edinburgh, etc.

PRUNING APPLE-TREES IN WINTER. In carrying out the practical details of every-day work in the garden or orchard, one must often take time by the forelock, and adapt his work to the circumstances, or else neglect it altogether. The best time to remove a branch or limb of any size from a bearing apple-tree is during midsummer, when the sap is flowing freely. If taken off then, the wound will heal over much sooner than in cold weather. But there are many practical obstacles in the way of pruning fruit-trees at that time of the year. There are a thousand other things to be done then, each one of which seems more pressing, and cannot be overlooked or neglected without immediate loss to the crop. But while the winter is not the best time to prune apple-trees, it is far better to do it then than not at all. Apple-trees, whether young or old, should have their heads left open and free at all times. The young succulent growth, that very often starts out on the branches of old trees, should be cut out clean every winter, and never allowed to remain the second year. In young and thrifty apples there is always danger of getting the heads too compact, allowing too much wood to remain. The damage coming from this practice soon shows itself in the inferior-sized fruit growing on these overcrowded parts of the trees. During January and February the apple-trees should be carefully examined, and the pruning-knife and saw used wherever necessary. In cutting or sawing off a branch more than a couple of inches in diameter, it is better to cover over the wound with a thin paste of gum shellac dissolved in alcohol. This protection from the weather will hasten the healing

of the wound, and prevent rotting from the water settling in the edges. In starting young trees it is seldom found necessary to shorten back the young shoots, in forming the heads. The main object to be gained is to thin out and keep the top free and open, so that sun and air can have easy access to all parts. The bodies of both old and young trees should be kept clean, and examined closely, twice a year, for the borers, that prove so destructive unless kept under by constant vigilance. These work their way under the bark, and if not checked, will eventually girdle and destroy the tree, no matter how large or vigorous it may be. P. T. Q.

Paris Fashions.

THE newest fashion for the hair is the “coqueluche.” The original meaning of the word is, I believe, “the whooping-cough,” but the relevancy of the name is yet to be discovered. The “coqueluche” is invented by Mr. Bysterveld, just now the fashionable *coiffeur*. Whence Mr. Bysterveld quaffed his inspiration, I cannot tell. I believe it was from a picture of one of his Dutch ancestors.

In reality, the “coqueluche” is nothing more or less than a tippet with long tabs in front and a hood at the back, and, considering the comfortable look of the thing, I should not be surprised if it had once been worn by children suffering from the whooping-cough. In the days of the Grand Monarque, it was Madame de Sévigny who adopted the “coqueluche” as a head-dress, and it then speedily came into universal use. The present “coqueluche” is made of white or colored plush, according to the wearer’s fancy. At the back it forms a cape reaching to the waist, and shaped into the figure by pinches at the shoulders. In front it forms a scarf, which is equally fitted to the figure by pinches at the waist. This scarf is crossed over the chest, and is fastened by a hook and eye at the back, a little lower than the waist. The hood, which is fastened to the back, fits round the head like a cap or “baby capote,” and is fastened under the chin with a bow of ribbon, or merely a hook and eye. All round the hood, cape, and scarf, which form the “coqueluche,” there is a frilling of silk or satin ribbon. Altogether, it is one of the prettiest, daintiest, and most comfortable *sorties de bal* that have been invented for many a day. It would be delightful also for traveling, driving, and country excursions, and I see no reason why it should not eventually be worn for ordinary walking. In summer it might be made of lace, as it is already for elderly ladies, by whom it is worn, instead of caps, than which it is many times prettier.

Skirts being longer than ever, all kinds of contrivances are being invented to hold up the trains in rainy weather. When you wear a long pelisse, the difficulty is increased. The only way then is to hold up both pelisse and skirt together. When demi-pelisses are worn, the skirt alone can be held up. When quite short jackets are worn, the skirt can be looped up, and that is better than all. There are at present two ways of looping up the dress: one, to have a loop at the

bottom point of the train, and to join this loop to a corresponding hook, placed under some bow or plait high up the skirt; the other, to have a jeweled or metal band attached to a corselet, which is twisted

round the waist. This band is so contrived that it clasps the back of the skirt together, as well as the real band.

CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The Last New Poet.*

THE author of "Deirdre" has his public at as great a disadvantage as Byron had his public when he poured out his Eastern poems in such rapid succession; and, if he should become the lion of the season, it will be largely owing to that fact. The disadvantage in question is that he places the scene of his poem in a country of which we know little, and at a time of which we know nothing. It may be our fault that we are not familiar with the geographical divisions of Ireland seventeen hundred years ago, if that be the period of the poem, and the history, or tradition, of that period; but it is a fault which cannot be avoided, or can only be avoided by more knowledge in a special direction than any poet has a right to expect, from either his readers or his critics. We have to take his history and natural history entirely on trust. What we need not take on trust—for we are judges of that—is the probability, the possibility, of his story, and the merits and demerits of his manner of telling it. It is a good story for poetic purposes,—in other words, it is better fitted for verse than prose, and it is told with spirit. The Argument sums it up briefly:—"The King of Eman goes to a banquet in the house of Feilimid, his Story-teller. During the festivity, Deirdre, the daughter of Feilimid, is born. Caffa prophesies of her future beauty, and of the destruction it will bring on the King and the nobility. The nobles thereupon demand the death of the infant; but the King orders her to be shut up in a strong place till she grows old enough to become his wife. In course of time, Deirdre and Naisi, son of Usna, fall in love with one another; and Naisi and his two brothers carry her away to Alba, and take military service under the King. The Albanian King falls in love with Deirdre, and tries to compass the death of Naisi and his brothers, who escape with Deirdre to a certain beautiful island in the sea. Thence they are decoyed by the King of Eman, who gives surety for their safety. They return under the guarantee of Fergus, son of Roy; but the King, breaking his oath, has them murdered on the Green of Eman." It is well to keep this short outline of the story in mind while reading it; for what with descriptions here, similes there, and allusions elsewhere, one is liable to lose the thread of it. It prepares one for deeds of violence, and treachery, and death,—and they are here in abundance: in fact there is little else. It is a minor Iliad that we read, and, like its incomparable great model, it fatigues us long before

it is finished. It is too butcherly, too bloody. It may, and perhaps does, reflect the period in which the incidents are supposed to occur; but that reflection does not excuse its poetic excesses. The poet Blair, who was not much of a poet after all, has laid down a rule, which should never be departed from, especially in poetry:

"What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly in the shade."

The author of "Deirdre" lacks discretion. He does not know how to, perhaps does not care to, cast offensive things in the shade. Neither does Homer, it may be urged. True; but we are not now in the Homeric school of poetic art. We have taken a wide departure from that, and a wise one, we think. The author of "Deirdre" thinks otherwise, and has marred his work accordingly. We might perhaps accept the Homeric violence of his characters; but we cannot possibly accept his Homeric similes, which are seldom new or striking, and which absolutely check the flow of the story. They are not only useless, but they are bewildering. Another mistake that he has committed—and it is rather a singular one, in view of his persistent clinging to antiquated imagery—is that of over-description. This is a great fault, and it is unquestionably a modern, not to say a recent, fault. We do not find it in the masters of English song,—certainly not in Shakspeare and Milton; and we detect little or no trace of it until we come to Scott and Byron. If it exists in their poetry, it is so bravely carried off that we scarcely perceive it. At any rate, it does not obtrude itself upon us as in almost every volume of contemporary verse, and notably in "Deirdre." We might point out other faults, as the perpetual use of such truncated words as 'gins, 'gan, 'gainst, 'neath, 'mid, 'tween, and 'cross, and such Spenserian words as anigh, anear, and adread.

Thus much concerning the demerits of the poem. Its merits are marked. It contains, to begin with, an interesting romantic story, which is told with great spirit, in fluent, easy, picturesque heroic verse, which has a more rapid movement than that of Morris, upon which it is evidently modeled. It is a picture of Ireland as it was in the olden time; not the Erin of Moore's "Rich and rare were the gems she wore;" but the barbaric, pagan Ireland of tumult, and treachery, and murder,—the Ireland of petty, wrangling, warring kings and submissive subjects,—the Homeric Ireland. We wonder how any survived to perpetuate the race, and tell the tale. The most enjoyable portion of "Deirdre" is the second section, or book, "The Palace Garden."

* No Name Series. "Deirdre." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

It is the only bright episode in the whole story, and it appears to have been written *con amore*. The character of Deirdrè, both as child and woman, is very happily portrayed, and her amusements and employments are charmingly described. There is another fine episode, though not a bright one, in the appeal of the young child Gaier to his mother Deirdrè in the last book, "The Tragedy of the House of the Red Branch." The situation is noble and pathetic.

Is the author of "Deirdrè" a poet? We are inclined to think he is, as poets go. There is good stuff in him, but nothing that is distinctly his own; he is a product of the period. If his literary faults and excellences were as positive as those of Keats when he wrote "Endymion," we should expect great things of him; as it is, we do not. He is running a great risk,—the risk of overestimation now, and underestimation hereafter.

Shelley.*

THE life of few men of letters lends itself so well to a picturesque biography as that of Shelley. There have been many who passed through more exciting scenes, have been engaged in more celebrated events of history, but the sudden cutting off of a life that had only just fulfilled its best promises gives a strange and moving finish to the story. His previous life, too, is not without an abundance of material for interest; his expulsion from Oxford, elopement with his first wife, elopement with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin and desertion of his legitimate wife, the suicide of the deserted wife and mother, and Shelley's ideal residence in Italy with Byron and other spirits who found English air too heavy,—all these lead up naturally to the tragic end that came just when he seemed to have entered into a sphere of calm usefulness in literature. Moreover, Mr. Stoddard has a fine range of memoirs from which to condense this little volume of the Sans Souci Series. The people with whom Shelley came in contact were for the most part addicted to permanent diaries or the casual inditing of reminiscences, and where the influence of his literary spirit did not suffice to make his friends and intimates original authors, it showed itself in copious biographical efforts of which we are now reaping the benefit. Mr. Stoddard has used discretion and taste in quoting from Shelley's various biographies, although for inquiring minds it might have been pleasanter to know exactly where one authority ends and another begins. While warning us against believing implicitly the highly colored statements of Thomas J. Hogg, Mr. Stoddard nevertheless gives us a good many of them; and the reader will appreciate his reasons for so doing. Hogg writes egotistically and fancifully, but he is amusing; and that is what a volume of the Sans Souci Series ought to be, or there is no meaning in the name. His chronicle deals chiefly with

Shelley's early life at Oxford, and the first years of his marriage with Harriet Westbrook. The episode of Ireland is drawn from Denis F. MacCarthy's study of the poet. It exhibits Shelley in a youthful and wild stage of development, but shows that his heart was right, whatever his acts may have been. We cannot estimate too highly the generosity of an Englishman who not only feels for the shocking wrongs inflicted on Ireland, but publicly testifies his abhorrence of the policy that produced them. Tre-lawney is the chief authority for the Italian portion of his career; and naturally interwoven with that appears the figure of Byron, his self-conscious cynicism and egotistical parade making a good contrast to the comparatively pure and unselfish vigor of Shelley. With all his powers, Byron appears to have remained standing at the same mental and moral status that Shelley occupied when he so inexcusably deserted Harriet. The world was clamoring for more of Byron's popular poetry, and getting it, while the noble author gnashed his teeth, and did not hesitate to call them dupes of his own charlatanism. Shelley, on the other hand, was writing what he believed to be the truth from a heart that had erred, but was ready to repent and perhaps had repented much; his poetry would not sell, and English pietists, literary and otherwise, fell upon it with greater ferocity than on "Don Juan." This was the state of affairs when the amateur sailboat, named after the last-mentioned poem of Byron, disappeared in the fog off the harbor of Leghorn.

The condensed view of Shelley's life which the editor has with his usual ability presented, allows one to form conclusions concerning a most interesting character. Shelley appears to have done an immense amount of reading and writing, both at first of a decidedly superficial kind. If we can believe reports, he started with being wild and eccentric to the verge of craziness; but as he lived on, his mind seems to have got a firmer balance and a stronger working power. He began to penetrate things. One phase of his early life was a sudden desire to be a physician, a surgeon, or a practitioner in some department of physics. But the dryness of such studies was too much for him. At first he appears to have written heresy and schism with a well-defined desire to raise a fight, while it is probable that a great deal of the talk about his persecutions is founded on misconception. His persecutions were not, apparently, of a very tangible nature,—his sufferings were probably mental. His sensitiveness exaggerated the feeling of his fellow-countrymen, who, although excited against him, would probably have ended with condoning his heresies for the sake of his genius. But he doubtless found that the wall of separation drawn between him and them interfered with his working powers, and his flight to strange lands arose from a double incentive,—namely, to evade a direct interference with his theories of life and to free himself from the oppression that public disfavor exerted on his delicate spirit. This is, of course, no excuse for the bigotry and ungenerous proceedings of English public opinion and literary men; the English public has often won a sinister fame for hy-

* Anecdote Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Sans Souci Series. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

pocrisy, and the destruction of what, however excellent in other respects, is considered "not proper."

It has been the fashion to lament the early death of Shelley, on the score of the loss to literature. Undoubtedly, in Shelley, a great workman was cut off before his time, but that he had much more to say than what he had already given to the public may be legitimately questioned. His unhinged intellect brought forth early the pieces of art that will carry him farthest in the affections of posterity, but his last work hardly corresponded with what his admirers were led to expect from so much promise. It is difficult to see what he could have done in Italy to support or improve on the position in literature his work was winning or had already won. Had he become reconciled to his natural audience, the English, and returned to an active life in the midst of his friends and countrymen, there may still have been a future for him; but a continuation of his life with Byron in Italy could hardly have failed to tarnish the delicate beauty of his best genius.

New English Books.

LONDON, December 1.

THE latest literary novelty is the announcement of a new work by the Laureate. The dramatic form of composition has always possessed a fascination for poets, certainly not dependent on success in the attempt,—for, though Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Southey, Shelley, Browning, Leigh Hunt, and many others, have written pieces more or less professedly adapted for the stage, they would none of them have lived to posterity on the credit of them alone. Nor, in fact, was "Queen Mary" received by the public with any particular warmth, though it may possibly prove the first of a series, as the new drama "Harold" is announced as "uniform in size" with it, and to appear immediately. Anything from Tennyson's pen commands a large and certain sale, as may be inferred from the publishers' notice that "orders should be given at once, as copies will be supplied only in the order of their receipt." Another poet, William Morris, addresses a smaller but not less ardent band of admirers. By them his recently published "Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Niblungs," is regarded as his greatest work. It would seem that contact with the rough, hardy spirit of the North braces up the genius of the poet and puts to flight the languor and diffuseness that appeared likely to be the besetting sins of the author of "The Earthly Paradise." He treats the famous epic tradition in its early Scandinavian form as preserved in the elder Edda, before it was diluted by Teutonic additions. The poem is written in rhyming ballad meter, though printed in long lines that look like hexameters. It is remarkable that such solid literary work as this poem, and Morris's late translation of Virgil, should be the production of a man actively engaged in business; but the relations of Mr. Morris with his American publishers are much more agreeable than with persons engaged in more prosaic branches of trade. The wall-papers, textile fabrics, hangings and decorative work of the

firm "Morris and Company," are said to be largely copied and sold as originals in the United States, to the detriment of their designers, who are now about opening a new dépôt in Oxford Street, for the supply of them to the public, in consequence of the greatly increasing demand.

"Forty Years' Recollections of Life, Literature, and Public Affairs, from 1830 to 1870," has just appeared by a gentleman well known in New York,—Charles Mackay,—in 2 volumes, small 8vo. The book deals too much with English political affairs to be generally interesting to American readers, though from his long connection with the periodical press, and consequently with public men, the author was brought in contact with many of the leading characters of the day. Mr. Mackay's début in London was made as one of the staff of "The Morning Chronicle," at that time,—about forty years since,—the rival on an equal footing to "The Times." For a long time the papers ran a well-contested race for the public support, and it is worth mention that Mr. Mackay considers that the first step in the downward march of "The Chronicle" was the refusal to buy, for five hundred pounds, a copy of the New York "Herald" containing the President's Message on the Oregon Question, brought over by a passenger who had landed at Queenstown, in advance of the mail. It was eagerly snapped up by "The Times," and gave that paper a prestige for superior enterprise, never recovered from by "The Morning Chronicle." Frequent changes of proprietorship accelerated the downfall of "The Chronicle," though Mr. Mackay regards with complacency the "Saturday Review" as its legitimate successor. It was started by Mr. Beresford Hope, the chief proprietor of the defunct paper, and to it were transferred the services of many of the contributors, and of the editor, Mr. John Douglas Cook, who remained in that capacity until his death. Charles Dickens, then commencing his career as a reporter, was a comrade of Mr. Mackay's, who gives many interesting particulars of their intercourse. Of Thackeray he records a trait in his early days that has dropped out of the later portraits, viz., the "brilliant powers of impromptu rhyming that made him the best improvisatore of his time." Some amusing facts show the indignation excited among the respectable classes, by Thackeray's lectures on "The Four Georges," giving point to Professor Aytoun's advice that he had better "stick to his Jeameses and let the Georges alone." Mr. Mackay's experiences have been cosmopolitan, so that reminiscences of Béranger and Lamennais mingle pleasantly with those of Rogers, Campbell, Douglas Jerrold, etc. The least agreeable portion of the book relates to America, where the author was present during the Civil War as correspondent of "The Times" newspaper.

The second volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's "Memoirs of the Prince Consort" has met with general praise from the critics, who congratulate the author on the judgment shown in the execution of a delicate and difficult task. If the character of a people is to be deduced from the books they buy,—

and it is hard to imagine a fairer test,—the English scarcely deserve the reproach of “snobbishness” sometimes imputed to them. The sale of Prince Albert’s memoirs has reached about seven thousand copies of the two volumes, and this for a work of great importance with regard to the recent political history of Europe, in addition to its attractiveness as affording glimpses within the pale of mystery that hedges the life of sovereigns. In about the same time the life of a simple Presbyterian clergyman, Dr. Norman Macleod, has reached the tenth thousand of its sale, and the demand is still unsatisfied. The circulation of Macaulay’s memoirs has been very limited in comparison; it is doubtful whether the sale of them has extended to five thousand copies. The great successes of the past few years, as far as numbers are concerned, have been attained with two books, both well known in America. Farrar’s “Life of Christ,” and Green’s “Short History of the English People.” Of the latter work the fortieth thousand is now on sale; while new editions of Professor Farrar’s book are continually called for. Eighty thousand of the first numbers of an illustrated edition, now issuing in parts, are said to have been sold. No American book of late years has been in steadier demand, or met with a more remunerative sale, than Eugene Schuyler’s “Turkistan.” This is readily understood when it is considered that an important element in the question of peace or war between Great Britain and Russia, is the power of the latter empire to affect injuriously the British dominions in the East. The facts bearing on this question, including the whole subject of the Russian progress and position in Central Asia, can be learnt from no other book extant. Mr. Schuyler is not only the best, but the sole authority; and his fairness and impartiality are shown by the fact that all parties appeal to his testimony as decisive. He is understood to be employed in the production of a work describing his recent experiences in Bulgaria. In this he will be aided by Mr. McGahan, whose abilities have already placed him in a position as a writer similar to that filled by Dr. William Russell during the Crimean War.

The late Mr. Buckle has suffered very much from the injudicious kindness of some of his admirers. It is satisfactory to know that a “Life” of him is in preparation by a gentleman of the highest standing, an intimate friend and companion of the author of the “History of Civilization,” who was with him on his last Eastern tour. It is difficult to imagine a book possessing greater attractions for the better half of creation than the new work, “Art in Ornament and Dress,” translated from the French of Charles Blanc, one volume 8vo, with nearly one hundred illustrations. It is a charming exemplification of the power of art and science to ennoble subjects that are often, from mere ignorance, conceived to be of minor importance. The author, Mr. Charles Blanc, occupies the position of one of the first, if not the very first art critic in Europe. He is a “Member of the Institute” (that red ribbon of French literary men), and for some time filled the post of Director General of Fine Arts for the

French Empire. His “Grammaire des Beaux Arts,” “Œuvres de Rembrandt” and other works have given him a European celebrity; and it is pleasant to find such a man taking up the subject of female costume and legislating (so to speak) on personal ornaments as exemplified in the dress of ladies at the present day,—on the soundest principles of artistic philosophy. None but a Frenchman, and an accomplished artist to whom the stores of ancient and modern times are familiar, can do justice to such a theme. The author commences with the general laws of ornament deduced from the application of the five principles,—“repetition, alternation, symmetry, progression and confusion,”—and then proceeds to apply them in detail to the embellishment of the human figure,—“the most interesting, pleasing, and noble, beyond all other decoration, because it bears on the sympathy of minds and the interchange of soul.” How the aesthetic character of lines and colors should be studied by both sexes, and how a knowledge of true principles is shown in the faultless attire of a person of taste, while no lavishness of expense can hide the blunders arising from the want of a true perception of the beautiful, will be learned from M. Blanc’s book, where in fact, no topic relating to it is omitted,—“from top to toe,”—from the labor of the *coiffeur* to that of the shoemaker, inclusive. Dresses, their cut, color, and material, gloves, laces, fans, jewelry, all receive the same satisfactory treatment so that the propriety or absurdity of what are usually considered the caprices of fashion can be brought to the touchstone of artistic principles based on the laws of nature, and of the human mind. Far from being a frivolous subject, as the author justly observes, “Dress and ornaments are for the philosopher an indication of morals, and a sign of the reigning ideas of the period;” though this grave view of the matter will not, it is to be hoped, deter ladies from making acquaintance with a book that must be interesting and instructive to all.

The “Life and Correspondence of the Rev. Charles Kingsley,” is on the eve of publication. To those who have chiefly known Kingsley as the popular novelist and man of literature, it will prove how much more than that he actually was,—how wide was his sympathy for human suffering and ignorance in all shapes, and how earnest were his efforts to relieve and enlighten them. His correspondence shows the man in all the generous abandonment of an impulsive nature, actuated by the highest aims, inspired by hopefulness for the future of the race through all the darkness of present trouble and unappreciative obstruction. This monument to the man is due to the care of his widow and could proceed from no more appropriate source. By his letters, Kingsley is his own chief biographer, and everything else that was needed is done appropriately and in the best taste.

Another biography, “Life of a Scotch Naturalist,” reveals a story such as none can tell so effectually as the author, Mr. Samuel Smiles. It narrates the career not of a dead worthy but of a living, hard-working, Scotch shoemaker, Thomas Edward, “Asso-

ciate of the Linnæan Society." How in spite of evil report and actual brutal treatment, the love of nature has clung from youth to age to the journeyman mechanic, and made him famous at a distance while he was despised at home, and how he has found in such studies his chief reward, may be learned from Mr. Smiles's fascinating book. How science is appreciated in the far North, is shown by the fact that the first recognition of Mr. Edward's merits at his native place, Banff, was his appointment as curator of the town Museum of Natural History, at a salary of two pounds per annum, afterward increased to four. The volume is beautifully got up, and a spirited etching by Rajin, shows us the author, a true, tough, wiry face of the Carlyle type, indicating a man not easily "put down" by adverse circumstances.

The remarks made last month on "Explorations on Ancient Sites," have been well supplemented by

General Cesnola's wonderful "find" at Kurium, in Cyprus; as the results of this marvelous adventure are now on their way to New York, it is unnecessary to say any more on the subject. Dr. Schliemann, too, is telegraphing every day bewildering accounts of golden breastplates, helmets, diadems, etc., etc., now rewarding his labors at Mycenæ and Argos. It would seem, indeed, as if the treasures of the ancient world had been reserved for the present generation. The extensive work, now promised by General Cesnola, relating the details of his explorations will be eagerly looked for by the public. Mr. Wood's account of his recovery of the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, has just appeared. It is eminently satisfactory in supplying all the particulars needed to understand the architectural history and peculiarities of this long-lost wonder of the world.

CHARLES WELFORD.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Electric Ship's Log.

THE "patent log," so-called, registers the speed of a ship by means of a common registering device inclosed in the log and moved by a small propeller attached to the end. Towed behind the ship, the propeller is kept in motion by the friction of the water, and thus the speed of the ship is recorded, or "logged." This log has the defect of making a slightly false record whenever it is hauled on board, as the increased motion given to it in dragging it in tends to make the record much higher than it really is. Floating weeds are also apt to foul the propeller and stop the log, and its record is thus falsified. To obviate these defects, a new form of log has been devised, having a circuit-breaker attached to the registering device, so that at each revolution of the "mile" wheel, an electrical circuit, maintained through the tow-rope, is broken, and a record is made on board ship. The tow-rope is formed of an insulated cable containing two wires, and it thus serves the double purpose of a tow-line and an electric communication. A registering and recording apparatus is placed in the chart-room or pilot-house, and placed in connection with the log; and by this means the sailing-master has a correct record of the ship's speed and the log's movement at all times, without hauling the log on board, except when it runs down, or is fouled by floating weeds caught on the propeller.

Stop-Watch for Measuring Distances by Sound.

A WATCH so constructed that it will start or stop on touching a key has been introduced for the purpose of recording the time between the flash and the report of a gun in artillery practice. As sound travels, at ordinary temperatures, at the rate of about 331.84 meters (1,088 feet) in a second, it is easy, by means of the watch, to estimate the distance of the

gun, and from this to adjust the range of guns replying to it. In practice, the observer starts the watch on seeing the flash, and stops it on hearing the report; but allowance must be made for the time consumed in starting and stopping the watch, which is about one-twentieth of a second, or, in distance, about 15.25 meters (50 feet). Personal equation is also a factor in the problem. No two observers will record exactly alike, and the same person must make all the observation in one action.

Ingots for Seamless Tubes.

IN casting hollow ingots of copper used in making seamless tubes, some improvements have been made in the process that give an ingot free from bubbles, and from the spongy and porous character that such castings sometimes assume. These improvements are very simple, and may be applied to all hollow castings, gas and water pipes, etc. The mold for the ingots is supported upright on trunnions placed at the side. These rest on fixed supports, and as they are above the center of gravity of the mold, it hangs upright when at rest. At the top, a shoulder is formed by turning off a portion of the mold, and on this shoulder is placed a circular "tunnel," or spout, used in guiding the fluid metal into the space between the mold and the core. This spout has a bevel gearing on the outside, and, by means of other gearing, it may be made to turn round on its axis by steam or hand power. In pouring the metal into the mold, the gearing is brought into action, and the tunnel turns round, giving the stream of metal a rotary motion as it flows into the mold. The effect of this is said to give the hardened metal a compact, close, and uniform character throughout. When the mold is full and the metal is hard, the gearing is taken off, and the tunnel is removed. The mold may then be turned down, and the hollow ingot removed. This system is applicable to

all hollow castings, and may prove of value in casting iron, gas, and water pipes.

New Electric Burner.

THE carbon pencils employed in the electric light are commonly placed in a perpendicular line, one over the other, and with the points nearly touching each other. The current, in passing from one point to the other, forms the luminous arc that gives this light its intense power. The carbon points exposed to this intense heat are continually burned away, and machinery of some kind must be employed to keep the points together as fast as they are consumed. To obviate this, Jablouskoff suggests a new form of lamp having two carbon pencils placed side by side in a solid cylinder of clay or other refractory material, and thus making a double-wick candle. In use the electric current is passed through one pencil and then through the air to the point of the other, forming the luminous arc between them just where they project beyond the clay. This kind of light is hung upside down before a reflector, and it is reported that the clay is destroyed in the heat at just the right speed to keep pace with the carbon points as they are burned away. The pencils being fixed in the candle, require no adjustment, and quietly burn away to the end without attention. This form of electric light is reported by its inventor to admit of an indefinite number of lights on a single circuit.

Thermostatic Gas-Stove.

THIS form of gas-stove differs from the usual patterns, in having heat-retaining walls, designed to keep the heat within the stove while the gas is burning. The walls, top, and doors are double, and made of sheet-iron, and covered with wooden sheathing on the outside. The space between the walls is filled with cork-ash and lime, or other non-conducting material, and all radiation and conduction of the heat is thus prevented. This device is reported to work well in practice, and to retain the heat in the stove for a very long time after the gas is put out, and at a great saving of fuel.

Hygienic Candle.

THE use of medicated candles and lamps is not new, several attempts having already been patented. The latest formula for making hygienic candles includes the use of antiseptics for destroying the morbid germs of disease floating in the air. Benzoic acid, phenic acid, thymotic acid, and other antiseptics, are added to the materials of the candle, in proportion of ten parts of acid to one hundred of the fatty substances, paraffine, or wax used in making candles. These acids are volatilized in the burning candle, and are thus set free to mingle in the air, and restore it to a safe and healthy condition. Such candles are reported to give a good light, to be free from objectionable odor, and to answer a good purpose as antiseptic agents.

The Use of the Thermometer in Storing Potatoes.

POTATOES stored in heaps, and covered with loam or other material, may be tested to discover the first stages of decay, by examining the temperature of the heap with a thermometer. This examination should be made every three or four days, and is readily performed by driving an iron bar into the heap, and lowering a thermometer into the hole thus made, and leaving it there for a few moments till it becomes constant. On drawing the glass out, a record of the temperature of the interior of the heap is made, and then another examination is made. These examinations should be repeated at distances of 3.05 meters (about 10 feet) all over the heap, till the whole is examined. About 43° Fahr. is said to be a favorable temperature for preserving potatoes; and if it rises much above this, or as high as 52° Fahr., decay has probably set in, and the heap should be opened and the decaying potatoes removed. This comparison of the different temperatures gives a ready means of locating decay, and if performed frequently, the trouble may be checked before it has time to spread.

Blast-Lamp.

THIS new lamp is designed to burn heavy oils and kerosene under a blast of air. The blast is obtained by inclosing the lamp in a lantern, having a metallic chimney, and placing a small steam-jet in the chimney. This steam-jet is quite small, and is turned upward in the chimney, and serves to make an exhaust in the chimney, thus creating a partial vacuum in the lamp below. The air rushes into the lamp to fill this vacuum through annular openings next the wick, and through an opening in the center of the flame. The blast of air thus set up gives complete combustion to the flame, and greatly increases the intensity of the light. The steam may also be used to keep heavy oils warm in the lamp during cold weather. The lamp is reported to utilize the heavier classes of hydrocarbon oils, and to give a cheap and powerful light.

Memoranda.

The emery-wheel is one of the most important cutting-tools in use in this country. These wheels have been subject to several defects, owing to the want of a good material for a base to hold the emery. The base is apt to melt when driven at high speed, and the wheels become glazed and smooth, and thus lose their cutting power. To obviate this defect, the new material known as "celluloid" has been tried as a base for emery-wheels, and the experiments with it are reported to be very satisfactory; and celluloid emery-wheels are now offered upon a commercial scale.

To secure greater strength, sheet-iron pipes of all kinds are now made by winding the plates in a spiral on a mandrel, and riveting them together in that position. The seams taken spirally about the pipe tend to add greatly to its strength, by making it stiff and rigid.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Skater.

UPON his heel
The skater hath bound
His flashing steel;
And the merry sound
Of his shout,
And his cheer,
Ringing out
Loud and clear,
Tuneful cleaves the frosty air;
And the runner grinding, ringing,
High the snowy ice-spray flinging,
With a steady sweep is swinging
O'er the ice-plain cold and bare.

In measured blow,
The dancing feet,
Now moving slow,
Now galloping fleet,
With a leap,
And a curl,
With a sweep,
And a twirl,
Glance and glitter in the light;
And the runner turning, trending,
Round and round in circles bending,
Through the ice vibrations sending,
Speeds along with eagle flight.

Now swift he glides
In circle and curve;
Now fast he rides
On runners that serve
As a steed,
And away,
Without heel,
Without stay,
Bounds along the rocky shore;
And the runner clinking, clashing,
Through the brittle crystals crashing,
O'er the hard mosaics dashing,
Lightly skims the level floor.

With graceful swing
He rushes along,
With bounding spring,
And laughter and song,
While the beat
And the chime,
Of his feet
Keeping time,
Echo from the rocky dell;
And the runner glinting, gliding,
Swerving, swaying, slipping, sliding,
O'er the crystal terrace riding,
Tinkles like a silver bell.

Now, from his heel,
Hath the skater unbound
His flashing steel;
And a merry sound
Ever rings
In his ear,
Ever brings
Through the year,
Echoes murmured from the past;—
Of the runners rhythmic ringing,
Of the skate-steel softly singing,
Of the feet on pinions winging
Swift as flies the northern blast.

C. F. BASSETT.

Vas Bender Henshpecked?

ANY shentleman vot vill go round behind your face, and talk in front of your back about somethings, vas a shvindler. I heard dot Brown says veek before next about me I vas a henshpecked huspand. Dot vas a lie! De proof of de eating vas in de puddings: I am married twenty year already, and I vas yet not pald-headed. I don't vas oonder some pettygoats goferments; shtill I tinks it vas petter if a feller vill insult mit his vife und got her advices about somethings or oder.

Dem American vomans don't know somethings nefer about his huspant's peesness, und vhen dem hart times comes, und not so much money comes in de house, dot makes not some tifference mit her. Shtill she moost have vone of dot pull-pack-in-de-front hoop-skirt-pettygoats, mit every kind trimmings. Pooty soon dot huspant gets pankrupted all to pieces. Dey send for de Doctor; und vhen de Doctor comes de man dies. Den dot vomans vas opliged to marry mit anoder mans vot she don't maype like mit four or six shildrens, on account of his first vife already, und posobably vone or two mudders-by-law,—vone second-handed, und de oder a shtep-mudder-out-law. Den she says mit herself, "I efen vish dot I vas dead a little."

Now if a Chermans goes dead, dot don't make a pit of tifference. Nopody would hardly know it, except maype himself. His vife goes mit de peesness on shustlike notings has happened to somepody.

American vomans and Cherman vomans vas a tifferent kind of peobles. For inshtinct, last year dot same feller, Mr. Brown, goes mit me in de putcher peesness togeder. He vas American man,—so vas his vife. Vell, many time vhen efery peobles has got de panic pooty bad, dot vomans comes to her huspant und says she *moost* have money. Den she goes out riding mit a carriages.

Vonce on a time, Brown says to me, "Bender, I wouldn't be henshpecked." So he vent off und got himself tight—shust pecause his vife tells him, blease don't do dot. Den he sits down on his pack mit de floor, und if I am not dere dot time he never vould got home.

Vell, dot night, me und my vife, ve had a little talk about somethings; und de next tay I says to Brown, "Look here vonst! My vife she makes sausages, und vorks in dot shторе; also my taughter she vorks py the shторе und makes head-skeeses; und your vife vas going out riding all de times mit de horses-car, und a patent-tied-pack-cardinal shtriped shtockings. Now your vife moost go vork in de shторе und cut peeftssteaks, und make sauerkraut, or else ve divide not equally any more dot profits."

Vell, Brown goes home und he tells his vife about dot. Den she comes pooty quick mit Brown around, und ve had a misundershtanding about somethings, in vich eferypody took a part, including my leetle dog Kaiser. Pooty soon up comes a

policesmans und arrests us for breeches of promise to keep de pieces, und assaulting de battery, or sometings. Den de firm of Bender & Brown vas proke up. I go apout my peesness, und Brown goes mit his peesness. My vife she helps in de shtore. His vife goes riding mit de horses-cars, und efery nights she vas by de theater.

Vot's de consequences? Along comes dot Centennial panic. Dot knocks Brown more higher as two kites, py Chimminy! My income vas shtill more as my outcome. But Brown, he goes 'round dot shtreets mit his hands out of his pockets, und he don't got a cent to his back.

VON BOYLE.

The Early Crocus.

ONE night—'twas in a hot July—
I slept at Farmer Brewster's;
But long ere sunrise lit the sky,
Was wakened by the roosters.

At breakfast then I made a pun,—
The farmer couldn't catch it;
Although in serious matters he
Was sharp as any hatchet.

I said, "My friend, at four o'clock
Your screeching roosters woke us.
Beneath your windows—though July—
You raise the early *crow-cus*."

C. P. C.

In the Morning:

AFTER THAT WALTZ OF VON WEBER'S.

"*Lex scripta*, the written, the written, the statute,
Non scripta, *non scripta*, the unwritten law,
Include and include and, not only the customs
Of certain and certain, and certain"—O pshaw!

Here now I am reading this chapter of Blackstone
To the time, to the time, of the waltzes last
night;

Von Weber, Von Weber; and Blackstone, and
Blackstone!

I wonder why waltzes wont stop after light.

Ah, me! how we floated together, together,
Adown and adown the bright depths of the
room;
All under and under the wreathings of banners;
And into perfumeland of bloom and of bloom.

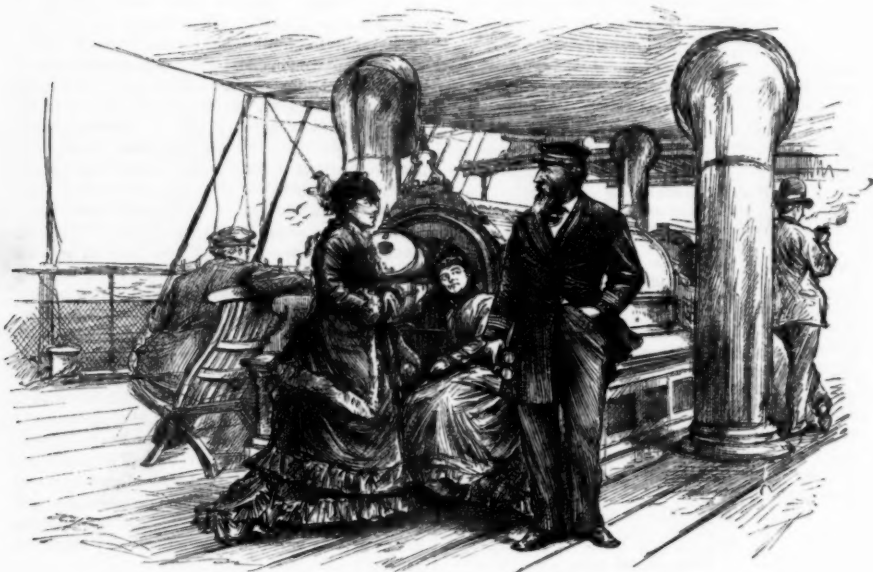
As one and as one—and our soul, the mad mu-
sic—

Her heart beating time unto mine, unto mine,
We waltzed away, waltzed away, out of the finite,
Afar and afar into—Bosh! it is nine,

And here is my Blackstone awaiting my pleasure—
Ah, well, I suppose it is time now for it:

I forgot in the dance I was briefless, and now I'll
Forget the dance, too.—"*Lex scripta*, the writ —"

T. H. ROBERTSON.



SCENE ON STEAMER OF THE ——— LINE.

PASSENGER.—Can you tell me, sir, how many miles we've come from New York, and whether we've crossed the Gulf-Stream yet, and ———

CAPTAIN.—Madam, I advise you to ask the cook.

PASSENGER.—Excuse me, sir, I supposed I was addressing that person.